

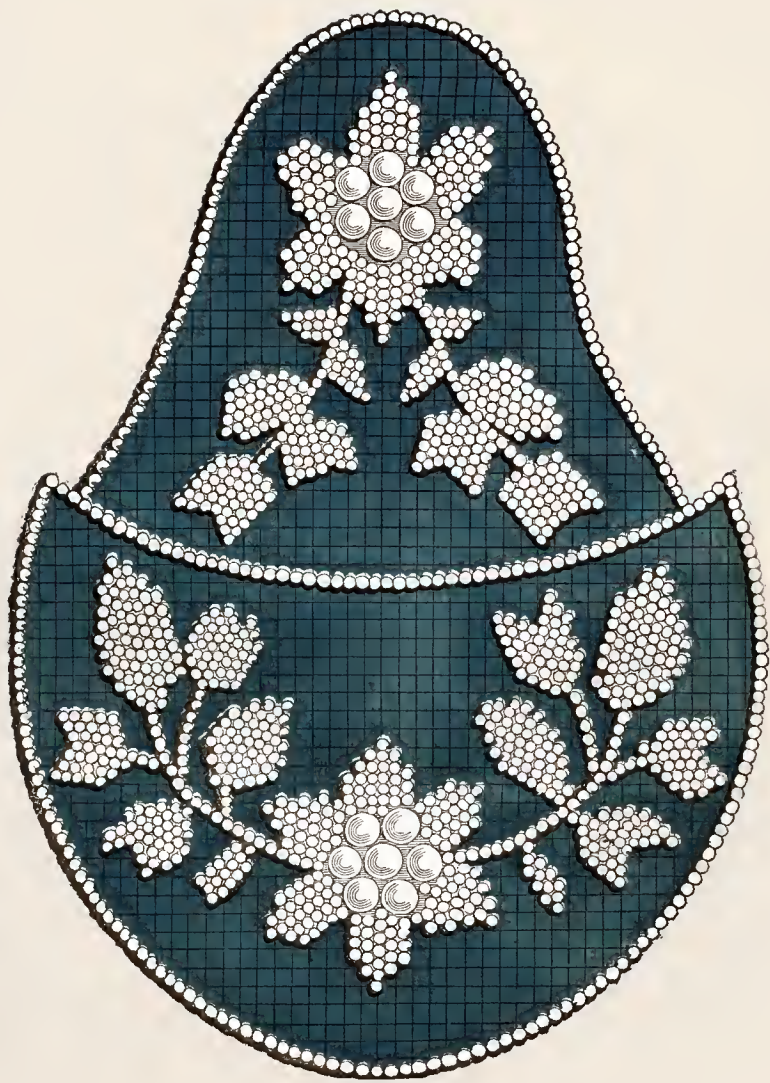


Engraved by Miss F. F. F.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.







WATCH POCKET IN BEAD WORK.

CODDERS' PATENTIONS.

Copyright, 1856.







Kimmel. S.c.

FASHIONS.



SKATING ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

ROBE PSYCHE.

(From the celebrated establishment of Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co., of New York.)



This dress is of a delicate shade of tourterelle, or turtle-dove color reps, printed in imitation of braiding with admirable effect. The same style of robe may be had with the design elegantly chain-stitched, which, however, greatly adds to the expense.

HEBE DRESS.

(From the celebrated establishment of MESSRS. A. T. STEWART & Co., of New York.)



Imperial blue poplin robe, richly ornamented with chain stitching, and black velvet designs woven on the robe.

VISITING OR DINNER-DRESS.



Sea-green silk dress, trimmed on the edge of the skirt with two flounces edged with black guipure lace. The fancy design is of black guipure inserting, laid on white ribbon, and producing a charming effect. The vest is edged with a very narrow guipure. On the jacket, the inserting forms merely a wave in front, but is arranged in a large bow at the back, matching those on the skirt, though much reduced in size.

WALKING SACK.



Sack made of a rich blue velvet cloth, with trimmings and ornaments of gimp and velvet. The sack is slashed at intervals, and laced with chenille cord. Dress of figured cuir poplin, with a plaiting of ribbon on the edge of the skirt. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with a fall of black lace and black feathers. The inside trimming consists of pink roses and blonde.

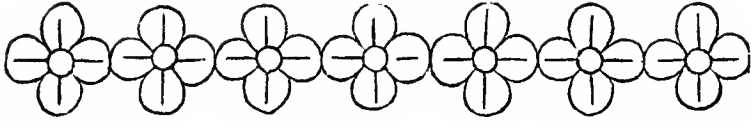
THE SARACEN.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]



This modification of the circular style has met with much commendation. The ornament consists of a rich gimp arranged in festoons, with a *macaron* and tassel drops depending from each end of the festoons. The material of the garment may vary at pleasure.

EMBROIDERY.

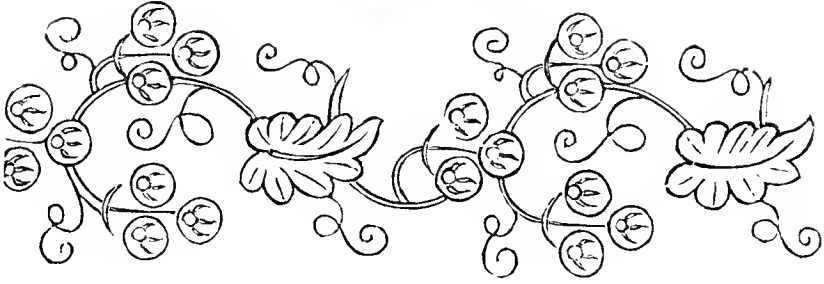


MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU.



This pretty youthful looking fichu is made of fine muslin, trimmed with fluted ruffles. It merely meets at the throat, and slopes gracefully to the back of the waist, where it falls in two very long sash ends.

EMBROIDERY.



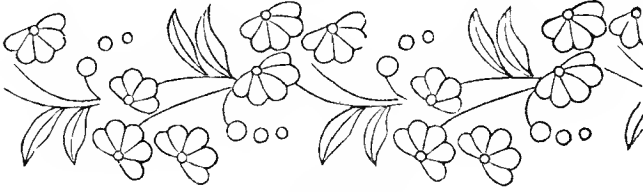
ITALIAN CORSAGE.

FOR A GIRL OF ELEVEN OR FOURTEEN YEARS.



This fanciful little corsage can either be of the same material as the skirt, or it can be made of black silk, as in the design, trimmed with black velvet. The under waist is of fine white muslin, laid in plaits, and finished at the neck with a Valenciennes edge.

INSERTING.



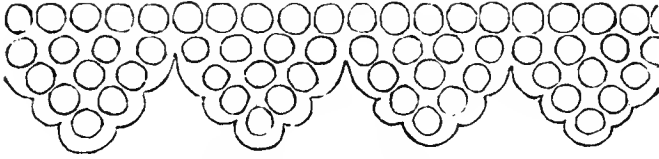
GIRDLE, WITH BRETTELLES.

SUITABLE FOR A CHILD OR MISS.



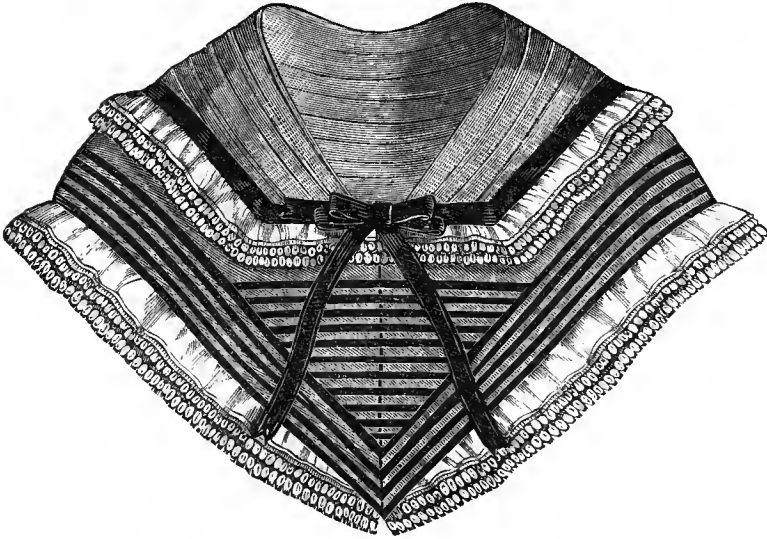
For the latter, it is pretty made of black velvet or silk, and trimmed with leather or bright colors. For a child, it is pretty of a rich plaid, or any high-colored silk. It is very easily made, and adds much to the costume. It can be made with merely a band at the back, or else a fancy jockey. Both styles are much worn.

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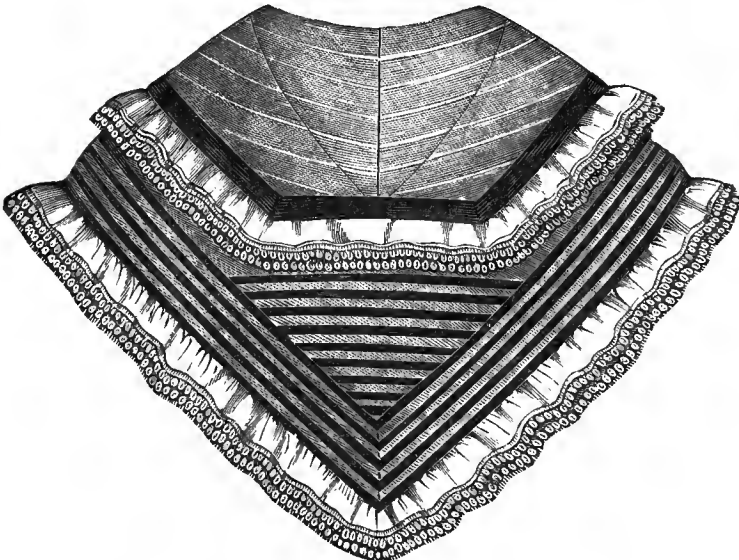


FANCY FICHU.

(Front view.)



(Back view.)



This stylish little affair is made of fine French muslin, laid in plaits to represent a Pompadour corsage. Below this it is trimmed with black velvet and muslin ruffles, edged with Valenciennes lace.



Fig. 1.

MORNING-CAPS.

Fig. 1.—Morning-cap, made of a white lace, figured with black. The ruche and tabs are scalloped with scarlet zephyr. The ribbon laid over the cap and the bow at the back are also of a bright scarlet.

Fig. 2.—Fancy morning-cap, made of French muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes, medallions, inserting, and edging. The ribbons are of a delicate buff.

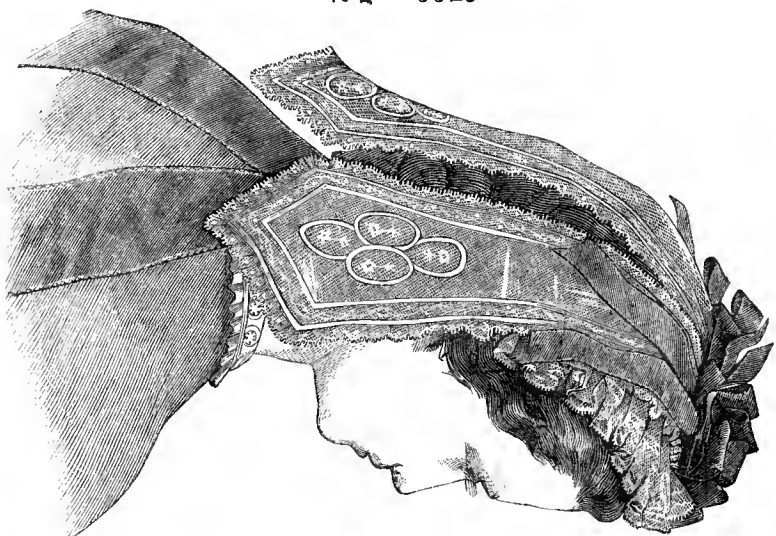


Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.



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Fig. 2.—Fancy m
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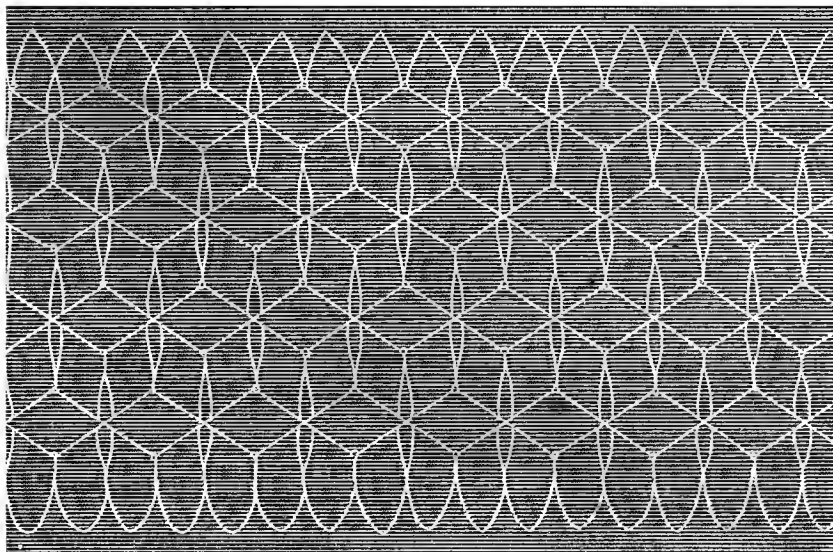
orning-cap, made of
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Fig. 2.



GEOMETRICAL OR HONEYCOMB NETTING.

(See Description, Work Department.)



FANCY WORK-BAG.

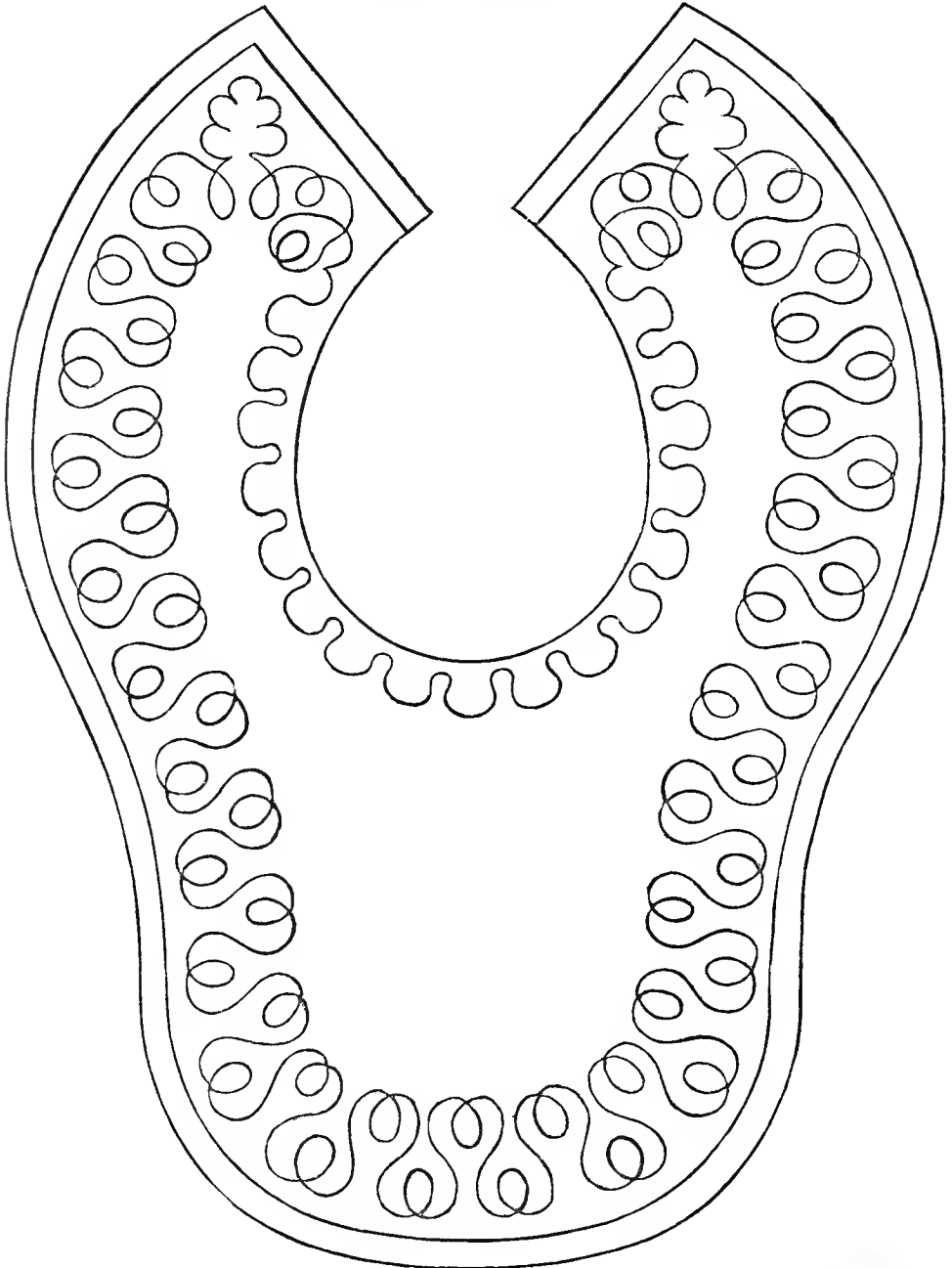
(See Description, Work Department.)



EMBROIDERY



BABY'S BRAIDED BIB.



LIFE'S ANSWER.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

By W. DELESDERNIER.



Andante affetuoso.

PIANO.

I know not if the dark or bright Shall

be my lot; If that where - in my

pp p

LIFE'S ANSWER.

hopes de-light Be best or not. It

may be mine to drag for years Toll's heavy chain, Or day and night my

meat be tears, On bed of pain. Sua.....

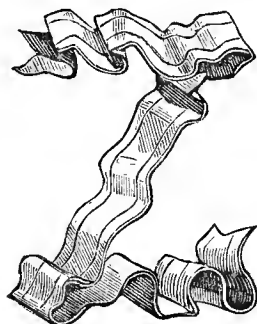
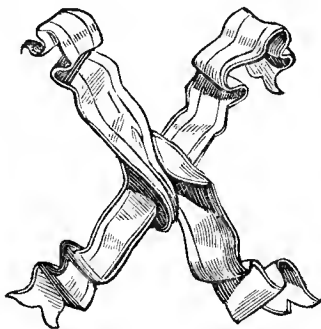
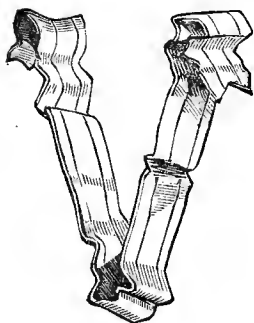
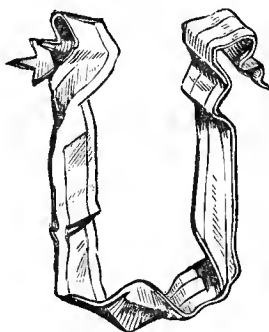
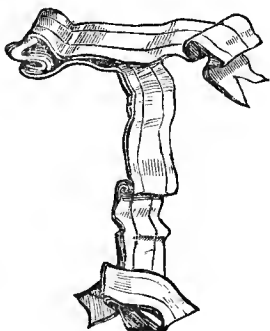
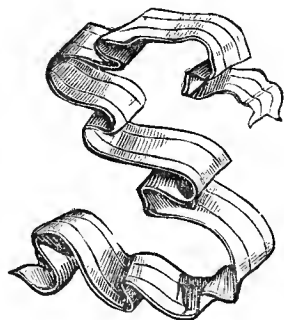
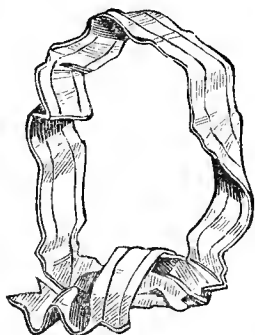
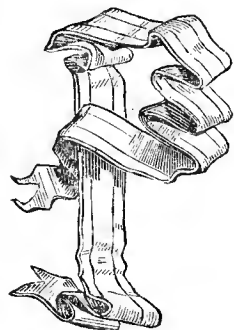
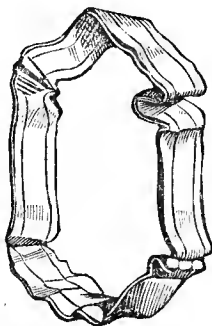
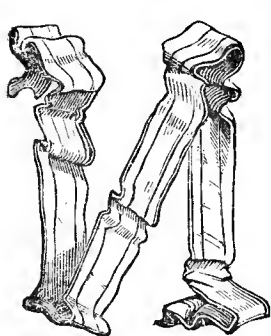
2.

Dear faces may surround my hearth,
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be far from me.
My bark is wafted to the strand
By hand divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

3.

One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the raving of the gale
I hear my Lord.
He holds me when the billows smite;
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS, FORMED OF RIBBONS.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1864.

"NOBODY TO BLAME."

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by LOUIS A. GODEY, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 38.)

CHAPTER III.

MR. CLEVELAND had had a succession of partners, all alike indifferent to him, and having conducted the last one to her seat, spoken the few nothings that etiquette required, and picked up the handkerchief she had dropped, the usual accident on such occasions, was bowing himself off, when he caught Mrs. Ainslie's eye. In obedience to its mute behest, he made his way to her without delay.

"I bring you an olive-branch," she said, playfully. "Our poor little Maggie is terribly grieved, because she is convinced that her forgetfulness has made an enemy of you for life. Surely you know her better than to believe her capable of wilful offence to you or any one else. She is giddy and hasty, like other girls, and has almost atoned for her fault by the pain she has suffered since it was committed. It has quite marred the pleasure of her party. She came near making a Niobe of herself, when she confided to me the fact of your displeasure, and her penitence."

"My displeasure, as you term it, was not with her," replied John, whose heart had grown lighter with every word of this address. "I could have wished, I confess, that since I was to be forgotten, my more fortunate competitor had been a different personage from Mr. Lorraine."

"But you understand how that happened?" interrupted Mrs. Ainslie. "He, as Miss Du-

pont's *fiancé*, is, according to Maggie's notion, entitled to especial kindness from the prospective bridemaid."

"Ah! that view of the case had not occurred to me!" Mr. Cleveland's brow was all clear and bright again. "Will it be necessary for me to make my peace upon my bended knee, do you think?" he turned back to ask.

"You need not try it, except as a *dernier ressort*," she rejoined. "Will!" she tapped her husband's arm with her fan, "I have made an agreeable discovery—one likely to be highly advantageous to all parties concerned. Ask me about it when we go home."

Maggie did not observe Mr. Cleveland's approach, and her start and confused exclamation at the sound of his voice were sweet flattery.

"Maggie!" it said, in his customary gentle tone—always most gentle to her, albeit she might not detect its different cadence, "I have waited very patiently for my dance. How soon may I have it?"

Her answer was charmingly irrelevant. "And you are really not angry with me? How very good you are!"

"How very wicked I would be to lose my temper for so slight a cause, you ought to say! And you have really and soberly thought that you had banished me for the whole evening! My question still waits for a reply. How stand the tablets now?"

"I am free for the next set. That is nice. And I promise never to forget you again while I live!"

He replied by taking her bouquet-holder—his present—and silently directing her attention to a wreath of Forget-me-nots, set with turquoises, twined about the golden cup, and the treaty was consummated.

He danced twice with her, and had the additional bliss of handing her in to supper, none of which privileges might be regarded as distinguished marks of favor, but he was supremely happy in their enjoyment. So amiable was he rendered thereby, that he went, after his second dance with Maggie, and solicited Miss Dupont's hand for whatever set was most agreeable to her. Miss Marie was very gracious, and professed to be disconsolate that she had not one vacancy upon her list, except for the next dance, from which she had already excused herself to several gentlemen, on account of a Polka, which was to follow it immediately.

"And if I expect to do myself justice in waltzing, I must rest awhile first. I dote upon *la valse*, Schottisch, Redowa, polkas of all species!"

She went on talking volubly, and John, naturally interested in learning somewhat of the character of Maggie's bosom friend, willingly stayed to listen and judge. He caught himself marvelling, ere long, how so artless and upright a girl as his favorite could fancy the companionship of this piece of artificiality and *quasi* sentimentality.

"Just the woman who would read Sue and George Sand by stealth, and jump out of a window to marry a Polish barber!" he said to himself. "This intimacy cannot endure many months," and his thoughts leaped daringly forward to muse upon the changes oftentimes wrought by the "expulsive power of a new affection"—when Marie said, dropping her voice to a confidential pitch:—

"Is not Maggie an angel?"

Mr. Cleveland colored like a boy accused of his trial love affair.

"She is very pretty!" he recovered himself so far as to say.

"Very pretty! You ungallant creature! can you say no more? Is it want of appreciation, or?"—casting a bold, meaning glance at his face—"the fear lest you should be betrayed into saying too much?"

This was going ahead rather fast for a ten

minutes' acquaintance, even had Miss Dupont been the kind of person he would have intrusted with a tender secret. Therefore, with that semblance of frank surprise that best veils the real feelings, John looked her straight in the eyes.

"Afraid of saying what I think about my old playfellow—the Maggie whom I have known and petted for years! That would be too absurd!"

"Yes! I know you are sworn friends. She regards you quite as a godfather. Shall I own it? before I saw you, I imagined you, from her description, to be fifty at the youngest, a gray-haired bachelor in spectacles, with a red bandanna handkerchief in one hand and a box of bonbons in the other. Was it not a ridiculous notion?"

"That is for you to decide," said Mr. Cleveland, with rather an unsuccessful attempt at a laugh. Was he, then, so ancient, so very much older and graver than herself, in Maggie's estimation? The thought was exquisitely painful.

"She is the dearest little thing in the round world!" pursued Marie. "We are never happy apart, and I am to have her with me, half the time, now she has done with that horrid Institute. I graduated a year ago, but we have seen each other every week since. This will be a heavenly winter for us both. I hope her godfather will not neglect her while she is in her other home. Her friends will always be as welcome as mine in my mother's house."

"If I ever cross the threshold, I give you leave to shoot me on the spot!" was the hearer's mental ejaculation. He said aloud, "Thank you!" and bowed.

The floor was cleared for a waltz, and Mr. Lorraine came up very seasonably to end the interview.

"I have given him a lesson he won't forget in a hurry," said Marie to her friend, as he passed his arm around her waist in the fashionable embrace licensed by our "best society" as both graceful and innocent.

"I am sorry you took that trouble," was the reply. "A spirited rivalry makes these affairs more interesting—keeps up the excitement. I flatter myself, moreover, that I would prove no mean antagonist for this 'very superior, this excellent young man,' as I heard two old ladies call him, just now."

They were off! whirling and skimming,

floating and sinking, with a dexterity that argued diligent and joint practice, round and round, steadily and unflaggingly, not a false step, not an angular movement, the lady's eyes brighter and blacker, her half smile just affording a glimpse of her white teeth; her partner easy and self-assured, yet plainly conscious of his present importance in the sight of the lookers-on. Such were soon many of those who had entered the mazy circle with them. One couple after another withdrew from the maelstrom in prudence or weariness, the remaining dancers becoming more conspicuous, as each pair dropped off, until Mr. Lorraine and his companion had the whole floor to themselves. Still the gliding whirl went on; still the lady's light feet skimmed the floor, as a sea-bird's the waves, and the firm, elastic step of her cavalier was regular as at the first round. They coveted notice and admiration, and they had it. They cared not a straw for adverse criticism, sneering envy, or grave disapprobation, and they received these also in profusion.

"Sound in wind! No question about that!" observed Mr. Carvill, a brother merchant, who held Mr. Boylan's button in a snug corner. "Pair of fancy nags. Step high!"

"Miss Dupont—is it not?" Mr. Boylan screwed up his eyelids, being rather short-sighted, so as to get a better look at the waltzers. "Who is that with her?"

"Name is Lorraine. Book-keeper for Lawrence & Co. *Protegé* of Lawrence, Senior. Fair salary. Spends money like a nabob. Drives fast horse. Gives and takes oyster-suppers. Champagne, cards. Nights when there are no parties, faro-bank. Lawrence thinks it's all straight. Isn't *my* clerk. None of my business. Isn't engaged to *my* daughter. That couldn't be!"

This string of laconicisms, which was delivered with great deliberation, and punctuated by knowing nods and an odd purse of the mouth, would have occasioned the discharge of any official in Mr. Boylan's employ, however strong his confidence in him up to that time had been, and the same might have been affirmed of nine out of ten of Mr. Carvill's acquaintances. He was a shrewd, hard man, who never said anything he was not sure of, and when he did speak, his terse, aphoristic sentences had the sound and weight of oracles.

"He is engaged to Miss Dupont, I hear," said Mr. Boylan. "Hasn't she a father, or

brother, or guardian, somebody to look after her? She is too clever a girl to be allowed to throw herself away in this manner."

"Father dead. Brothers younger than herself. Mother gay, rich widow. May marry again. Four children. Marie real head of family. Smart as a steel-trap. Smartest of us do silly things sometimes. Hardest thing in nature to manage is a woman whose head is set upon marrying a scamp."

"If she were my daughter I would manage her!" said Mr. Boylan, and he really looked as if he could. "I would lock her up and feed her on bread and water for a year, before she should disgrace me by bringing this worthless puppy into the family. But, as I asked before—hasn't the girl a guardian?"

"Mothernominal guardian. Executrix too."

"Was her father a born fool, that he made such a will?"

"Sharp fellow in most matters. Would cheat you out of your eye teeth if you did not look out. You remember him. Old Adolph Dupont, Wall Street."

"Indeed! He did not lack sense. Was he in his dotage when he drew up his will?"

"Gray mare the better horse!" said Mr. Carvill, drily.

Mr. Boylan replied even more sententiously, "More fool he!"

"I flatter myself that we have created a sensation for once," whispered Lorraine, as one final, sweeping whirl brought the performance to a close, and he conducted Marie, flushed, but, as she declared loudly, unwearied, to a seat.

Maggie pressed forward to congratulate her. "You have achieved wonders to-night, my love."

Mr. Lorraine's bow showed that he appropriated a share of the compliment.

They had together accomplished divers things which were destined to exert an important influence upon the future of more than one person there present. First and foremost, John Cleveland felt that it was high time he threw off the mask of the elderly friend, and paid open suit to the girl he had loved for four years. The bud he had watched, and nurtured, and dreamed over, was at length unfolded, and there were those who might account his constancy of devotion, his patient waiting and considerate reserve, as nothing in the contest for the prize now displayed to the general gaze. Secondly, he had conceived

a distrust of Miss Dupont and a dislike for her reputed betrothed, and resolved to withdraw Maggie from their influence as soon as he had the right and opportunity. They, on the other hand, without suspecting this one of his designs, agreed in singling him out as the man whose pretensions to her hand were likely to be soonest asserted, and most strongly seconded by her relatives.

Tiny had picked up quite a store of sweet crumbs, compliments, attentions, etc., Mr. Cleveland having chosen her as his earliest partner being the largest and richest of the collection. She reviewed these acquisitions to her stock of mementoes, as she went through her minute and old-maidish preparations for bed, at three in the morning, and felt that she had made some progress in the tedious journey towards a change of name. Marian had adroitly insinuated a bitter drop by her praises of Maggie, before and after the ball, but this was fairly neutralized by Miss Dupont and her fascinating escort.

"My dear Miss Tiny," Marie had said at parting, "we young people must be very sociable this season, and I foresee that you and I will have to be the mainsprings in the good work. Maggie is new and shy, and not altogether as energetic as we are. This energy is not a bad thing after all—is it? I don't know how society would get on but for such brave spirits as ours. We must contrive frequent family parties, drives and excursions. And pray use your influence"—with an expressive smile—"to induce your knight, Mr. Cleveland, to join our band."

"How unlike members of the same family sometimes are!" Mr. Lorraine remarked during the single set which he bestowed at Marie's instigation, upon Tiny, that astute diplomatist having apprised him of the expediency of conciliating the stinging nettle of the household Boylan. "You three sisters belong to as many different orders of beauty. Yours is the sylph-like, the ethereal; Miss Maggie is a plump Hebe, and Mrs. Ainslie looks the literary lady to perfection. Her stateliness, undoubtedly, proceeds partly from her superiority in age. It is the air of authority which the eldest of a family insensibly acquires."

"Oh, she is decidedly the blue of the trio!" returned the sylph, radiantly. "We are very proud of Marian's talents."

Mr. Boylan had likewise his opinion of the

dashing French couple, one which he would not have altered at the bidding of all the women, and all, save one, of the men in both hemispheres. As he had no present call to think or speak of it, he locked it away in his faithful strong-box, memory, in case it should ever be needed. No harm could come of the continuance of such intercourse as now existed between his girls and Miss Dupont. If, after her marriage, Lorraine's evil courses menaced his social position or business standing, the acquaintance "must be broken off, instant!" This was his way of stating the process of disrupting the eternal friendship avowed by the schoolmates. So long as his children associated with those of their own rank in life, it was not his province to inquire into the private histories of their companions. "Women must have confidantes and cronies, and all that kind of stuff, to gossip and cry with," he reasoned. "Only they must never bother me with their tales and quarrels." Thus discussing this trivial subject, he set himself about the arduous task of extorting Mr. Carvill's judgment upon a certain promising, but rather new railroad stock, then exciting the noble minds of speculators.

And our heroine—for insipid as she may be esteemed by others beside Tiny—an unremarkable, merely pretty girl, with a soft heart and not particularly stout brain, with little to recommend her beyond feeling and sweetness of temper, ladylike manners, buoyant spirits and a fair stock of intelligence, unless we appeal to the sordid, by adding her prospect of receiving a comfortable fortune from her father—such as she was, Maggie is our heroine—what thoughts carried she to her rest? There was a full moon, and it showed quite distinctly the rosy face nestled among the white pillows. The brown eyes were large and thoughtful, but not sad. Anything but that! She was dreaming over the events of the evening, too excited and happy to sleep. She needed not Tiny's emphatic proclamation, as the last carriage drove off: "Thank gracious! It is over, and it has been a complete success!"

Of what she did not say, but modest as Maggie was, she did not affect to deny to herself that *she* had not been a failure. Her experience to-night was but the harbinger of continued enjoyment. She had the stamp of popularity, and henceforward, her course was

easy. She had outshone Tiny, pleased her father, almost interested her mother, and delighted Marian. But none of these reflections kindled that light in her eye, summoned that tender smile to her lips. "He says that he is proud of me!" she whispered to herself, in a kind of timid exultation, and she repeated it aloud, as if to assure herself that she had indeed heard praise she scarcely dared receive. "Proud of me! of his silly little Maggie! Ought not I to be the happiest girl alive?"

CHAPTER IV.

"MAGGIE is going to spend to-morrow with me, ma," said Marian, one evening, about a month after the party.

This was the most respectful form of asking permission ever employed by Mrs. Boylan's children towards her. The wonder was that they thought it worth while to keep up this poor pretence of consulting her as to their movements.

She sat now, by the drop-light in an easy-chair, a warm shawl wrapped about her, and her feet on a cushion, reading a purple-covered pamphlet, the vignette a coarse wood-cut of a frantic female, brandishing a knife a foot and a half long over a sleeping infant—the title, in staring capitals—"Sinning Sybil, or The Blotted Book." Milk-and-water as was her nature, nothing would serve her turn in literature but the thrilling tragic, the monstrosly improbable. Perhaps nothing else kept her awake. She absorbed, like a greedy sponge, streams of such trash as is pronounced by stomachs of a higher tone to be turbid and nauseous, a slow poison, when it does not act as an emetic. Her lymphatic temperament prevented any unhappy effects of this diet upon her nerves, nor was it ever intimidated by the most slanderous, that her morals suffered thereby, although intrigues, robberies, poisonings, and suicides infested every page.

She looked up placidly in the midst of a midnight adventure where the hero caught a glimpse, by a flash of lightning, of the assassin's poniard aimed at his heart.

"What did you say, Marian, love?"

Mrs. Ainslie repeated her remark.

"Certainly, my dear, if you and she wish it, and Maggie will wrap up warmly. It is very cold!" and she slid back into her romance.

"Anything special?" asked Tiny, in her sharp way.

"Yes. I want Maggie's company, and she is not averse to mine," replied Marian.

"There is nothing uncommon in that, if one tries to believe in the nonsensical parade of affection you keep up for one another," retorted Tiny, breaking her sewing-silk with a jerk. "It is all very pretty in company, but when one sees it every day, it becomes sickening—actually disgusting!"

"Come, Tiny! don't fly into a passion because I happen to love Maggie better than I do you. I can't help it, you know," said Marian, quietly.

"I don't ask you to help it! Gracious knows, I wouldn't have people fawning and flattering around me, as they do to her, for any sum you could offer me. It is not in my line, I am glad to say."

"As you remark, it does not appear to be in your line," answered Mrs. Ainslie. "But it is news to me that you rejoice in not being a belle. It shows how mistaken one can be. I have imagined, hitherto, that you would like to be admired and sought after. It is a comfort to me that I have learned my error. I have wasted a vast amount of pity."

Tiny drew her breath and her thread very hard.

"You will come early, will you not, Maggie dear?" said Marian, taking up her cloak from the chair where she had dropped it. "I want a nice, long day."

"Another dinner-party, I suppose?" said Tiny, unable to keep her tongue still.

"By no means! or you would be invited too. I do mean to give another, some time, and leave Maggie out. It was too unkind in her to eclipse you as she did last week. It was not strange that you called my unpretending little entertainment 'a stupid failure.'"

Tiny nearly choked. One would have thought that the least grain of common sense would have withheld her from these perpetual tilting-matches, in which she inevitably came off second best; but the peppery demon that possessed her small body would not let her remain quiescent under defeat.

"And you hope to make the belle contented for an entire day without a single bean, do you? She is as cross as a bear when she has to spend one evening at home and nobody drops in."

"O Tiny!" uttered Maggie, appealingly.

"Poor child!" said Marian. "It must be hard to bear! I have had some experience of these dismal no-company nights. Pa, asleep under the evening paper upon the lounge; Ma, hidden behind a purple or yellow cover; Tiny, sulking and drowsy, or counting the stitches in her embroidery—you cannot magnify the dolefulness of the picture. By the way, Tiny, for what favored admirer are those elegant slippers intended?"

"That is no concern of yours that I can see!" returned Tiny, growing crosser each second.

"Certainly not, my dear. You are right there. I ought not to have asked the question. A moment's reflection would have showed me how difficult it would be for you to reply to an inquiry thus worded. Good-night, ma. Say the same to pa for me when he awakes. Remember, Maggie, darling, you are to come over soon after breakfast."

Had Tiny surmised the true reason for this pressing invitation, she would have retired that night in a worse temper than was provoked by Marian's sarcasms. The morrow was John Cleveland's birthday, and Mrs. Ainslie having ascertained this accidentally a week before, had made him promise to eat his anniversary dinner at her table. She and Maggie had each prepared a present for him, as had also Tiny—with this difference, theirs were manufactured by stealth, to be offered openly—hers, the slippers she was finishing this evening, were ostentatiously exhibited, while they were being wrought, and destined to be sent by mail without the knowledge of any other mortal besides herself and the honored recipient. Mrs. Ainslie's gift was a dressing-gown of superb pattern, beautifully quilted and trimmed, and Maggie's, a Turkish smoking-cap to match.

John's gratification and surprise were an abundant recompense to the two latter donors for their efforts to please him.

"This is very kind—too kind!" he said, over and over again, trying to smile, while his eyes were glistening. "You will make me forget that I am a poor, sisterless bachelor, living in lodgings, with no one to provide for me these blessed—falsely so-called minor comforts of life."

"Just what you ought to forget, old fellow!" said Mr. Ainslie, laying his arm across his shoulder. "While I have a home it is yours.

And now to dinner as one of the major comforts of the inner man!"

In this repast, John's tastes had been likewise consulted. His favorite dishes were there, prepared in the finest style; Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie, whom he rightly counted among his best friends, presided over the feast, and Maggie sat opposite to him. No one but a perversely unreasonable and ungrateful man could be otherwise than contented in the circumstances, and Mr. Cleveland, who had a habit of looking on the bright side of everything, felt and said that this was one of the sunniest spots in his life. Maggie had donned a dress, for which he had once expressed a liking, and this trifling instance of her regard was not lost upon him. She was very joyous, very pretty, very gentle—in his sight, the loveliest embodiment of a household fairy he had ever beheld.

And when, after dinner, Will took him into the lawless sanctum, the library—forced him to assume the new gown and cap, while he arrayed himself in similar habiliments, installed him in a stuffed chair before the glowing grate, and produced a couple of prime Havanas, and Maggie, who "liked the odor of a fine cigar," followed her sister into the room and took a low seat in the corner, just where the red firelight, and the soft lustre of the shaded burner, above the centre-table, united in showing her face and form to the fairest advantage, what was there to hinder John from a bit of mental sketching, that kept him silent with deep, deep happiness?

What if this were truly a family party? if he were receiving his friends in his home, instead of being entertained by them, and the mistress of that home were she who sat there beside the hearth? Would her air of cheerful content be lessened, her fresh, sweet face be dimmer if the dream-picture were a reality? He said to himself, even in the unspoken ecstasy of his imaginings, that rather than bring a cloud over that dear, young head, he would leave his love to the last unfold; rather than grieve that loving, innocent heart, he would himself give her away at the altar to another. Maggie could have had no more certain proof of the depth and disinterestedness of his attachment than was brought out in these musings. He had no mawkish melancholic sentiment in his composition. His forte was not the romantic. Had Will and Marian been out of the way, he would have

desired no more auspicious time and circumstances for the momentous declaration than this domestic nook and this birthday eve. Moonlight rambles and poetic quotations were, as Tiny said of herself, in another respect, "not in his line." He would have drawn his chair closer to Maggie's, and taking her hand, told her how long and well he had loved her, and asked for some assurance that he had not loved and waited in vain. Then—and a quicker pulse-throb brought before him the former picture—the present, had but the magic words of mutual love passed between them, and a common blessing been uttered above them. Home! wife! peace! Sweet synonyms that sum up the rapturous emotions of many a satisfied heart!

"*Ting-a-ling-ling!*"

"Mercy upon us!" said Marian, putting her hands to her ears. "What an impetuous ring! Show no one in here!" she called to the servant as she passed the library-door.

Maggie started up at the sound of a loud, clear voice in the hall.

"Oh, sister, it is Marie!"

Ere Mrs. Ainslie could reply, the door was thrown open by that resolute damsel herself.

"Good-evening to you all! I knew you were in here. I smelt the cigars. I adore them! Oh, how fragrant! What a snug coterie! Maggie, my sweet child, how do you do?" kissing her.

"Take a seat near the fire, Miss Dupont!" said Marian, not very warmly, for she secretly resented the intrusion.

"Thank you! but I have no time to stay. I have come on an errand. It seems hard-hearted in me to break up this very picturesque group, still I must possess myself of one of its ornaments. Maggie, darling, I am here to demand you."

"Me!" "Her!" exclaimed Maggie and Mrs. Ainslie, in a breath.

"You—my precious! Her—my dear Mrs. Ainslie! I called at your father's, Maggie, and they directed me to pursue my search in this direction. You wrote me, the other day, that you would run down to me for a night whenever I sent for you. Not caring to trust any messenger, behold me, the bearer of my own warrant for your arrest. Now, Mrs. Ainslie, don't look grave and doubtful! I am armed with the proper credentials, having done the dutiful thing in asking the consent of your

excellent parents. It was given readily and unconditionally, and Miss Tiny very kindly put up a morning-robe and other needful articles in a valise, which I have outside in a carriage. So hurry, dear—there's a love!"

Maggie stood motionless in a state of perplexed incertitude. Marian's countenance expressed unqualified disapproval of the proposed measure; Will looked surprised and annoyed, while John watched Maggie in anxious suspense. She did wish that Marie had not called for her on this night, and here, but saw no way of refusing without vexing her. She always enjoyed her visits to the Duponts. It would have been an act of self-denial to decline this invitation, yet it was John's birthnight, and Marian counted upon her spending the entire evening with her, and John would feel slighted and Will blame her—"I wish I knew what to do!" she burst forth, in distress.

"If you take my advice you will stay where you are!" said Marian, positively.

"You are our guest for the night, and we cannot excuse you!" added Mr. Ainslie. "You can go down to Mrs. Dupont's with me in the nine o'clock train, to-morrow morning."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Marie. "I have especial reasons why I must have her without delay. My party comes off in three days, and matters of vital importance respecting it are at a stand-still for want of my prime counselor. Dearest Mrs. Ainslie, do not be inexorable! You were a girl yourself only the other day, and cannot have forgotten how girls feel, situated as Maggie and I are."

This sort of talk would have propitiated Tiny, but Marian was made of different stuff.

"Have you no escort, Miss Dupont?" she inquired.

"Only our coachman, who is the most trustworthy creature living, and a safe driver," was the rejoinder, accompanied, John fancied, by a sudden, sly glance at Maggie, who did not observe it.

"That may be, still it appears to me neither prudent nor proper for two young ladies to drive three or four miles at nine o'clock at night, with no attendant except a servant," said Marian, decidedly as before.

"My dear madam, what an idea! Why. Thomas has been in our family for ages, and is really a gentleman!" Marie stopped to laugh, perhaps at Mrs. Ainslie's prudery.

"Give yourself no uneasiness on that score,

Mrs. Ainslie," interposed John, calmly. "If Miss Maggie decides to go, I shall request Miss Dupont to give me a seat, also, to her mother's door."

"Oh, I could not think of that!" Marie commenced, with a startled look. Then, as if another and a very amusing thought had struck her, she broke into a peal of laughter. "I beg your pardon!" she said, when she could control her mirth—"but it did seem such a preposterous plan! However, if you insist upon straining your gallantry so far, I will not forbid it, although it is a pity you should be put to so much trouble. Now, Maggie, make haste, dear! We can thank Mr. Cleveland on the way home, and we must not keep him out late."

"How will you get back?" asked Maggie of him, and still hesitating.

"There is a train up at half-past ten, one down at eleven. I can catch one or the other," he answered.

"Come back by all means!" said Mr. Ainslie. "We shall sit up for you."

Maggie ran for her wrappings, and John, stepping into the hall, resumed coat, hat, and boots, with very diverse feelings from those with which he had laid them off.

Mr. Ainslie banded Miss Dupont down the steps, and this gave Maggie a chance to say tremblingly, almost tearfully—"I am so sorry all this has happened, Mr. Cleveland. I wish you would not go. I do nothing but annoy you now-a-days."

"Please say no more about it, I much prefer going," he replied, somewhat coldly. He could not help being disappointed and hurt at this unforeseen close of his *fête*.

It was a moonlight night, and the air was very keen. The coachman walked up and down the semicircular drive in front of the portico, stamping his feet and swinging his arms, to keep himself warm.

"Thomas!" called his mistress.

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Open the carriage-door!"

Maggie had John's arm, and he felt her start violently as the man spoke—saw her cast a look in his direction, and then drop her head, while she trembled all over. But for her agitation, he would not have thought of noticing the fellow particularly, but he scanned him now narrowly. He was muffled in a great coat, with many capes, and a fur collar hid the lower part of his face. He stood

holding the open door, in respectful silence, while the ladies got in and seated themselves.

"Stop a moment! this gentleman will escort us home!" said Marie, arresting his movement to shut them in.

The man wheeled sharply around, and met Mr. Cleveland's full, fixed gaze.

"Close the door, sir!" ordered the latter. "With your permission, Miss Dupont, I will alter my mind. I see that you do not require any further protection."

His manner hardly astonished Mr. Ainslie more than did Miss Dupont's silence at this singular change of purpose. Neither she nor Maggie uttered a syllable of inquiry or adieu. The coachman mounted the box, and the carriage rolled away.

Marian had witnessed the departure from the hall door.

"I thought you were going with them!" she said, as her husband and John came up the steps.

"I did intend it!"

John said no more until they were again in the library. Then he stood, looking into the fire, for some moments.

"You saw who that fellow was, did you not?" he said, abruptly, to Mr. Ainslie.

"No! what fellow?"

"Miss Dupont's pretended coachman was that young Lorraine!"

"Impossible!" ejaculated Marian.

"You must be mistaken, John," said Will, seriously.

"I am not! His height, walk, and voice were enough, if I had not had a distinct view of his countenance, when he wheeled about, as Miss Dupont told him that I was going. It was he, and no one else!"

"I recollect how suddenly he turned, but attributed it to surprise. This is a strange freak!"

"An unladylike trick!" said Mrs. Ainslie, indignantly. "And she would have suffered you to take that cold ride rather than tell the truth!"

"You remember that she did oppose my going; then gave her consent, I imagine, with the idea that the excellence of the joke would be enhanced if Lorraine and myself were both victims."

"Fancy his having to drive the whole way without speaking a word, for fear of betraying himself!" laughed Mr. Ainslie.

"This is no laughing matter, Will," said

his wife. "It is either a very witless, school-girlish plot, beneath the dignity of a woman to practise, or there is something deeper in it than we can see. Can it be possible that Maggie had any complicity in it?"

John was silent. He recalled the start that had awakened his suspicions.

"I should be very angry if I believed that she knew in what company she left the house," pursued Marian. "I have no patience with such underhand proceedings."

"Come, come, you are taking this too seriously!" replied her husband. "It was unquestionably a silly affair; but I do not perceive the enormity of the transaction. It was rather poor fun, I should think, yet if Miss Dupont and her beau enjoyed it, why should we object?"

Neither of his auditors was inclined to dismiss the subject so lightly. Marian dwelt upon the disrespect offered to them, and was incensed that such means should have been used to obtain possession of Maggie.

"If Miss Dupont's intention were to hoax her, the discovery cannot but be very embarrassing to the poor child. Think of her surprise when the supposed servant speaks to her! I should be vexed enough to get out and walk back home by myself?"

"Maggie is not so touchy!" returned Mr. Ainslie. "And it is to be presumed that she is well enough acquainted with Miss Marie's ways not to be frightened to death at the denouement. Another cigar, John! And, Marian, we will have a bowl of punch to console us for the loss of our fireside fairy."

John was not consoled, however well he succeeded in preserving the outside show of equanimity. He was very angry with Miss Dupont, and more so with her puppy of a lover, while with regard to Maggie, he felt a degree of alarm, entirely uncalled for by the seeming facts in the case. The thought of deceit in connection with her conduct was utterly incompatible with what he knew of her pure and artless nature. Her surprise at Marie's entrance and proposition was assuredly not simulated, and granting that she did see through Lorrain's disguise at the moment of departure, considerations for her friend's feelings would have restrained her from exposing him, then and there. Nor was her silence, when he announced his change of intention, to be set down to aught save the same unselfish dread of annoying Marie, and

the confusion which a young, ingenuous girl would naturally feel in such a position. He hoped, and said as much, that Mrs. Ainslie would not chide her sister for the folly of her associate, but he hoped as fervently, that which he did not say—viz: that she would not rest until she unravelled the mystery which to his apprehension hung around Maggie's intimacy with this gay, and, as he feared, unscrupulous couple of lovers. *Were* they lovers? What if Marie's intense love of scheming, and the straining after dramatic effect, which entered so largely into her character and actions, were leading her docile unsophisticated companion into more serious complications than such merry plots as that of this evening!

His heart stood still at the thought. His dove—his own—his undefiled, by even a dream of evil—at the mercy of a bold, designing woman, who made use of the ardent love she had inspired in that guileless bosom for the furtherance of her plans, whatever they might be! He, too, would have a talk with Maggie, and a decisive one. Where else could she find such protection as in the acknowledged devotion of a true and honest heart!

(To be continued.)

DELICACY.—Above every other feature which adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes a merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense; but that high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike amongst women, as in the society of men; which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak when required, with seriousness and kindness, of things at which it would be ashamed indeed to smile or blush. This is the delicacy which forms so important a part of good taste that where it does not exist as a natural instinct, it is taught as the first principle of good manners, and considered as the universal passport to good society.

—Pursue what you know to be attainable, make truth your object, and your studies will make you a wise man.

THE CASKET OF TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

(Pearl the Second.)

A PICTURE.

THE fire burnt low on the dark hearthstone,
And the wind without, with sorrowful tone,
Went by with an added sigh and moan ;
For close by the ashes a woman's form
Stooped low, as in fear of wind and storm,
In a vain attempt to be wake and warm ;
And sighing and sighing, the wind went by,
And the rain came down from the storm-swept sky,
And the thunder drowned the woman's cry.

Up from her sorrowing, desolate soul
The words of her terrible agony roll
In a vain appeal for pity and dole ;
For here, in the prime of woman's life,
Battered and scarred by worldly strife,
She sits, the drunkard's desolate wife.

Time was when her years were young and few,
When her heart was light, her hopes were new,
And her thoughts were of the good and true ;
When sunshine lay round the maiden's feet,
When her lips did songs of youth repeat,
And her life by hope was made complete.

The days, the months, and the years slipped by,
Till the sun of love rose on life's sky,
And shone out the depths of the maiden's eye !
The altar's base and the pastor's grace,
A few brief words in the holy place
Are things of the past she loves to trace ;
With words of cheer for new life begun,
With hand close clasped by the chosen one,
She walked as the most of us have done.

The fields were full of the bloom of May !
And crowned with the pearls of summer's day
Her heart was light as a child's at play.
But where is the moon without its night ?
And where is there bloom without a blight ?
And why does sorrow succeed delight ?

Questions are these of such solemn weight
That we ask them early, ask them late,
As the ancients did at the shrine of fate !
But dumb are the lips of the oracle ;
And of those who stumble and who fall,
How many go down beyond recall !

As the years went by, the woman's life,
From the hour she found herself a wife,
Was full of sorrow and full of strife.

For he who had sworn to cherish her
Was of mocking wine a worshipper ;
And his fate her love could not defer.

Far down in the path of rectitude
He went, and the friendliness that would
Have kept him from ruin was withstood ;
Deeper and deeper he sank in shame,
Till he drank away his manhood's name,
And lost in the cup life's nobler aim :

Nay, more ; for he squandered heart and soul,
And drowned all hope in the flowing bowl
Till he reached the common drunkard's goal.

The curse of home, the fool of the street,
He went about with staggering feet
Till the wreck of his life was made complete—
Complete as many a wreck that lies
On rocks of error, beneath the skies
Of a self-chosen sacrifice.

But the curse fell not alone on him !
From the hour he touched the wine cup's brim
Eyes other than his grew sad and dim.

The light went out of beautiful eyes
As the stars go down in nature's skies,
That, in setting, never more shall rise.

The bloom of the rose upon her face
Faded away, as her great disgrace
Followed her footsteps from place to place.

And her heart, so light in other years,
Grew hoary with doubts, with pains, with fears,
And her pillow wet with midnight tears.

But of what avail the picture trace
Of a woman crowned with a disgrace
That writes its story upon her face,

Till here, in the prime of woman's life,
Battered and scarred by worldly strife,
She sits, the drunkard's desolate wife ?

Deep under the sod two children sleep ;
And low at her feet two others keep
A vigil of hunger while they weep.

And she, in her sorrow and her shame,
In all the blight of her woman's fame
Sees fashioned in the flickering flame

A picture of all that MIGHT HAVE BEEN !
Of the heights she early thought to win
Before the spoiler had entered in.

In the picture was a hearthstone bright,
By reason of love's undying light,
And all things beautiful to the sight.

Her husband's tones were so soft and dear,
The baby's prattle so sweet to hear,
Her friends so many, with words of cheer,
While affection's circle reached so far,
That, under contentment's genial star,
Nothing the joys of their life could mar.

But now, alas, for the hopes that bloom
Beneath the spell of the drunkard's doom,
With all its agony, pain, and gloom !

And this is all ! Let the lips be mute
That would this shame to her hands impute ;
For, sowing no seed, she reaps the fruit

Of all the sorrow and all the shame
That gather around the drunkard's fame
With its blight for all who bear his name.

So the fire burns low on the dark hearthstone,
And the wind without with sorrowful tone
Goes by with an added sigh and moan ;

And close by the ashes this woman's form
Stoops low as in fear of wind and storm,
In her vain attempt to be wake and warm.

And ever and ever the circles sweep
Around the rum whirlpool, dark and deep,
Where sorrow and shame their revel keep,

And into the vortex daily flow
The hearts that beat and the hopes that glow,
And all that's loving and loved below.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

(See *Steel Plate*.)

It was a clear, sunny morning this fourteenth of February about which I write, and the postman of Longwood looked for a busy day, for Longwood was a cosy, old-fashioned town where lovers still clung to time-honored customs, and Valentines had not become miserable daubs or vile caricatures. Many a tale of love was reserved for the yearly time when the silent adorer might pour forth his hopes and fears on paper, or by some well chosen gift win his way to the heart he coveted. Many a rude rhyme, with limping feet and well-worn similes, was treasured as the studied task of a loyal heart, and made bright eyes moisten or pure hearts throb where Milton's peer might have sued in vain.

The morning sun was not very high, when Maggie Lossing, one of the acknowledged belles of the little town, sat combing out the rippling waves of her dark hair, and building her air-castles. It was a double holiday for the pretty girl, her birthday and St. Valentine's day, and Maggie knew that on this eighteenth birthday there was not likely to be any lack of the tributes laid yearly at her feet. She knew where two for her wee brother and sister were securely hidden, and she was wondering what Lizzie and Hattie, Willie and Laura would receive from the postman, and whether her mysterious lover who for five years had remembered her would be forthcoming on this her eighteenth birthday. She was still dressing when her two elder sisters, bright, pretty girls of nineteen and twenty, came in.

"Now, Mag," said Lizzie, "I would not for the world be suspected of hinting; but there is a collar at K.'s that is the object of my profound admiration, and Hattie has confided to me that she thinks a head-dress of moss buds would suit her new tissue dress to a charm."

"Perhaps it won't come," suggested Maggie.

"Perhaps it will!" said Hattie. "O, it is too delightfully mysterious. Do you know, Maggie, I am furiously jealous, and should be worse if you were not so generous?"

"It seems so funny," chimed in Lizzie,

"and if papa was not so willing for you to accept it, and mamma so smiling, I should doubt its propriety."

"The breakfast bell, and I am just ready. Come, girls;" and off Maggie darted to answer the summons.

Speculations were plenty as to the number of valentines expected and the senders thereof, but many allusions were made to Maggie's certainly coming, and various hints were thrown out about wants and desires. At last the double rap at the front door gave the signal, and as the sound rang through the hall Dr. Lossing's eldest son, Albert, came down the stairs to breakfast. Every one of the children, except the wee baby, was in the hall: Lizzie and Hattie hidden by the door, Laura beside Betty, and Willie peeping behind her skirts. Maggie was kneeling to draw from under the stair-mat the envelopes addressed to Louis and wee Amy, while even John, the doctor's errand-boy, made the boots an excuse to appear on the scene. The doctor looked up from his paper with an air of interest, and mamma left her second cup untasted till the important letters were delivered.

"One for Lizzie and one for Maggie, that's all by the first post," said Hattie, coming in, followed by all the others. "Yours always comes early, Maggie; there it is."

Maggie broke the seal. For four years before a crisp bank note for \$500 had fallen from the envelope, but this year there was, with the usual offering, a letter, and inside of that a smaller envelope addressed to Dr. Lossing.

"A proposal, and here a note to ask papa's consent," cried Lizzie. "Too bad, and you younger than Hattie or I!"

But, looking at the face that was bent over the sheet, she paused, to ask in a quieter tone:

"What is it, Maggie dear?" And Dr. Lossing, with a glance at his wife, echoed the question.

"Read it, and tell me what he means," said the young girl, handing the doctor the letter, which he read carefully.

"Come into the library with me, dear, and I will tell you. No, none of you," he added, waving his hand to the others who crowded round him; "I must see Maggie *alone*."

The deep gravity of his manner, the mysterious letter, filled Maggie with a vague dread, and she trembled violently as she followed him. Even his kind arm around her, his loving kiss on her face could not quiet her agitation, while his face was so grave and his voice so sad.

"I cannot tell you why this letter was written," said Dr. Lossing, gently, as he placed her in a comfortable chair, "until I open my own, and this he has requested me not to do yet. Read his letter to you again, Maggie."

With a trembling voice the young girl read:

MY OWN DEAR MAGGIE: At last, after eighteen years of cruel separation, I am hoping to see the dear face whose baby features, pictured by my loving heart, have been the comfort of my lonely exile. I am trembling with joy at the thought that the eyes now scanning these lines will rest lovingly on my face, and the clear voice I have heard in dreams will fall in music of affection upon my waking ears. I am coming home, shall be with you on the day when you receive this, to clasp you in my arms, never again to let you go from me. Go to Dr. Lossing, and ask him to tell you the story of my life, then read what I inclose to him, and oh, my darling, my treasure, open your heart to the weary wanderer who looks to you as his haven of love, of joy, after years of bitter exile. Listen to my story, love me, and welcome me.

HERBERT ARUNDEL.

"Now, dear father, tell me what all this means."

"It means, Maggie, that you are to leave; but no, I will tell you the story as he requests. Years ago, when these gray hairs were brown, and this peaceful home a dream of a far off future, Herbert Arundel and I were old college friends. I would not pain you by the recital of our life, but it is necessary to make you understand what follows. We were what indulgent parents call 'wild boys,' what sterner truth-tellers call 'dissipated young men.' Young, and with ample means at our command, we ran the career that borders closely on vice and crime. We were as criminal in our intoxication when it came from champagne suppers that cost us half our quarter's allowance, as the lowest drunkard who reels from the miserable tavern we despised. For three years we continued this miserable course of folly, keeping our positions partly by family

influence and partly by exerting our powers of intellect at intervals to redeem past idleness or misspent time. The fourth year we really devoted to study, and passed creditably through the necessary examinations, but after leaving college old habits resumed their sway. Plunging recklessly into the amusements of the large city where we lived, we became involved in debt, and made our lives one lone course of fashionable extravagance and dissipation. To dress with taste, to be acknowledged leaders in fashion, to drive the fastest horses, give the best suppers, and flirt with the gayest belles, seemed the height of our miserable ambition, till we both became conscious of loving truly and fervently. The ladies whose fair faces became the light to show us the wicked folly of our lives were good, pure women, one the daughter of a leading physician, the other the orphan niece of a wealthy banker.

At first, a false shame kept us both silent, but in some moment of better feeling we mutually promised to amend our lives, and try by steadiness and rectitude to become worthy of the love we coveted. Frankly and without one reservation I laid my case before Dr. Lee, the father of my Amy, and he held out to me the helping hand I sought. Making my reward depend utterly upon my own merit, he admitted me among his students, and allowed me to visit in his family, where for five years my present wife waited for me to prove my love.

Herbert was not so fortunate. His addresses were treated with scorn, but he won the lady to consent to a clandestine correspondence. Meantime, he obtained the situation of clerk in the bank over which her uncle exercised some control as a director. With a resolute determination to win the esteem he had perilled by his former career he kept his head clear and his hand busy with his new duties, striving earnestly to overcome the evil desires that still clung to him. We still met frequently, and as the folly and vice of the past became more vividly real to our minds, we sought with penitent and earnest hearts the Divine aid to persevere in the path of rectitude. Three years after Herbert had entered the bank, it was discovered that extensive frauds were being perpetrated, and large sums stolen from the institution. With bitter malice, Mr. Wallace, the uncle of the woman whose love was given to Herbert,

fastened this crime upon him. He was followed, and watched, and among his private papers were found letters and part of the stolen money, the letters containing proof that he had spent larger sums than his salary would cover. He was imprisoned, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Two weeks after his trial, the prisoner escaped, and no trace was ever discovered of him, but the malice of Mr. Wallace was thwarted, for Margaret fled from home on the night when the prisoner escaped. They were married in New York, and sailed for California the next day.

The doubt of Herbert's perfect innocence of the charges brought against him never crossed my mind, never for one instant dimmed Margaret's faith in him, and she accompanied him as cheerfully on his flight as if friends and relatives had sanctioned her marriage with the noblest of the land. Under a feigned name Herbert again tried to win a position, and aided by Margaret's possession of a large sum of money he started in business in San Francisco.

Five years later, when my own marriage had been blessed by two crowing babies Albert and Lizzie, and worldly prosperity was smiling upon me, I again saw Margaret Arundel. Herbert had lost everything by a destructive fire, and this devoted wife had come home alone to beg for aid from her uncle, and to obtain from government her husband's pardon.

It was a wild evening in February when she came to my office, weary and faint, to implore me to help my old friend. She had seen her uncle, and been cruelly taunted as a felon's wife, and refused the most trifling aid, and as the last words of her pitiful story left her lips she fainted in my arms. That same night, or rather the next, eighteen years ago at two o'clock this morning, you were born, and two hours later your mother died.

I wrote to your father, inclosing such pecuniary aid as was within my reach, and promising to fill a father's place to his child till he could claim her. Maggie, dear, you can best judge if I have kept my word."

But Maggie's voice, broken by sobs, had no word, only her clinging arms round his neck, her face lifted to his told how truly she felt that he had indeed fulfilled his trust.

"For two years I heard nothing from my old friend; but then he wrote. He had again

obtained a foothold among the merchants, and was winning his way to affluence, but he implored me to keep his child, never to let the taint of the felon's name rest on her life. From that time he has sent me yearly more than sufficient for your support, still imploring me to make no difference between you and my own children. Wishing, however, that you should enjoy what was truly your own, I proposed to him to inclose a portion of your income to yourself, and have contrived to drop it in the post-office so that you receive it on St. Valentine's day. Your own generosity has still kept the balance even, for I am sure that but a small portion remains after your gifts to all have been selected.

And now, my dear child, before we open this envelope, let me say to you that no father's love was ever stronger than mine for you. Your gentleness, frank, loving heart, your obedience and intelligence have been to me as great a joy as the gifts of my own children, and the separation will be as painful as if Lizzie or Hattie were about to be taken from me."

Quieting her own emotion, Maggie watched the doctor as he broke the seal of his letter. Only a newspaper scrap fell from it, but upon this was printed:—

"The murderer of L—— J—— to-day in open court confessed his crime, pleading the heat of passion as his excuse. Following the long confession which we give in another column, the prisoner made another one almost as important. Twenty-three years ago he was clerk in a large banking-house in B——, and in love with the niece of one of the directors, Lemuel Wallace. Being favored by this gentleman, now deceased, he was anxious to be rid of a rival, and with the aid and consent of Mr. W. contrived to fix the crime of the celebrated bank robbery of that year upon him, secreting in his desk forged letters and some of the missing money, and swearing to acts and words of the accused which would make his guilt appear certain, but of committing or uttering which he was perfectly innocent. He begged that, as some atonement for the crime which he has just confessed, Herbert Arundel's name may be cleared before all the world, as he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge. During this recital one of the jurymen, Henry Atherton, a merchant whose name is one of our most honored among merchants, was observed to be violently agitated, and as the prisoner concluded, he rose from his seat and stood erect, facing him.

"Look at me, John Davis!" he cried.

"John Davis! that is my own name," said the prisoner trembling, but obeying the request.

"Look at me," repeated Mr. Atherton, 'and say if I am not the Herbert Arundel whose good name you swore away twenty-three years ago.'

"The prisoner gave him a long searching gaze, and then trying in vain to speak he fainted on the floor.

"Mr. Atherton, or Arundel, has been besieged by congratulating visitors, but it is rumored that as soon as he can arrange his business, and collect his vast wealth, he will return to B——."

It was in vain that Maggie tried to speak in answer to the doctor's kind words of encouragement and congratulation. The old gentleman, himself elated by this good news of his friend, was almost vexed at the white face and quivering lip the young girl turned to him.

"Maggie, think of it! After twenty-three years of lonely exile, he is coming home a free, cleared man, to establish his innocence and claim his child. My poor child! all this agitation has been too much for you. Shall I leave you alone for an hour or two while I tell the others?"

"Yes, yes, let me think! It is all so strange to me."

Strange indeed!—to part from all these dear ones, whom she had always believed to be her own relatives, and go away with a stranger who was really her father! With yearning, pitying love she longed for him; to repay the generous love that had starved itself so long to give her a happy home, and yet she shrank from this bitter parting before her. Lizzie, Hattie, and the children had never seemed so dear, and Albert—how could she leave Albert? From the time when he had shared his marbles with her, and refrained from breaking her doll, she had always been his pet sister. Lizzie and Hattie were together constantly, and Albert became very fond of the baby whose brightest smile was for him, of the child whose first word was his name, of the young girl who turned to him ever for protection and companionship. Belle as she had been, she preferred brother Albert for an escort to any of the adorers who begged the office, and while the two older girls were always provided with "beaux," Maggie always kept the place for Albert? And he was not her brother! she had no claim upon that tender love, so precious to her! The strange father would carry her away from home, sisters, father, mother, and brothers. Worn out with conflicting emotions, the young girl car-

ried her sorrow to the Source from whence she had always looked for support, and kneeling down by the doctor's chair she prayed fervently for counsel in her new duties, strength to bear its trials, gratitude for its blessings; prayed for the dear unknown father, for the tenderly loved home circle she must leave, and as the whispered words fell from her lips, she felt the painful agitation quieted, and the troubled throbbing of her heart growing calm again.

She had risen, and was standing by the window waiting the return of the doctor, when the door opened, and a tall, handsome man, with iron gray hair, and a kindly look in his dark eyes, came forward. It scarcely needed his open arms and tender call of "Margaret, my child!" for Maggie to know her father, and the tender clasp of his arms, the loving words he poured out upon her, told her that he would keep his word, "never again to let her go from him."

The whole morning passed, and the long separated father and child held uninterrupted converse, the one seeming too happy only to scan again and again the features of his daughter, to hear the music of her voice, to take into his heart the timid but warm assurances of her sympathy and comfort, while she, already opening her heart to take in the patient noble nature that was leaning so trustingly on her love, was happy too, as a woman always is when she stands as comforter.

At last the dear mother of her childhood came to break Maggie's long morning of loving intercourse with her father, and take her back to the home circle.

For some weeks, Mr. Arundel was content to stay at Longwood, and wean his darling gradually from the dear ties of her life, but the parting came at last, and Maggie left her old home to preside over her father's large house in B——.

The petted darling of the wealthy man, whose sole object in life was her happiness, she had every comfort, every luxury at her command; but money could not fill the great house with the music of home voices, could not lessen the painful home sickness of the loving little heart.

Her father never dreamed of this pain. For him her face wore its gayest smiles, her voice rang out its music in tenderest welcome, and while he was near her the hours flew by in music, reading, and familiar conversation.

She loved him truly, but she was learning in absence another lesson of love, learning to recall a voice that had always been tenderest for her, a brother who was fast becoming remembered and loved with a stronger affection than even a sister gives. So, with threads of joy and pain interwoven, a year glided by.

"Maggie dear," said her father, as he sat playing with his coffee cup, "next Wednesday week is your birthday, and we are to have a grand party. Everybody is to come, and Miss Arundel is to enter society. Now I want you to write to Longwood and invite them all here, as many as can come. The doctor's family must come for a long visit, and you must ask all your old friends for the party. It is only four hours' ride from here, and they can stay all night. I may have been wrong in not having them here before, but I was jealous of the old affections. You have not been *unhappy*, Maggie?"

"Not for a moment! I have missed them all, dear father, but I have never doubted your love, never wished to change my position. Yet if they could come sometimes for a visit!"

"As often as you will. Have one or the other always with you, dear, if it will make the hours when I am away less tedious."

St. Valentine's day found the doctor, his wife, Lizzie, and Hattie, Maggie's guests, while Albert was to come in the evening. Every preparation for the great party was completed, and Mrs. Lossing bustled about full of the importance of mistress for the nonce, and chaperon for her dear adopted child, Maggie.

Late in the afternoon Maggie received the only Valentine offered her that day. She was in her room, preparing for the evening, when the white envelope was handed her, and she let it lie unopened while she finished dressing. As she broke the seal, the mirror before which she stood threw back her figure, in its glossy white silk, its fleecy lace folds, and the pure pearl ornaments, her father's gift. The rich dark hair, braided low on the neck, contrasted well with the pearl sprays there resting, and the beautiful face bore the test of full dress bravely. She looked very lovely, and as she read the words before her, the deep flush that mounted to her cheek was not unbecoming.

Inclosed in folds of soft paper, the letter contained a ring—a circlet of pearls, with one bright diamond in the centre. She took all

in her hand, and softly went down stairs to her father's library. He was alone there, and greeted his darling with fond words and proud praises, but she put in his hand the letter and the ring.

He sighed as he read, but the blushing face before him gave added force to every word of this petition:—

"Maggie, Maggie, I cannot live apart from you. The brother's love, for so many years part of my very being, was nothing to the earnest devotion I lay now at your feet. I love you fondly, truly, as a man loves but once, and I implore you give me one word of hope that you will return my love. If you can give me the precious boon I crave, let me see the inclosed ring on your finger to-night, the sign of betrothal to one who will make your happiness the hope and study of his life.

ALBERT."

Studying Maggie's face earnestly, the young girl's father read there *her* answer to the petition.

"He must come here, Maggie; I may take a son, but I cannot lose my daughter."

She clung to him, whispering: "Nothing shall part us, father!"

Long, long he held her closely in his arms, then with a fervent kiss and a whispered blessing her father put Albert's ring upon her finger.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON CHANGES.

BY J. B.

"ONE man in his time plays many parts;" and as I have begun with a quotation from Shakspeare (which brings before me the forest of Ardennes, and pale, melancholy Jacques, delivering his world-famous speech to the banished duke and his companions), I cannot help remarking what changes have taken place in the theatrical world since the time of that great dramatist; and how strange it seems that we now laugh at the burlesqued versions of those plays which have been revered and wept over for so many generations.

But that is merely a digression, and this article is to be anything but theatrical.

We, indeed, play so many parts in our lives, that every year—nay, every month—almost every day—sees some change in our existence; and looking back to what we were some years ago, we can sometimes scarcely believe that the person who now lives is the same who was then in existence. From child-

hood (bright and golden) to age (how often cold and lonely)—from the cradle to the grave, what changes we pass through! How fast the days come one after another, making us men and women before we are aware of it, and then dragging us quickly down into old age, till we become suddenly aware that our lives must be near an end, and think how wasted our days have been, and what different things we would do if we could only live them over again.

It is strange that we are seldom contented with the period of life we are in, but are always wishing ourselves younger or older. The child, getting weary of his playthings, and growing above his dependent position, thinks of the things he will do, and the different life he will lead when he becomes a man; and the man, worn out with the cares of the world, and disappointed at the non-realization of the brilliant day-dreams he dreamed in his youth, imagines childhood to be such a happy, innocent time, and would give anything to be a boy again. But let me say that the childhood imagined by those who can only partly recollect their own is a very different thing from the childhood of reality; and children themselves have very different ideas, and think very different things from what old age imagines. The case stands thus: Childhood, knowing nothing of the future, imagines it to be the "golden age;" and mankind, having failed to find perfect happiness, imagines that it is only attained in childhood.

Some people take the changes of life very philosophically, and, living according to their age, are perfectly happy and contented. I say almost; for I do not think it was ordained that any one should be wholly happy; such a state of existence would only make us love this world too much, and think very little about any other. But to a great many the changes come so quickly that they are unable to keep up with them, and so fall considerably behind the times, which, no doubt, accounts for many of the peculiarities we notice in our fellow-creatures. There are people who pass their years in a state of childhood, and, though living to a great age, have no idea of the duties and vocations belonging to an advanced period of life; and there are others who seem to have never been young at all, but take upon themselves the habits and manners of age long before they have reached such a period, and go down to the grave without having ever

felt the dreamy longings of youth, or known any of its dear, simple pleasures.

I have heard and read of people who, at certain parts of their life, become stationary; and I believe that such a case may often happen. For there may have been days when we were very happy, and certain dreams we had long dreamed were on the point of being realized. Those days may have passed away; the people who helped to make them happy are either dead or somehow lost to us; the old associations are all broken; and the very place itself may have changed; but we, to whom those days were the happiest we had ever known, can never forget them, and their reminiscences will be forever making the present seem dreary, and the future without hope; so that, though long years have passed over us, we will never change, but until death have the same thoughts and fancies we had in the old long ago. Truthfully speaking, I think the episode of Miss Havisham, in Charles Dickens' "Great Expectations," about as true a one as ever was written.

It is no doubt the best way to take life as it comes—to be playful and thoughtless in childhood, and when grown up to obtain a certain position in the world—get married, and "live happy ever afterwards." But how few of us can do so! Memory is too strong; and the old associations of the past will rise up before us, making us wish to live with the same people, and do the same things as we did in days gone forever. However matter-of-fact our lives may be, the old ghosts of the past will rise up before us, and plunge us into a sort of dreaming discontent. It may be our duty not to give way to such wild, unreasonable longings, but we should not be too hard upon the ghosts; for, seen sensibly, such visions often leave pure, good thoughts behind them—thoughts that make us feel better and stronger, and more willing to "do our duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call us."

NOT ALL DESOLATE.—Moss will grow upon gravestones; the ivy will cling to the mouldering pile; the mistletoe spring from the dying branch; and, God be praised, something green, something fair to the sight, and grateful to the heart, will yet twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human heart.

THE STORY OF WEALTHY LEIGHTON.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.

"THAT is the lady—the one in the chip hat with blue and white trimmings, Miss Wealthy Leighton."

There were half a dozen of us, probably, going out of the picture-gallery together at that moment, full of light, foolish talk and laughter, but it so happened that I caught the sentence which completed itself with my name.

"Poor child! poor child!" answered another voice, a little lowered now, a deep, manly voice, emphasized with pity that was almost pain.

I turned involuntarily, and looked at the speaker. We were close to the door, and I had only time for a glance, but it was one that photographed the face and figure in my memory. A young man, at least a good many years behind his prime, with a good face—the face of a gentleman, intelligent, kindly, strong; a man whom, had I been lost in a crowd, or in anywise bewildered among strangers, I should instinctively have selected for help or counsel; a figure somewhat tall, well proportioned, and seeming to possess a certain dignity in delicate harmony with the face of its owner.

"Why do you call me poor child?" I am certain that my face must have asked this question, in as downright a fashion as my lips wanted to, as I turned it toward the gentleman bewildered, amazed. He read the inquiry there, and understood that I had overheard his remark. I had time to see this before the door closed betwixt us.

We were going down to Stewart's that morning, for Stewart's was down town at that time, but I remember that the singular words of the strange gentleman haunted and troubled me occasionally, that they came between me and the marvellous frostings of Honiton and Valenciennes, or dashing arrays of brocade, or gorgeous piles of India fabrics, into which tropical suns seemed to have burned their gorgeous hues, for these things variously engaged our attention for the next three or four hours.

I wonder if I, the graver, sadder, and yet by so much wiser woman, who sit writing

here, was ever the gay, thoughtless, butterfly thing, sporting in the sunshine of prosperity and social admiration, and all the follies that the daughters of men too often delight in, that I was that morning! So, looking across the bridge of years, the young creature that I see standing there, with her life just blossoming into womanhood, and her future opening in radiant and dashing perspective before her vision, seems to me another, and not I, sitting here writing—not I.

At this time I was in my twentieth summer. I had been orphaned of my father and mother in my childhood, and ever since had resided with my only and elder sister. We were not alike—sister Elvira and I. She was a tall, dark, magnificent woman, sixteen years my senior. She had married, a year before my mother's death, a gentleman a score of years older than herself, a president of a bank, a shrewd, practical business man, one who had built up his own fortunes, and prided himself on it, and on his splendid home, his handsome horses, his elegant wife, his position in the world, and on a great many other things besides. My father had been a plain, country merchant. Failing in business during the latter part of his life, he came to the city to retrieve his fortunes, which he never did, for death took charge of all that.

My sister did not often allude to her early life, and I was too young to remember much of it, but I knew that our parents, although highly respectable, and leaving an unblemished name to their children, were comparatively plain, unpretending people.

But my sister had the ambition and pride of a princess. I must be loyal to the truth here. Elvira's ambition was of the worldly kind, for wealth, position, display. She lived for the world, for its admiration, its wonder, its envy. She was a thoroughly conventional woman, with little sentiment, little profundity of character, but she had great self-possession, great practical sagacity, and executive forces, and such a character will always be a strong power in her own household, and will be felt more or less in the society in which she circulates.

My sister Elvira was a perfect manager. She did the honors of her splendid home with marvellous grace and tact. Her dinner parties and her receptions were eclipsed by none, and in the rustle of her rich silks, the carriage of her handsome figure, the very poise of her haughty head, one who thoroughly understood her might have divined that she always had a consciousness that she was the lady wife of the rich president of the bank, Gerald Matthews. So, under her roof, my life came up from child into girl and womanhood. I do not know whether Elvira was fond of me. Demonstrative affection was not in her way, but in a certain fashion she was always kind. She surrounded me with every luxury, and sought to mould me after her own type, to make of me the same fashionable, ambitious, worldly woman she was herself.

She and her husband got on admirably together. For me—she was my sister, and I loved her better than anything on earth, and yet I think there was always one part of my nature that was in secret revolt against her. She exercised a fine tyranny over my life, one that she never put into words, however, and perhaps on her part was totally unconscious of. Still, I seldom dared be just myself in her presence, that is, I had an instinctive aversion to confiding to her whatsoever was deepest and most sacred in my thoughts or feelings. I shrank from the gaze of those cold, calm, yet lustrous eyes. I dreaded the half scornful, half pitying, "My dear, fine sentiments and girlish fancies are very pretty things, but they never help one along in this world." Poor Elvira! she thought that she had laid the foundations of her house strong and deep, but the winds and the rains prevailed against it!

The time at which my story opens was a few months previous to my marriage. My betrothal was another result of my sister's managing genius, for so far as I was concerned she certainly had the thing totally in her own hands, and greatly did she felicitate herself on her success thereat. Not that she had actually done anything more than turned her all-powerful influence in favor of the gentleman's suit. She saw that he was interested in me, and that I was at that time quite indifferent to him; but I had always been accustomed to make her will my law, and when she expatiated upon the rare good fortune which had fallen to me, on my lover's prospects and

position, on the splendid future which awaited my acceptance, I listened, and wondered, and yielded. There was no higher law than these governing the splendid house of Gerald Matthews on Fifth Avenue, and it was long before my instincts formed one.

Algernon Hastings was a descendant of one of the oldest families in New York, and on his mother's side from noble Dutch ancestry. He was the last son of his house, his mother being a widow, and his elder sisters all married at the time of our betrothal. The family was very exclusive, and still maintained its ancient state and style of living, although so reduced in numbers.

Algernon was an only son, the youngest and the idol of his family. He had a handsome face and figure, was accustomed to the most polished society from his youth, was a great favorite with ladies, and had cultivated himself in æsthetic directions until these had become quite the chief interests of his life. He prided himself on his exclusiveness, his fastidiousness, his knowledge of art and human nature. "Only to think," said my sister, "of the honor of being the choice of such a man! He has seen the noblest ladies of Europe, and I don't doubt, when abroad, but he might have married a title."

Of course there was nothing for me to do but consent, and feel very much exalted by the immense honor which had been done me. But after all I did not then love this man, Algernon Hastings. Something in me had recoiled from him at first. I felt that he was indolent, self-indulgent, conceited.

That day, after the singular remark which I had overheard, I went home with a vague, heavy pain at my heart, which I could not have put into words, but which inspired me with a strange longing for counsel, sympathy, help of some kind. I found my sister at lunch, and alone, which was quite an unusual circumstance with her. I sat down before my cake and wine, without removing my bonnet; then involuntarily a sigh, freighted with much that I could not utter, found its way from my head to my lips.

"What is the matter, Wealthy?" asked my sister, setting down her coffee cup so sharply that the delicate porcelain rang again.

"What makes you ask, Elvira?"

"Why that sigh and your face are enough to suggest the question. What *has* gone wrong with you?"

The words must come now, even though they would be Sanscrit to her who heard them. I turned suddenly full upon her.

"Elvira, what do you think we are all living for?"

She looked at me, bewildered, amazed.

"What do you mean, Wealthy?"

I see her sitting there now, at the head of her table, the tall, dark, magnificent woman! Poor Elvira!

"I mean that it seems to me, just now, a dreadful folly, and sham, and vanity, that we're living for—you, and I, and our set in general. What does it amount to, this struggling for appearances, this living for show, without one real, true, noble aim or purpose in life? I'm sick of it; I'm disgusted with it: it doesn't pay in any sense. Folly, and vanity, and meanness! I turn my eyes on every side, and these only meet me. Don't you get weary of it, sometimes, sister, and ask yourself what it all amounts to—where it will end?"

For a moment Elvira did not answer my question. But it seemed to me that a little twinge of remorse struggled for a moment with the amazement in her face. When she did speak there was a faint note of sarcasm in her tones. "I think you must have been to hear a Methodist parson this morning!"

"No, I haven't; but somehow the question has come to me with dreadful force—What are you living for, Wealthy Leighton? What right have you to fritter away your life in this most miserable, wasteful fashion? And I don't know how to answer it."

"You've got a little nervous. Take a glass of wine," said Elvira, my sister, and she reached her hand toward her silver bell.

I stopped her by a gesture.

"No; don't put me off in that fashion. There is more in this than wine will cure. Answer me truly, Elvira. If you were to die to-night, would you be quite satisfied about these lives of ours?"

The question went home. I saw it did; down through all the pride, and vanity, and social ambition my question made its way to the heart and conscience of Elvira Matthews. She moved uneasily in her cushioned chair.

"Well, no; I don't suppose any of us would, precisely; but what is one to do? While we do live, we must keep up our position, and the style of living which it demands. I have tried to make you happy, Wealthy!"

There was something nearer an appeal in the tones which finished this sentence than I had ever heard in my sister's voice before. It touched me at once.

"So you have, Elvira. You have done by me just as you would by your own child."

She was moved again. My words touched some slumbering feeling of maternity in her heart. I believe that she felt for a moment that, had God granted her a child, she should have found, in the sweet service and sacrifices of motherhood, some deeper, holier joy than all which her life had brought her, successful as she regarded it.

There was a little silence betwixt me and my sister; then the words of the stranger in the picture-gallery recurred to me. I cannot tell what fine link of association suggested to my mind at this moment Algernon Hastings; or whether I consciously suspected that he had any connection with the stranger's remark.

"Elvira," I said, for I was in a mood for speaking what was in my thoughts, "you are certain that I am to marry a man who is in every respect worthy?"

"Worthy!" exclaimed Mrs. Matthews, all other feelings lost in astonishment. "What do you mean, child? Just think of his family, of his position, of his fortune. You have reason to congratulate yourself every hour of your life for the match you are to make."

"I know, I know, Elvira; but I don't allude to those things now. I am speaking of the man himself—of the man as he would be without money, position, or any of those extraneous things. Is he a good, strong, true man, upon whom a woman could lean for strength, tenderness, help in all the possible needs and contingencies of her life—one in whose heart and character she can rest in entire confidence?"

"Of course; that is all understood. Mr. Hastings is everything that is satisfactory. Only what—what has been putting such romantic notions into your head? Isn't Algernon a sufficiently ardent lover?"

"O yes; I've no lack of devotion on his part to complain of, only—only"—I paused for something to explain and justify my questions.

"Only what?" Elvira's great piercing eyes were on my face.

So I told her of the conversation which I had overheard betwixt the two gentlemen in the picture-gallery that morning, concluding

with—"Why did he call me 'Poor child!' in that voice, Elvira?"

"I can't tell, I'm sure. Probably he couldn't, unless, as is most likely to be the case, he had some sister or friend who was jealous of your good fortune, and had made out some story which occasioned his gratuitous pity. Women, you know, never have any especially good fortune befall them without being the subject of the envy and gossip of the less lucky of their sex. You may depend, the remark had its origin in some such feeling, if you could only sift it to the bottom."

Of course there was no gainsaying Elvira's wisdom, and I had to seem satisfied, which certainly I was not, in my own heart. Before we had finished our lunch, some calls interrupted us, and terminated our conversation. Such a one had never before transpired betwixt my sister and myself—such a one never did afterward.

Four months later I was married to Algernon Hastings. Elvira was in her element. We had a magnificent wedding. Diamonds and silver, laces and brocade, with a series of gorgeous entertainments, all form the dazzling background of that bridal month, which lies away off in my memory now, about as real a thing as my old child visions when I sat drinking in the marvellous stories of the Arabian Nights. After the bridal was over, we went to Europe for a half year.

CHAPTER II.

FIVE years had passed. They had not left me as they found me. I had grown older in some deeper sense than that of time. Not that there had been any striking outward change in my life. We lived in the suburbs of the city, in an elegant villa, which my brother-in-law owned. Our grounds were not large, but laid out in exquisite taste by a foreign landscape artist. We kept our carriage, and several servants, and lived luxuriously; for this was a necessity of my husband's nature.

Of course I had not lived these five years with Algernon Hastings without learning something of the real character and essence of the man to whom I had committed the happiness of my life. Day by day, year by year, the conviction was forced on my reluctant soul that a refined selfishness lay at the

foundation of his character, was the spring of all his actions, the habit of his life.

This is a terrible verdict for a wife to pronounce on her husband; but I, Wealthy Hastings, sit here, telling facts to my paper which I have never breathed in any human ear. And as the truth is in me, and I am obeying its strange impulsion, which has taken possession of me, to write, so must I hold nothing back—disguise no truth.

My husband was a fine critic, a courtly gentleman, with a keen sense of all physical beauty, because it ministered to his enjoyment; and enjoyment of a refined æsthetic character was the one great aim and purpose of his life. He was indolent, luxurious, eclectic in all his tastes; highly social, fond of operas, parties, clubs, and was a general favorite in society. At home, if matters went well, lounging among his books and pictures, with his rare cigars and his costly wines, he was usually in a good humor; but anything which interfered with his comfort was sure to produce fretfulness and moroseness on his part.

He was not often coarse or harsh, but he was unjust in little matters, and in a small way a domestic tyrant, and I could not disguise from myself the fact that in any case his own convenience or tastes were indulged before my comfort or happiness. Still Algernon Hastings had a sort of indolent good nature, and could make himself most agreeable in his own home, and had too much good taste ever to fail, at least when in society, in those delicate attentions which a man always owes to a woman—a husband to a wife. Then he was my husband, the father of my child—the one little girl God had sent to open its new, holy fount of love in my heart. And in all these years that we had dwelt together, a new wifely tenderness had struggled into life, and I clung to Algernon Hastings faithfully and fondly as a wife should to her husband.

My sister was dead. She had taken a severe cold at Saratoga, and subsequent imprudence developed a fever which terminated her life suddenly. She was unconscious during her last days. I felt her loss keenly. I had now to act wholly for myself.

One day, Algernon drove out from the city in great haste. It was a beautiful forenoon in the early May. The earth was full of the laughter of sunshine, the joy of the sprouting leaves, the opening of blossoms. Hope, my

little daughter, and I were out on the veranda having a merry romp together. We had been in the garden a few minutes before, and she had plucked a cluster of hyacinths, and it trailed its sweet perfume along the wind. At that moment Algernon appeared at the door. With my first glance at his white, stern face, I knew that some evil had chanced to us. Hope ran toward her father holding out her purple surf of blossoms in her little pink shell of a hand. "See, papa, see!" she cried.

He was usually fond of his beautiful child in her bright moods and ways, but now he angrily motioned her away. "Wealthy, come into the house," he said, in a stern, deadened tone which fairly frightened me.

I went into the little, back sitting-room, where the canaries were singing, and the tempered sunshine poured its soft rain upon the crimson furniture. My husband stood still by a small lounge, his face white, an angry, desperate glare in his eyes. "What is the matter, Algernon?" I faltered.

"Do you know that you are a beggar from this hour, Mrs. Hastings?" he said, hurling the words at me.

"A beggar, Algernon!"

"Yes, the house broke down this morning. Your brother-in-law has lost every dollar."

My first thought after the first shock was for my sister's husband; it came up from my heart to my lips, "Poor Gerald, what will become of him!"

The words seemed to madden Algernon. "You had much better ask what is to become of you and your husband and your child," he bitterly sneered, "for I tell you we are all beggars. As for Gerald Matthews, he deserves the fate which has overtaken him; rushing into speculations that any sane man must have foreseen would ruin him!"

And again, out of the pity in my heart, I murmured, "Poor Gerald!"

"Mrs. Hastings, will you listen to me for one moment!" with a bitter, desperate taunt in his tones. "I wish you to understand that the roof over your head, the very table off which you eat, and the bed on which you lie, are no longer your own. We are beggars! and I think now you can find some better subject for lamentation than this senseless pity over your miserable brother-in-law."

I sat down because it was impossible to stand. "Oh, Algernon," I cried, "surely it is not so bad as that! Surely you have

money! We did not depend upon Gerald Matthews for our subsistence."

"We did, though I spent two months ago the last dollar of my fortune. My father—though the world never suspected it—was broken down in fortune before he died, and I thought the honor of marrying into a patrician family would be a sufficient reward for all the gold I should get out of my plebeian brother-in-law."

I remember catching my breath, and reaching out my arms imploringly. "Don't, don't say that, Algernon," I cried, trying to turn away the sharp edge of the words which cut as no sword could do. "Don't say that you married me for money?"

"What else do you s'pose I married you for?" I believe that in his heat and desperation, Algernon fairly held me responsible for the ruin of my brother-in-law.

"Did you think it was your pretty face won me? That, I admit, was a very agreeable concomitant to the bargain; but I'd sense enough to know that it couldn't support us without it was backed by the half million of your banker."

"But it is different now; say that it is, that you love me now! Oh, Algernon, I am your wife, the mother of your child; I will do anything, suffer anything for your sake. We will go off into the country, where we are quite unknown. I will take a school, and bear my part of the burden unflinchingly, and meet the trial like a true woman."

He laughed a bitter, cruel laugh that ran along my nerves like keen pain. "If you were a little better acquainted with the world than you are, all such romantic nonsense as that would soon be dissipated. I wish you would talk sense for once, Wealthy!"

The sneering tone stung me at last into self-respect and self-assertion. "I have deserved better at your hands. Algernon Hastings, if you married me for my money, that was your sin and shame—not mine, and I was worthy of something better than this. There were good and true men, as you know, who would have taken me for myself without a dollar of the gold that bought you."

I think the truth stung him, for I uttered it with the strong, passionate vehemence of youth, of outraged justice, with my whole soul roused into resentment at last at the long falsehood that had been put upon me.

"It's a pity you didn't accept one of your

disinterested lovers, Mrs. Hastings. I should not in that case have found myself so egregiously sold this morning." And with this taunt on his lips, Algernon Hastings left the room, and I was left alone—alone with Hope.

I caught up my wondering baby, and as I hugged her to my heart in a sort of passionate frenzy, there rose up from my soul a reproach against the dead. "Oh, Elvira, Elvira, this is your work!" I will not dwell upon that miserable time. During the following week my brother-in-law had an attack of paralysis, accelerated probably by anxiety and misfortune, and in a few days he had vanished away swift and silently as the fortune which he had builded.

Our house and furniture were sold. The creditors were very kind to us. Many articles valuable to us, either intrinsically or from association, were generously reserved. Of my husband I saw very little at this time. He was silent, irritable, morose. I believe that he always held me in some sense responsible for his disappointed expectations.

We had taken lodgings for a short time in the city until we could determine some plans for our future. One day my husband absented himself from early morning until dark, and as the evening wore into night, I began to be solicitous about his return. At last a porter came to our rooms with a letter in Algernon's hand. It was very brief, but not unkind, at least in words. He frankly admitted that he had not the courage to face the change in his fortunes, and there was none of his family who could afford him anything but temporary relief in his desperation. So he had concluded to sail for Europe to retrieve there, if possible, his fallen fortunes. He should not forget the claims his wife and child had on him, when it was in his power to remember them. As for me, I would probably find friends, at least I would be as well off without him as with him; and when that letter was placed in my hands, the writer thereof would be miles away in the steamer which had sailed for Europe.

So I was left alone with Hope once more, a wife deserted, broken-hearted!

CHAPTER III.

Four years had passed. It was in the early June, and the earth was flooded with the wine

of the year, and fragrant with the breath of blossoms. I was in the midst of all this, in the still, cool, delicious country, where, three years ago, I had buried myself, my child, and my sorrows.

My old nurse, who had loved me with the true and faithful love of mothers, was living in a little inland village in the State of Massachusetts.

After my husband's departure, my thoughts turned to her as the one true and faithful heart that I could trust in through all changes and sorrow, and I wrote to her. In a week an answer came, full of the sympathy and tenderness which do not wound, and an entreaty which was almost a command that I should come to her at once. So we went, Hope and I.

After a time an opportunity presented itself to open a small private school. I availed myself of it. The remuneration was not large; but Hope and I boarded in the little cottage of our old nurse, and our wants were very simple. I was sick of the world, sick too of all that luxury and splendor for the sake of which I had been bought and sold. My school prospered; my heart took courage. As the months went on, something that was like the old freshness and hope of my lost girlhood came back to me. Then, my little girl, blossoming from baby into childhood, was a constant delight and wonder to me. We were happy, little Hope and I, although I never heard from her father, who had deserted both his child and her mother.

That afternoon, in the early June, we were out in the little garden, Hope and I, sitting under the great plum-tree that was raining down its blossoms upon us. She had, this daughter of mine, a passionate love for flowers, and now she gathered in her hands, small and white as crumpled lilies, the fine white flakes, and filled her apron with them.

"See, mamma, how many and pretty they are!" she said, displaying them with as much pride as a diver might the pearls he had gathered.

"Very pretty, my love; but what will you do with them all?"

What Hope's answer would have been I never knew, for at that moment a gentleman's voice attracted me, a few rods beyond at the little gate which opened on the lane. I rose up, and Hope standing by my side slipped her small, dewy hand into mine. The gentleman

lifted his hat, and the gesture, slight as it was, was its own intelligible sign of courtesy and graciousness.

"Can you tell me, madam," he asked, "if a Mrs. Algernon Hastings resides in this vicinity?"

Some vague dread thrilled cold to my heart. I clasped Hope's little warm, soft hand tighter.

"I am Mrs. Algernon Hastings," I said.

The strange gentleman hesitated a moment, then he spoke, a little hurriedly—

"I bring you some tidings of your husband, Mrs. Hastings. Will you permit me to come in?"

I motioned for him to do this. All words failed me. Hope pressed up a little closer to my side, and surveyed the gentleman with her shy, wondering eyes. He looked at me earnestly, doubtfully, pitifully, I fancied. Then he said, a little hurriedly again—

"Your husband and I were old classmates. We came upon each other quite unexpectedly early last spring, in a little out-of-the-way German town. He was preparing to go to the mountains; so was I. He was suddenly taken very ill with a fever, an epidemic in that climate which often proves fatal." He stopped here, and looked at me.

I must have grown very white, and a strange sickness went all over me, but I commanded myself to say—

"You have not told me all?"

"No; how much can you bear?" And now pity had superseded every other expression in the large, gray eyes.

"All, all there is to tell." And I held Hope's hand so tightly that the little dimpled hand writhed for pain in mine. I think he felt that I was to be trusted.

"Your husband lingered only three days after his attack, and was most of the time in a state of high delirium, during which he raved about his wife and child. I remained with him to the last, and saw that he had the best medical advice and nursing which could be obtained. At the end he had Christian burial."

I sank down on the low seat. I forgot myself, everything but Hope at that moment. I took her in my arms, and held her very tightly, as my words drifted out on a sob: "My little child, you are fatherless!"

She looked up at me, her face full of bewilderment and trouble. "Is that anything bad, mamma?"

It was terrible! The unconscious words of his own child, bearing witness against her dead father. And for me, I could not speak, for the truth's sake. I could not tell my child that it was worse for her that she was fatherless!

Some instinct told me that the gentleman must have felt, too, the significance of my child's question. I rose up. I thanked him for his care of my dead husband, and took my child and went into the little cottage, and I was a widow, and Hope was fatherless!

CHAPTER IV.

THE summer wore away with its pomp and glory, with the long, bright laughter of its days, as the other summers had worn in that quiet little nest among the hills, where my heart had come for rest. The world afar off was to us—myself, my child, and my old nurse—as though it were not. Its tumults, its fevers, its restless hurrying to and fro could not reach us.

Day by day I went to my appointed task in the little red schoolhouse. Every night I went up through the old fragrant pines, scattering abroad their sweet, spicy scents on the air, to the cottage where the old face of my nurse and the young face of my child awaited me, both radiant with the sweet welcome of love.

Sometimes another face was there. Doctor Gresham, my husband's classmate, was passing the summer in the neighboring village, at some springs much sought for during the summer on account of their medicinal qualities.

Dr. Gresham was a thorough scholar, a wide traveller, a most agreeable man, sincere, true-hearted to the core. He was unlike any other man I had ever met. I think his character was drawn on a "ground of reserve." And yet he could refresh and relax himself at times with a humor and playfulness that were almost boyish, without losing the dignity that was natural, or a habit with him. Then, too, he was so simple, so straightforward, so entirely free from any of that self-assertion, or that petty conceit which usually accompanies a habit of flattering women. I cannot remember that Dr. Gresham ever paid me a compliment during his visits that summer.

He was some distance beyond thirty; a

man of fine presence, with a good face, a face anywhere to be trusted in, because he who owned it trusted in God.

One day he sat on the lounge in our little parlor, and Hope, on his knee, was playing with his watch-guard, when, looking at him, a fancy suddenly struck me—not for the first time.

"What are you thinking of, if I may be so bold?" he asked, looking up at me suddenly, and finding my eyes on his face.

"That it seems to me I must have seen you, Dr. Gresham, some time, a long time ago."

His whole face lifted itself into a smile.

"You are right. Do you remember, a long, long time ago, just as you reached the door of a picture-gallery on Broadway, that a gentleman, standing there, said some words of you?"

"Do I remember?" It had all come back to me like a scene of yesterday! "Why did you call me 'Poor child!' then?" I asked, having waited ten years to know.

"Well, you had been pointed out to me by a mutual classmate as the betrothed of Algeron Hastings. I looked in your face; I knew what his luxurious, self-indulgent life had been; and I felt how little he was fitted by education or habits of life to be the strength and shelter of a heart young, trustful, ignorant of life, as your face said yours was; and so involuntarily the words forced themselves from my heart to my lips. It was rude."

I understood what deeper meaning lay behind his words, that delicacy, and the memory of the dead prevented his uttering.

"I did not think of it in that light," I answered, and then added, half to myself, "How great the change must be!"

"Yes," looking at me with his grave, kindly eyes, "but not so much of years as of character. The sunny, radiant, girlish face has gone; it will never come back; but there is light, and faith, and courage there still, and these are better."

After awhile, I cannot tell how, but Hope had fallen asleep on his knee, the doctor began to speak of himself, of his early life, of its loneliness, its necessities, and its struggles; and how he had at last made for himself a place to stand in, and to work bravely in the profession he had chosen.

This was his last visit that summer. A brief note which I had received on the following day told me that he had been suddenly

summoned away. I think we were all of us, nurse, and Hope, and I, a little lonely after that. We had all grown to like the doctor.

The trees were in a drift of pink and white blossoms, for it was the late spring when he returned again. And afterward he rode over, almost every day, from the neighboring village to our cottage.

One day, about a month after his return, I said to Doctor Gresham as we turned from the window, where he called me to see the sunset burst into what looked like vast fields of blossoms in the distance, purple, and crimson, and gold, I said to him: "What a beautiful world it is!"

"Very beautiful to eyes that look at it with the right spirit. I think, sometimes, there is but one thing more that I desire in this earth."

"What is that?" I asked, for we were such friends now that the question was not intrusive.

"The heart and the face of one woman!"

"Who is she?"

Certainly, if I had stopped to consider, I should never have asked this question. It seemed to breathe itself out of my lips before I was aware.

"Yourself!"

I stood still in dumb, absolute amazement. Certainly I had not the remotest expectation of this reply. I looked up in the doctor's face, and it accented his monosyllable. It was like him—the plain, abrupt, straightforward answer; no circumlocution, no disguises with this earnest, true Christian man.

Thoughts, emotions surged and crowded themselves through my soul, and crowded out my panting breath, in the midst of which my stammered words came. "It cannot be—it must not. You are worthy of somebody so different, so much better, and not me, me with my lost girlhood, my baffled youth, my saddened womanhood, my orphan child—oh, not me!"

"Yes, *you*, Wealthy, *you* and the child to love, to live for, to be taken into my heart and life, to make me a gladder, better man, and in the shelter of my tenderness to make your life somewhat that it has never been. I say the truth before God!"

And as he spoke some of the old lost dreams of my girlhood came back to me, the old dreams, and yet changed as I was changed.

But the thought of this strong, true man's

love, about my life, shielding and blessing me as I had never been shielded and blessed, and the sudden and sweet conviction which now overcame me, that my heart could make answer to him out of its fulness, overcome all doubts, all scruples.

Hope was playing at our feet with a basket of shells which the doctor had brought her.

I took her up in my arms and held her towards him. "Take us, Doctor Gresham;" and for answer, his arms folded us both—mother and child.

Dear reader, this is it—this is all the story of my life which I have to tell!

BENEVOLENCE.

BENEVOLENCE is a principle that boasts a celestial birth, and claims relationship with the highest and noblest graces. It was undoubtedly intended to serve the purpose of mitigating the ills to which mankind is subject; for this end it was sent down to earth, and surely nowhere, within the compass of human knowledge, could a sphere be formed more fitted to exercise its soothing powers. Like the reviving dew that falls on the herbs and flowers, so are its droppings to the weary and troubled heart. It has a sweet chemistry of its own; it practises an art that only love can teach, and thus furnished for its work, it goes forth distilling comfort for the mourner, and seeking to allay the smart of the sorrow-stricken breast. Ah! and many a forlorn one to whom the "heavens have seemed as brass," and the earth a rugged and weary place, yielding no rest, has, by its loving aid, been resened from despair and all its fearful consequences; and what seemed a desert has "rejoiced and blossomed as the rose."

Thus we see that even in the darkness and confusion of man's fallen state, a gracious Creator has not left Himself without witnesses of His own benevolence and wisdom; for the same hand that has appointed disease, sorrow, and trial as consequences of sin, has bestowed the healing balm, the heart's ease, and many a sweet flower of consolation. Benevolence we regard as one of the chief of these, and most lovingly our mental eye reverts to it for a further contemplation.

The subject may be viewed in two aspects, the one passive, the other active; in both the principle will be seen to be the same, circum-

stances only making the difference. Thus a heart may glow with love to all around, and burn with desires to lay itself out for their good, and yet the possessor of that heart be so situated as to be incapable of manifesting its feelings. Benevolence with such must necessarily be nearly passive, yet still it would, perhaps, be hard to find a sphere that can entirely confine it, or a station so barren of opportunities as not to afford it some outlet. One thing is certain, namely, that the individual with whom it dwells will never be satisfied with the mere feeling of it, while he sees suffering around him that he is by any means able to relieve; for to befriend and bless must ever be his aim.

But, perhaps, some may say that benevolence, though it is all very well as the subject of a moral essay, yet that in reality it could be very well dispensed with. That such an assertion is as false as it is bitter, must be evident to the most careless observer of human life; and moreover it is a base reflection on the gracious Bestower of the blessing. Only look at its workings. Imagine, for instance, a father and mother surrounded with a young and hopeful family, blest with content and happiness; though poor, their poverty is scarcely felt to be an evil, for the father has health and strength, and he deems it no hardship to toil for his loving wife and prattling little ones. But, alas! precarious is all human bliss; a fever attacks the head of the family, and after a few days, or it may be hours, he expires, leaving his wife and children with no other legacy but a husband's and father's prayers and blessing. Sad loss, indeed! What can the weeping mother do with so many helpless ones around her? May be she casts upon them a despairing look, and almost wishes them, and herself too, in the grave with their father! But just at this juncture a hand is stretched forth for her aid, and her desolate heart revives at the thought that though her natural protector and support is gone, yet she and her babes have a friend in the benevolent heart.

Ah! how adapted is this beautiful provision to the exigencies of our changeful life! and how barren and bare and doubly a "vale of tears" would the world become if bereft of its heartsoothing presence! What but this is the moving principle of that noble spirit of melioration and social reform that is at work amongst us? What but this causes hospitals,

orphan schools, penitentiaries, humane societies, ragged schools, and all such like institutions to spring up in all parts of the land? It is true that other motives may sometimes give rise to acts which appear to men to spring from a benevolent heart, yet even this, so far from being derogatory to real benevolence, is but a tacit acknowledgment of the high estimation in which it is held by mankind.

There is, besides, another aspect in which the subject may be viewed, namely, that which takes in its reflux influence. It is well known there is happiness in the very desire to make others happy. "There is a heart's ease, or a heart's enjoyment in the very first purposes of benevolence as well as in its subsequent performances. Like its kindred virtue, mercy,

"It's twice blessed,
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

We refer to this view of the subject because it is an argument for the wisdom and goodness of the Author of our being. The resulting satisfactions of benevolence, although they follow as by natural consequences, have certainly but little weight in the calculations of the benevolent individual; "the satisfactions are not his aim, but the object which affords them—the object for its own sake; and though the more strongly and exclusively he is set upon the object for its own sake, the less he will think of the consequent enjoyments, yet the greater will these enjoyments be. Such is the constitution of our nature that benevolence loses not its disinterested character, while man loses not his reward."

AN OLD MAN'S MEMORIES AND HOPES.

[The poetic beauty of one of Nicholas Ponssin's paintings in the Musée de France is even greater than its artistic merit. It represents a group of Arcadian shepherds halting in their joyous dance before a tomb upon which is inscribed, "Et in Arcadia Ego."]

GREEN, gently sloping hills, and streams
Whose murm'ring fall through summer nights
Suggests entrancing, lovely dreams
Of youth with all its dear delights.

O world! forever fond and young,
These are thy dreams of Arcadie,
And I in careless youth have sung
As gay and free a melody.

By flowery banks and moss-grown rocks,
When love's poetic fire was bright,
I've watched the clouds pass by, like flocks
Of white-winged doves, serene and light.

How oft my shepherd maiden's face
Was framed within those snowy sails!
And aye her tender, joyous grace
Was mimicked by the sportive gales.

I, too, have lived in Arcadie,
My feet have pressed her vales and hills;
Her sunny skies have gladdened me,
And oft I've heard her tuneful rills.

Now, through a leafless land I rove,
Nor summer flower, nor running stream,
Nor whispered word of tenderest love
Is here to tell me that I dream.

Yet, through the gray and leafless tree,
And through the leaden, sunless sky,
A fairer Arcadie I see;
I see it—hear it—let me die!

Its gates are pearl—its walls are gold,
Its glories cannot pass away;
Nor sultry heat, nor wintry cold
Disturbs its endless, lovely day.

I hear my loved one's angel voice
Telling the joys of Arcadie,
While legions, near her, still rejoice
To swell the enrapturing harmony.

My soul, begin thy youthful song,
And so await thy summons home!
Sing sweet, and clear, and firm, and strong,
So near those gates at last thou 'rt come.

Perchance like morning larks thy song
Begun on earth will end above,
And eyes that sadly waited long
Shall see the eternal light of love.

BENEATH THE SNOW.

BY J. C. BURNETT.

GRAY the clouds that hang above us,
Dreary winds that 'round us blow,
Plain and forest disappearing
'Neath the drifting snow.

Under tombs of ice the brooklet
Waits the balmy smiles of spring,
While its gentle murmurs whisper,
"Life is lingering."

Gone are merry-hearted songsters,
Gone from every glade and dell,
And each sigh the sad wind utters
Seems to say "Farewell!"

Faded are the bright-hued flowers
Summer made to come and bloom;
Pallid forms—the snow-clad bushes—
Mark their lowly tomb.

Ah, the birds and flowers only
Are not all that from us go;
Friends, the dearest God has given,
Sleep beneath the snow.

It is better to need relief than to want heart
to give it.

MARRYING A FORTUNE.

BY BELLE RUTLEDGE.

"Who is she, Ned—that lovely lady with Dr. Campbell?" inquired Philip Otis of his friend, Ned Leland, who stood beside him at the *soirée* given him by his friend's mother.

"Oh, she is the doctor's niece, Miss Campbell, whom he has adopted, I understand; and the other lady you see with them is also his niece, Miss Barton, a cousin to Jenny Campbell, and an heiress of fifty thousand," answered Leland.

"But *she* is decidedly plain, notwithstanding she is an heiress. What horrid red hair, and ruddy complexion, and what a showy dress—bright yellow! She certainly has no taste!"

"What a deuced pity, now, that that chawming creatchaw, Miss Campbell, hadn't the money instead of her tawdry cousin!" said Mr. Fitz Simmons, an exquisite of the first water, who, joining them, had overheard the conversation of the two gentlemen, "for I do really think I should cultivate the lady's acquaintance if she had; but it would never do for Mr. Fitz Simmons to throw himself away on a poor girl! His relatives in England would cut his acquaintance instantly!" he added, in a drawling tone, twirling his faint moustache in his delicately gloved fingers. "I think, however, I will be presented to the heiress, Mr. Leland, though she is rather singular in her tastes and appearance."

"Oh certainly, Fitz Simmons, you shall make the acquaintance of the lady. Come, I'll present you." And Ned, with a merry look at his friend Otis, left him, and proceeded to formally introduce Fitz Simmons to the lady in question, while Philip Otis sought Dr. Campbell, and was introduced to Jenny Campbell, the poor cousin.

"Miss Barton," said Ned, as he approached the heiress of fifty thousand, "permit me to introduce to you Mr. Fitz Simmons—an English gentleman of rank—who is desirous of making your acquaintance."

"Aw, I am happy to make your acquaintance, Miss Barton. Hope you're well this evening?" said Mr. Fitz Simmons, extending the tips of his gloved hand as he spoke to her.

"Pretty well, I thank you," exclaimed the

young lady addressed, in a loud tone, and giving his hand a tremendous shake. "I hope *you're* well, Mr. Fitz Simmons, though you don't *look* amazing smart!"

"Oh, I assure you my health is very good, miss," said Mr. Fitz Simmons, lowering his voice as he spoke, for her loud tones grated harshly on his refined ears and delicate sensibilities.

"Well, I'm dreadful glad to hear it, for you do look masterly *slim*"—and here the eyes of the girl wandered over the slender, willowy figure of Fitz Simmons. "But then it's the fashion to look like a candle, uncle tells me," continued the girl, "and I must try and stint myself in eating, for I want to be fashionable and citified; 'case I'm an 'aress, you see, and have got my market to make."

Ned Leland, who had stood by during the above conversation, cast a queer look on the girl, and, with a smothered laugh, left them, while Fitz Simmons gazed at the plump figure and frizzly hair, before him, and sighed heavily. The loud voice and countrified manners of the heiress shocked him, and he was on the point of beating a precipitate retreat as he noticed they were attracting attention; but then the vision of the "fifty thousand" rose up before him, and he resolved to overcome his feelings in hopes of winning its possessor.

All that evening the elegant Fitz Simmons remained at the side of the heiress, and in his soft tones "talked sentiment" to the girl, who, in her seeming simplicity, sat with open mouth, apparently devouring each word from the exquisitely moustached lips of her admirer. But at supper Mr. Fitz Simmons again was still more shocked by her ignorance of everything before them.

"Shall I help you to some of this jelly?" he inquired, as he stood beside her, ready to do the agreeable.

"What is it made of?" she asked. "I never eat anything unless I know what it's made of. Do you know what it is?" she inquired of a gentleman who stood beside her.

"It is calves'-feet jelly, miss, I believe," he replied, with a smile.

"Calves'-feet jelly! Well, I believe I won't have any, for it can't be very clean if it is made of calves' feet; for our calves never had clean feet, and 'taint likely city ones have, running round these black streets."

Mr. Augustus Fitz Simmons was nearly dying with mortification at her verdancy and the attention it attracted, and throughout supper his face was equally as rosy as his partner's.

At length Dr. Campbell came for her, saying the carriage was ready, and poor Fitz Simmons felt infinitely relieved; and, after bowing her out, he wiped his heated forehead with his perfumed handkerchief, and, taking leave of the lady of the house, departed to his hotel.

As he entered his rooms at the first-class hotel in B——, he threw himself upon the sofa as if completely exhausted with the evening's exertion; and then, fearing no interruption, gave vent to his thoughts in this wise:—

"She is 'gawky,' but I can't stop to be squeamish now! I *must* make a strike with the girl while the iron's hot!" he said, "for the fifty thousand is a nice little sum. Here I am in such a deuced fix that I can't stir out unless I'm dunned at every step for my bills. There's that confounded tailor and the shoemaker, and then that old washerwoman was here twice yesterday, and again to-day! And the landlord is getting suspicious, and won't wait much longer. There's nothing left for me but to marry the confounded dowdy country girl; and then—but once let me get that fifty thousand into my hands, and won't I show 'em a light pair of heels? Deuced pity to sacrifice myself, but it can't be helped, under the circumstances!"

Thus, weaving plans for the future, Mr. Fitz Simmons passed the remainder of the night; and the next forenoon recurred his moustache, and, arranging himself carefully, sought the house of Dr. Campbell to inquire after the health of the heiress.

As soon as Mr. Fitz Simmons had handed the heiress to her uncle's carriage, where Jenny—who had been escorted thither by Philip Otis—was awaiting her, and her uncle had sprung in, the door was shut, and merry peals of laughter rang out on the night air from the two ladies, in which Dr. Campbell also joined heartily.

"Well, girls, a pretty rig you are leading your old uncle!" he exclaimed, merrily. "Here's Kate making a perfect fright of her pretty self with that shock of red hair, and this horrid yellow dress! I declare I don't wonder she frightened all the beaux away!" laughed the doctor.

"But you forgot Mr. Fitz Simmons," laughed the girl. "I'm sure he played the agreeable, notwithstanding it cost him a master effort; and Jenny here didn't suffer, if she did enact the *role* of 'the poor cousin,' for she had one of the most gentlemanly attendants in Mr. Otis. I declare I'd give half my fortune (?) and my red wig to boot, if Mr. Otis had been as attentive to me; but I plainly saw that he didn't care for money, and so I despaired of attracting his attention."

"Well, Kate, I must confess you made a capital country girl," responded Jenny. "I thought I should fairly expire with laughter to hear you go on at table; and uncle—I thought he would never get over it. Kate, you have certainly found a most ardent admirer (of your *fortune*!) in Mr. Fitz Simmons, who is certain to be at your feet from this night."

"Well, girls, I see you are bent on having your own way, and your old uncle will have to give up to your mad capers; though 'tis a pity to spoil Kitty's looks, for she did look like a downright fright to-night. And Jenny, here, what would your charming city friends say, I wonder, to see the rich heiress in such plain attire, and occupying the place of a poor dependant?"

The next morning, the two cousins—Jenny and Kate—were sitting in their room at Dr. Campbell's elegant residence on H—— Avenue, when the servant brought up the card of Mr. Fitz Simmons.

"There, I knew he would come this morning to inquire for your health, after last night's dissipation, Kate!" exclaimed Jenny.

"He is doubtless smitten with my auburn curls, Jen. Do pray help me fasten them on! and that short, gay-colored dress—I must wear that! You must come down, Jen, and see how I torture the poor fellow's delicate nerves with my countrified tones and manners!" And, so saying, the gay girl descended to the parlor, and in a short time was followed by her cousin.

"Mr. Fitz Simmons, this is cousin Jenny Campbell," said Kate, as Jenny entered the

apartment. Mr. Fitz Simmons was about to rise when the door opened; but, seeing no one but the poor dependant, as he supposed, merely bowed, by way of acknowledging her presence.

"Did you see my cousin Jenny?" asked Kate, somewhat tartly.

"Yes, O yes; I recognized her," said Mr. Fitz Simmons, looking coolly at her as he spoke.

"Well, then, why don't you shake hands with her, as if you were glad to see her? I thought *that* was city fashion. Ain't it, Jenny?" turning to her.

Jenny bit her lips to hide a smile, and then answered:—

"I believe so, cousin Kate; but then people often omit the custom."

"Yes, I expect so; I rather guess it's only intimate friends who shake hands. Ain't it, Mr. Fitz Simmons?"

"Yes, I think so," murmured that confused gentleman, "or those who are engaged."

"But you shook *my* hand last night," continued the malicious tormentor, "and—and—we ain't yet."

"Nobody knows what may be, most adorable creatchaw!" whispered Mr. Fitz Simmons, in his softest tones, as he moved nearer her on the sofa.

"Oh, Jenny, did you hear that—what Mr. Fitz Simmons just said to me?" exclaimed the wicked girl, not heeding poor Fitz Simmons' reddening face, and faint whispers of "Don't, don't, I beg of you!"

"He called me 'an adorable creatchaw,' and looked dreadful tender at me. Is it love, Jenny, to talk and look so? 'case I want to know if I'm made love at."

Jenny had turned away as Kate commenced speaking, and now stood at the piano with her back toward them. With face convulsed with laughter, she bent over the music, not appearing to heed her cousin's words.

Swallowing his chagrin and confusion (for the sake of "the fifty thousand"), Mr. Fitz Simmons asked:—

"Do you sing, Miss Barton?"

"Well, yes, I do sing some. I sing 'Old Hundred,' and the 'Doxology,' and 'Greenland's Icy Mountains.' Now, Jenny sings and plays on the pianer beautiful, and I'm going to begin to take lessons right off. Uncle says I must, to be fashionable, so I can play afore folks when they ax me. But perhaps you'd

like to hear me sing? Zebedee Hall used to admire to hear me, and said I beat all the girls in our town; but then I guess he was a flatterin' me, for he wanted to spark me awful bad. That was after I had my fortin left me, you see," she added; "and I telled our folks that I didn't want a farmer—I meant to go down to the city to Uncle Campbell's, and see something of the world, and get a city chap, mebbe; but about singing—shouldn't you like to hear me sing, Mr. Fitz Simmons? If you'll pitch the tune, I guess I can sing the 'Doxology.'"

"You must excuse me, Miss Barton, but I do not sing the tune you mention," replied the gentleman, nervously.

"O la sakes! I thought everybody knowed that, and pennyryal tunes; but I'll get Jenny to pitch the air on the pianer." But just then the door closed on Jenny, as she left the room with her handkerchief to her face, and a faint sound, as of suppressed laughter, smote their ears. "I rather guess cousin Jenny's got the toothache," said Kate, "by her having her handkerchief to her mouth. I expect these jellies and rich 'fectionary people eat at parties destroy the 'namel of the teeth, and makes folks lose 'em young. Now, mine are rale good and sound, and I don't mean to spile 'em eating much of the pesky stuff when I go to *swarrés*!"

Mr. Fitz Simmons, who had been decidedly uncomfortable while Jenny was in the room, and had been on the point of retreat at the first opportunity, now settled himself comfortably again in the large arm-chair; then, mastering his aversion to the red hair and loud tones, tried to look very lover-like on Kate.

But Kate was determined to display her powers of singing; and so, after a preliminary humming of the tune, she favored him with "Old Hundred" and "Greenville," much to the apparent pleasure of Mr. Fitz Simmons. Just as she finished, the door-bell rang, and Mr. Fitz Simmons, rising hastily, excused himself on the plea that he had business down town, and must then leave, but he should do himself the honor of calling again on her very soon; and with a tender pressure of the hand he left her. On the steps he met Philip Otis, who saluted him with—

"Ah, you've been taking time by the forelock, I reckon!" and then entered.

As the door closed on the retreating figure

of her admirer, Kate threw herself upon the sofa and burst into merry peals of laughter, from which she was aroused by the entrance of the new caller. She started up in confusion; but, recovering in a moment, said, "Mr. Otis, I believe? I will call my cousin Jenny," and left the parlor.

As she spoke to him, and passed him on leaving the room, Mr. Otis thought her not so awkward as she had appeared on the evening previous. He was interrupted at this point by the appearance of Jenny Campbell, to whom he had lost his heart on that evening; and he was soon chatting pleasantly with her.

"I believe the lady whom I met just now was your cousin?" he said. "I have not yet been presented to her."

"O yes; she will be down directly," Jenny replied, and soon Kate made her appearance; and notwithstanding that she continued to enact the country lass, Philip Otis saw that, despite the country tone and manners, she was a girl of uncommon good sense and character. Still, the poor cousin was more attractive in his eyes than the heiress of fifty thousand, and he left Dr. Campbell's more thoroughly in love with Jenny than on the previous evening.

An hour later, the heiress and the poor cousin sat together in their room.

"Jenny," exclaimed Kate, "tell me if I enacted my *role* of 'the country girl' to perfection, for I thought Mr. Otis regarded me somewhat closely, as though he suspected something of the kind."

"Perfect, perfect! couldn't have been better!" exclaimed Jenny, with tears of laughter in her eyes. "Why, you ought to have been an actress, cousin Kate! Poor Fitz Simmons! ah, how I pitied him when you exposed his innocent love-making; and, when you insisted on singing the 'Doxology,' I was forced to apply my handkerchief to my mouth, and make my exit. And you kept such a sober face all the while!"

"Yes, Jen; and I told Mr. Fitz Simmons you had doubtless got the toothache from eating sweets last evening. I managed to keep a smooth face till he left, though, when Mr. Otis came in, I was laughing most immoderately, and I suppose he thought I was quite insane."

A month went by, and still the two girls kept up the farce. Mr. Otis was very atten-

tive to Jenny Campbell; and she felt that with him she could be very happy, for he had not sought her for her wealth, as others had often, and as many there would have done had they known she, in reality, was the heiress instead of her cousin Kate.

But the reputed heiress, notwithstanding her fifty thousand, did not abound in admirers. Two or three gentlemen had, at first, endeavored to approach her "with matrimonial intent," but the frowsy head and red face had daunted them, and so they withdrew, sighing over the loss of the fortune with such "an incumbrance."

Yet *one* had remained besides Fitz Simmons—Ned Leland, a young man of sterling integrity of character and quiet exterior, who saw that beneath Kate's awkward manner and uncouth ways there was much to respect and admire. And, somehow, in his presence the loud voice and uncouth manners softened, and she came near betraying herself several times.

Mr. Fitz Simmons still continued his attentions, and so the time glided on. At length his landlord grew more impatient (notwithstanding poor Fitz Simmons promised to pay "when his remittances from England arrived"), and threatened him severely; and the tailor and washerwoman thrust their bills into his face each day; and so Fitz Simmons grew desperate, and found that he must at least bring matters to a crisis with the heiress. So, one evening, dressing himself with unusual care, he wended his way to Dr. Campbell's.

Upon admission by the servant, he found, to his joy, that there was no one in the parlor but Miss Kate Barton, who was seated on the sofa with an extra frizzle in her red hair, and arrayed in a brilliant red dress which harmonized (?) with her ruddy complexion most wonderfully. His heart whispered that she was expecting him, and he imagined the fifty thousand already in his possession. No more threatening landlords, and insolent tailors, and whining washerwomen; already, "beyond the seas" he was riding in his own carriage, while his dowdy wife—well, I fear me that *she* did not mingle very largely in the gentleman's anticipations of the future!

"Aw, my dear creatchaw!" he exclaimed, in most tender tones, seating himself beside her, after the salutations of the evening, "were you expecting me?"

"Wall, I don't know as *anybody else* was expecting you *but me*!" she replied.

"Yes; you are the only one, dearest!" murmured Fitz Simmons, in tender tones; "the only being whom I could wish to expect me, or desire my coming; and, most lovely one, I have come to-night to pour into your listening ears the secret which I have kept hidden in my heart since the night when I first beheld you. I can keep it there no longer. It has burst its bonds, and *must* be released. Can I hope that my wild worship is returned by you, most adorable girl!" and he took her hand as he spoke, and raised it to his lips.

"There, I *knowed* it!" exclaimed Kate. "I knowed you loved me, and told unco so, when he said the bank had failed where all my money was put. I told him I *knowed* there was one heart that was true—that would stick fast when money had took wings and flown away. But, what is the matter, Mr. Fitz Simmons! you look dreadful pale, and kinder tremble all over! I'm afeard you're took sick. I'll get you some camphire, and mebber you'll feel better to rights."

"No, no, I thank you, Miss Barton, I am better already; but I think I must be going. I don't feel *very* well. I wish you a good evening." And, in an astonishingly short period—short as his last exclamations had been—the confounded gentleman found himself on Dr. Campbell's front door steps.

As the street-door closed on him, Kate gave loud vent to her laughter; and, as once before, the bell again rang, and Mr. Leland was ushered into her presence. Kate rose to meet him with fluttering heart and downcast eyes, for she trembled for the effects of the same knowledge of "the loss of her property" on him; and she felt that it would be a hard struggle to give up his acquaintance as easily as she had Fitz Simmons. And so, when Ned Leland avowed feelings similar to those she had heard from Fitz Simmons, her voice trembled as she told the same tale of the loss of her property.

"It is not your wealth I care for, Kate; it is not *that* I would wed, but your own self, *minus* the paint and red wig!" he answered, smilingly.

Kate started up in astonishment, and unconsciously grasped at the offending wig; but it was there, too securely fastened to be easily removed.

"O, Kate, I have known it all along—from the first—that you wore a wig, and used paint, you wretched girl!" he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh; "and though others were de-

ceived, I saw through the disguise at once—Love has sharp eyes, you see, Kate," he added, drawing her to him.

"Kate, tell me if you love *me*, or that odious Fitz Simmons, who is always in your presence. I must know which, this night!"

There was no need for other answer to the young man than the uplifting of the blue eyes, and the shy, but happy laugh that followed.

And when, a few minutes later, Kate descended to the parlor from her own room, whither she had retired, what a complete change had taken place in her. Hair of the richest brown had usurped the place of the red wig, and from her delicate complexion all traces of paint had vanished; while, tastefully clad in a becoming dress, she stood before her astonished lover.

"I had thought you *passable*, Kate," he murmured, as he met her, "but now you are more beautiful than a dream. Can it be that you are the country girl who but just now left the room?" he asked, fondly.

"Yes, the same, dear Edward; the same, but *minus* the 'fifty thousand,' as before, for *that* belongs to my cousin, Miss Jenny Campbell, who is the heiress, while *I* am only the adopted child of my Uncle Campbell. Can you take me as I am?" she added, rognishly.

"All I ask is *you*, Kate," he murmured, fondly drawing her to him.

After a time, Kate related the interview with, and abrupt exit of, Mr. Fitz Simmons, earlier that evening; and a merry laugh followed at the fortune-hunter's expense.

The next day, Ned Leland had a consultation with Dr. Campbell, to whom he told his love for his niece, and its return, asking his consent to a certain event in the immediate future; and the old doctor only said "Yes," very pleasantly, asking with a smile, "if he knew that Kate had lost her fifty thousand." And it furthermore happened that, on that same forenoon, Philip Otis also sought the doctor on a similar errand; and he, too, went away very happy in its results.

"There, girls!" exclaimed the doctor at dinner, "here I've had *two* consultations without a single fee, this morning—both on your accounts, you naughty girls! But then I administered the right potions, and the patients are doing finely, and I think will be out soon, and able to come here to speak for themselves."

Soon after, two weddings took place; and the astonished world of B—— learned that Jenny Campbell was the real heiress, while Kate proved the handsomest lady in the town, and niece to the old doctor.

Mr. Fitz Simmons was not seen in B—— after that night. He probably "stepped out incontinently," for the landlord of the A——

House was heard making inquiries for him, together with the tailor and washerwoman, and various other creditors, who, I much fear, cherish his memory to this day as the gentleman who promised to settle certain bills "when his remittances arrived from England." Possibly, in the mother country he has replenished his purse by "marrying a fortune."

A SKETCH FOR ST. VALENTINE'S.

BY MISS M. A. D. GAP.

I.

THE TABLEAU.

It is related of Daniel Webster, and his brother Ezekiel, who lived with their father in the good, but cold State of New Hampshire, that the coming of the new almanac was a great event to them. There were no other annuals in those days. In these, when Christmas and New Year's books come in piles, no book of the whole embossed and gilded assortment is welcomed with half the pleasure with which the future statesman, when a boy, received the old Farmer's Almanac. And, on a certain cold night it is said that Daniel and Ezekiel, having "retired" as we say, "gone to bed" as it used to be called, had a dispute upon some point in the Farmer's Almanac. What it was history does not record. Perhaps it was whether the then present year was Bissextile. If so, I don't wonder. Neither would my quondam friend, Fanny Ketchim, wonder, for she is fully alive to the importance of Leap Year, its sympeance, and its privileges; and if there be a saint in the calendar whom she honors, it is Saint Valentine.

Everybody did not know, when Daniel was a boy, and the schoolmaster had not so widely extended his travels, that the important question can be decided without getting up of a cold night and looking at the almanac by the blaze of a pine knot, as Daniel and Ezekiel did, before they could compose themselves to sleep. Any year which, divided by four, leaves no remainder, is the happy year of golden opportunity. Four into eighteen four times and two over. Into twenty-six, six times and two over. Into twenty-four, six times and no remainder. Therefore, this year of grace, 1864, is Leap Year without a doubt; and if I do not make a capture before Febru-

ary, 1865, it will be because I fail, as some one else whom I could name failed four years ago. I could tell her name, but shall not. I will change it, as she would be glad to do if she could.

There are two sorts of arrivals which make a sensation in a country town. One is the coming of a new schoolmaster. But that is a small surprise, as it occurs too often. In teaching the young idea how to shoot, the master himself gets peppered and retires, leaving the field for a new man to try its dangers, and in his turn be put *hors du combat*. The new minister comes but seldom. Of course he is a greater prize—provided he is unmarried. And I have observed that the chance of an unmarried candidate over a man of family is as ten to one. The prudent mothers say of the *pater familias* that they know he is an excellent man, but they fear they cannot support him! It is very uncharitable to say, as some cynics do, that their real fear is that he will not support one of their daughters.

Fanny Ketchim (wouldn't she like to do it!) had angled for schoolmasters to no purpose. She had many nibbles, and the bait was diminishing with every failure; for Fanny, all the time, was growing older.

Fanny was younger once than she is now,
And prettier, of course.

But, dear me, you would think, to see her, that she is growing younger, instead of older, every day; for she wears one of those killing hats, with a knowing brim, intended for very juvenile misses. It looks on her like a mistletoe bough on the top of a leafless tree. That, however, is no business of mine. Fanny don't care what the girls say of her. And she need not. For the more we girls say, we who

ought to know about a woman, the more desperately the man pursues her. They pretend to think it is all jealousy.

Our parish had become vacant. There were several candidates here before the choice was made. Fanny coquetted with all the single ones; for in her estimate of male attractions she never forgets that cardinal virtue, singleness of heart. But she took very good care never to commit herself before the "call" of the parish was "extended." Fanny wants a shepherd, but not a shepherd minus a flock. Whether any of the unfortunate rejected counted in the loss of the parish the prospective loss of a wife, or whether any considered that the failure to take the parish was compensated by the escape of being taken by Fanny Ketchim, is more than I can undertake to declare.

The Reverend Mr. Smith (I change his name too) has never disappointed anybody (except Fanny) since he came among us. He seemed at first, and he proves to be, a most practical, unsophisticated, transparent person; all the more able, from his own honesty, to meet the wiles of the world. He suspects nobody, and puts down finesse by the most straightforward dealing. When Fanny asked him, in a languishing way, if he did not find solitude insupportable, he answered that he did not find solitude at all! The pleasant intercourse with his new friends left him, indeed, too little time for study. Of his divided duty between the library and the parish, the latter received more than its share, because he suspected it had most temptation. Now, if the man knew what Fanny was after, he most adroitly foiled her. And if he did not know, the case was even worse. The leading question led to nothing.

It need not be supposed that Fanny was alone in her demonstrations. Everybody in the parish, young and old, male and female, was very attentive to young Mr. Smith—except me! Perhaps, those who took the least pains to secure his attention received the most of it. I, certainly, have no right to complain. But, in justice to my sex, I must say that every lady who shows a gentleman courtesy does not necessarily intend to beleaguer his heart. We have the same right to be polite that the gentlemen have. If a man happens to be unmarried, there is more indelicacy in ridiculous prudery towards him than there is in common politeness. The manner

in which Mr. Smith was loaded with presents was, however, amusing, to say the least. He found it so. For when, one morning, a visitor in his study looked at the long array of worked wool slippers, Mr. Smith followed the direction of his eyes, and said, "I don't think I'm a centipede, do you?" There is certainly enough of his feet to make two or three reasonable pairs; but two small slippers are nothing to one big foot.

I am in uncommon spirits, as I write this evening! I wonder what is the reason? Would not some folks be amused, and others be vexed, if they only *knew*? But to go on with my story. Fanny used to be a friend of mine. She pretends to friendship no longer, which is very spiteful of her. But she is chillingly polite. She is ridiculously attentive to all the etiquette. I call. She calls. We are as carefully posted as the ledger in a cash store. But, as to any cordiality, dear me! I think the manual called the "Scholar's Companion"—that royal road to learning—makes cordiality have something to do with the heart as its root. If Fanny Ketchim *has* a heart, none of us girls have found it out. The man who shall, will be fully entitled to it as first discoverer.

It is ridiculous how the minx has managed to learn everything that can possibly be known respecting the Reverend Mr. Smith. She knows his pedigree for three or four generations. She knows with what honors he graduated, what books he has read, how many sermons he has written, and how he writes them. Certainly, she has not only an inquiring mind, but an inquiring tongue. And he, good, easy soul, never thinks of giving any answer but the fullest and the truest. His very frankness is the easiest way of meeting designing people. You can speculate upon what a slow speaking or tortuous man designs to do; but your straightforward, honest fellow defies all the calculations of schemers.

Meanwhile, the parish thrived exceedingly under the charge of the Reverend Mr. Smith. The congregations were full, and all the good agencies were well supported by diligent laborers. Not the young women only, but the young men took hold of all the work with a will; and not the young people alone, but the old. It was said by the sneering, who always are ready to deprecate good works, that not a little of this apparent prosperity was to be car-

ried to the credit of the minister's youth and good looks, and to the fact that he is a bachelor. Perhaps! But a better than I has said, in any wise the good is done, and therein we may rejoice. "Humph!" says Mrs. Blunt, of whom more anon, "Humph! We shall see presently! if Mr. Smith *should* get married!" But what do *I* care? He will be quite as much to me after marriage as before. Fanny Ketchim may not be so much interested, but I shall, for his position will be fixed and scandal silenced.

Mrs. Blunt is a widow, young, handsome, and rich; three grounds for audacity, either of which would be ample. She is the terror of all the young people, and not a little shocking to the old, for nobody knows what she is going to do next. No one dares leave her out of their invitations, and while all fear, all would be disappointed at her absence. Mr. Smith was tea'd and toasted all about the parish after his arrival, and after it was settled that he was to stay, the tea increased in intensity, and the toast in brownness. To what length the hospitality would have gone, and how far the demonstrations might have been carried, it is impossible to say, had not a little incident occurred which checked the flood of tea and gave the toaster a respite. Let us describe the tableau.

Time, after tea. Scene, a parlor pretty well filled. Sofa with Mr. Smith on one end, and Fanny Ketchim on the other; company grouped about, the women wondering how that Fanny Ketchim could be so demonstrative. Young men repressing the inclination to yawn. Fanny lost in Leap Year fancies, and sighing inwardly at Mr. Smith's astonishing apathy. He, good, easy soul, absorbed in his next Sunday's sermon, and wishing that the hour of ten would strike the signal for cloaking and bonneting, and relieve the awful dullness of the evening.

Up starts the Widow Blunt, and all eyes turn to her in mute apprehension. What does she do but take her chair, and with coquettish bustle and a graceful bounce plant herself full in front of the reverend gentleman. His large, dreamy eyes open with a mute "what now?"

"Mr. Smith!" she began, "you are in the confessional—"

"Not quite so public, I beg," said he, with a smile.

"Oh, the more public, the less scandal.

We are all dying to know, we women. Come, confess, *are you engaged?*"

If a bomb-shell had fallen among us, it could not have made more stir. First there was a general start; then the men led off in a laugh. The women could do nothing but follow, but I never did hear such a queer, shrieky laugh as Fanny Ketchim's. The noise gave Mr. Smith time to recover himself. He blushed scarlet, poor man, and rising made a low bow, as he said:—

"Yes, I had the pleasure to agree with the committee of the parish last week."

"That's not it. We all know that, and are highly pleased. But we women want to know something farther and even more interesting."

"We women!" interposed a matron with three daughters. "We women, indeed! We *ladies*" (with an emphasis) "would thank Mrs. Blunt to speak for herself."

"Oh, very well," said the widow undaunted, "and perhaps some among you would be glad if Mr. Smith should speak for himself!"

"Well, then, Mrs. Blunt," said the reverend gentleman, who had now recovered his presence of mind, "if it is any gratification to you to know, I am not. Are you ready for the question?"

"Not from you," said the widow, unabashed. "I have had my one bachelor, and am now looking for a widower. Who knows but I may take you after some of these young ladies have done with you?"

Did you ever hear assurance like this? Fanny Ketchim was awfully scandalized, and so were we all. But there was only one course open to us, and that was to take the matter as a joke, publicly, and to talk it over by ourselves, seriously, in private. Never was poor woman so cut to pieces (metaphorically) as was Mrs. Blunt. But it did not diminish her audacity; although she knew, or, if she did not know, might guess what was said. She enjoys a sensation, and certainly the town would be very dull without her. I do believe Mr. Smith himself admires her quite as much as is prudent.

II.

THE VALENTINE.

FAIR play is fair play. Not even Fanny Ketchim should be imposed upon. I would scorn to do it. But not to anticipate my story.

The curious escapade of Mrs. Blunt disturbed the current of social matters in our parish. Before that affair occurred, each gathering had concluded with an appointment for the next. Indeed, it might fairly be said that we adjourned from one house to another. The terrible conduct of the Widow Blunt made everybody forget the routine that evening, and the chain of festivities was broken. Nobody seemed to care to make a formal beginning again, and so for some time the matter rested. It was shocking behavior in Mrs. Blunt.

As to Mr. Smith, he paid no more regard to the turn affairs had taken than he did to the new moon; although, from being daily pestered with invitations, the man was now left almost entirely to himself. What does he do—the wise man—but turn the whole thing to the best possible use, and make the most excellent improvement of his leisure?

The poor we have always with us. In every parish, where the parson is popular, the hospital attentions of the rich and the well-to-do leave the shepherd little leisure to attend to those who most need his pastoral care. These are the indigent, and those who, if not absolutely so, are “pinched,” and unable to compete with their more fortunate neighbors in giving entertainments. The care of this class in an American community is one of the most difficult matters that the clergyman has to manage. Like many other things in our transition country, it is unguided by precedent. Hannah More, of pious memory, the Reverend Leigh Richmond, and other English men and women of good hearts and Christian deeds, have written very excellent tracts and manuals which are reprinted in this country, at the rate of a hundred to one of the English copies. Very good reading they are, and very edifying. But such books, written for a state of society so different from ours, are about as useful in guiding the beneficiaries here as the sermons of Jonah to the Ninevites would be to preach to a modern Christian congregation. I should not quite like to be the person who would walk into “cottages” à la Hannah More, and patronize the occupants. I think I know better than that. So does the Reverend Mr. Smith. Widow Blunt says I should make him an excellent wife. Did you ever?

The moment Mr. Smith found himself at liberty, he set about hunting up the residences

of the poor and neglected; the good people made humble by a sense of obligation, but still with pride enough left to feel grieved at being reminded of it; the poor pensioners of the parish who deserve more honor than all the rest, and who receive it, from Him at least who declared the widow's two mites greater than all the gifts which the rich cast into the treasury. There are great spirits among all classes of people; courage and fortitude to be found among those who are never known beyond their little circle. Among the heroines, as a woman, I admire those who dare to go to church in bonnets, which, however deftly altered, will be recognized by some Poll Pry as having been gifts to them, “done up” anew; and in dresses which have been spread in the best pews before they were turned and refitted to be worn by the humble in less eligible seats. It is a great pity that even the Church is in some sort Vanity Fair. But it never has been helped, and I fear never will be.

Mr. Smith sought out these true heroines. And he made much of the heroes also who did not plead “nothing to wear” as an excuse for lounging about all day Sunday, unshaven, but came boldly to church in coats of a fashion a dozen years old, and hats of shape antique and absurdly conspicuous, with naps destroyed by constant brushing. It is very easy for the miserly rich to go in seedy garments, for they could dress better if they would, but for those whose best turn out is a confession of poverty, the moral courage required to make it is no trifle. With all these good people Mr. Smith was, at once, more at home than with the pretentious part of his parish. He fell to visiting them diligently; and he knew exactly how to conduct himself among them. He is an American “to the manor born,” and knows that Sir Roger de Coverly and his Rector, Lady Bountiful and the rest of the condescending patrons of the poor, are no models for us.

Fanny Ketchum soon discovered what he was doing. She volunteered advice, and would have offered to pilot the reverend gentleman in person, but he was too obtuse to take any hints. I think, indeed I know, that she was exercised, moreover, with the dangers which an unprotected male encounters. The perversity of nature often makes the daughters of the poor more comely than those of the rich; and if some of “those

people" should entrap him! It would be a shocking thing for the parish, and quite destroy the minister's usefulness and influence.

Fanny planned instantly a series of "reconnoissances in force." The force was made up of all the well saved articles of attire which burthened her presses, and had been preserved in case the fashion should come in again. She became a most active and zealous sister of charity. Wherever Mr. Smith went he found traces of her retreating steps, as if she had been before him doing good, and blushed lest he should find out her fame. I have often noticed that when the minister calls, his first act is to take up whatever book lies nearest to him. This must be to find a topic for conversation, or to relieve embarrassment. Whatever be the reason, Mr. Smith always does it; and I *guess*—for how should I know?—I guess that Mr. Smith's facial angle was disturbed in every poor man or woman's house, when the good book he took up had delicately inscribed on the fly-leaf: "From her friend, Fanny K." Whatever he thought he said nothing. Probably he rejoiced, however it might have happened, that the poor had in Fanny so good and disinterested a friend.

So stood things on the Fourteenth of February, A. D. 1860. On the fifteenth day of that month and year, while I was dusting the parlor after breakfast, I heard a knock at the door. I peeped through the blind and saw standing on the door-step the Reverend John Calvin Smith, six feet four in his boots, and his eyes hid by those big spectacles. His mouth was fixed as though it repressed a lecture for somebody—could it be poor me? I skipped out and sent mother in, while I dusted myself off, and washed the wonder out of my face.

Pretty soon mother came out and told me that Mr. Smith inquired for *me*! In I walked with as much unconcern as I could assume. We talked the weather over, and all the other important regular topics. There was evidently something special behind. Mr. Smith took at last from his pocket one of those ridiculous missives called "Valentines," delicately embossed, beautifully pinked and perforated, and prepared, in fine, with all the wonderful decorations which were once in fashion. He put it in my hand. I held it and tried to look him in the face. "Open and read it," he

said. I did so, and these were the words that were written:—

"Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Though *the herd* have fled from thee, thy home is still
here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last."
"FANNY VALENTINE."

"Do you suppose, or does anybody presume to say, that Miss Ketchim sent me that folly?"

"Certainly not," said I, with the pretence of reddening with indignation; (and some excuse for my scarlet was necessary.) "No lady could do a thing so preposterous."

"Then it is a joke," he said, "and, pardon me for saying so, a very ill-natured one. I hope it is not yours."

"No, sir, it is *not*," I answered. And I suppose I ought to have repelled the insinuation with some warmth, and rebuked Mr. Smith for his assurance. But, somehow, I did not want to say much. What *would* I have done if the trick had been mine? I am afraid I should have fibbed—but to tell a fib to that stern and yet gentle face! I couldn't have done it.

Nothing more was said on that subject. What other conversation we held was between ourselves. But I did feel like a hypocrite, and wished that the folly of the last three days could have been undone.

What folly? It will do no harm now to say that the Widow Blunt came in on the evening of the twelfth of February; that we chatted and laughed over the sudden cessation of the parish hospitalities, and of the increase of Fanny's charities; that just then I happened to think of that verse in Moore's Melodies; that I opened the book, and pointed Widow Blunt's attention to the passage; that she clapped her hands, and said:—

"I'll do it!"

"Do what?" said my mother, looking up from her knitting. "I know you two creatures are in some mischief."

"I'm sure I can't tell what Mrs. Blunt means to do," said I.

"And I'm sure I *sha'n't* tell," said she.

And that was all I knew about it until Mr. Smith called. When he left, I *thought*. I talked to myself and said it was all nonsense. I thought more of it, and began to see that it was not quite fair. I put on my hat, and

peeping out to discover if Mr. Smith had gone out of sight, ran in directly to the Widow Blunt's. She looked up to me quizzically, motioned me to a chair, and I sat down and cried. She did not ask why, but listened till I had told her all I chose to speak, and she had guessed all the rest.

"Never mind, Minnie," she said, bringing me a glass of her currant wine and a bit of cake, "I'll fix it all. I am not afraid of the Reverend Mr. Smith; but Fanny Ketchim shall be put right, for all that." The woman tried to be serious, but I saw she was choking with amusement at her own mischief. "Come in to-morrow evening. I'll invite Mr. Smith, and bring all 'the herd' back too." And then she controlled herself no longer, but went off into a fit of most malicious laughter.

The first of a new series of tea and toast came off accordingly at the Widow Blunt's, and the parish hospitalities were resumed and completed. Fanny was perfectly unconscious of all that had happened; and from the knowing looks of the parson and the widow, I could readily perceive that she had been in the confessional. She is a good, whole-hearted woman, but her fun is certainly sometimes dreadful.

III.

NOT QUITE THE CONCLUSION.

So matters moved on for three years, Mr. Smith gaining in the confidence of his people. He has kept the even tenor of his way, except when Fanny has turned up in some new ambuscade, or Mrs. Blunt has thrown us all into sixes and sevens, by one of her outrageously farcical performances. I wish somebody would marry her, and Fanny Ketchim too. But I happen to know that Mr. Smith will not take either of them.

A new sensation was created a few weeks ago. Reverend Mr. Smith took possession of the parsonage, and proceeded to furnish it.

Fanny felt sure! But she said it was not wise in Mr. Smith to bring his mother and sister there. It would be so unpleasant to dislodge them, if Mr. Smith *should* think of taking a wife! Fanny has left no way unattempted to win his heart; or at least his hand. She took all the license of Leap Year, and more too, four years ago. I think she is preparing for a fresh demonstration in this

year on which we are now entering. She is very much exercised—very much about the parson's mother and sister, who have evidently settled themselves in his house. "They seem to be very nice people, and perhaps Mrs. Smith, if there really is to be a Mrs. Smith"—and here she looks as if she could say something, but will not—"if there really is to be a Mrs. Smith, perhaps she will be able to get along in a partnership household. But she (Fanny) doesn't know."

Thus stand matters on this fifth day of January. I sha'n't say how I think they will turn. I do know that Fanny Ketchim has become more prying and impertinent than ever. I am sick and tired of her.

IV.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

[So far from Miss M. A. D. Cap. The tale would be left incomplete but for the following note, which reaches us from the same post-office in which was mailed our Madcap correspondent's article. The writer is Fanny Ketchim, whose real name we suppress, as we do also those of our correspondent, and the other persons in the drama.]

MR. GODEV—SIR: I have the best reason to know that Miss — (she may be Mrs. before you receive this—Mrs. Mary —) has sent you a package of manuscript, purporting to be a very witty relation of certain events in our village. How far she has "drawn on her imagination for her facts" I cannot exactly say. But the comment on her narrative, and the answer to her aspersions upon others will be given next week, when she, the retiring, modest, and never-to-be wedded maiden will become the wife of the Reverend John Calvin —. It is unnecessary to say more; except that if you publish her unlady-like communication my subscription will be withdrawn, as well as that of all your patrons in this town.

FANNY —.

[POSTSCRIPTUM No. 2. We have referred to the mail-book, and find, as we might have guessed, from the threat held out, that Miss Fanny — is not a subscriber. When Mary Madcap wishes *her* direction changed, we shall look for a generous wedge of the bridal cake to accompany the notice.]

ANGRY friendship is not unfrequently as bad as calm enmity.

TEARS.

TEARS are a luxury, at times even a blessing; and we will maintain the fact, though, by so doing, we incur the ridicule of a few strong-minded women, and the impatient sneers of the lords of the creation. Tears flow in different ways. They may fall gently and slowly, like the drops from the clouds passing over the summer sky; and they may rush from their source with the impetuosity of the broad and rapid stream. They may pass away like the summer shower, leaving nought but sunshine upon the countenance, or they may allow their traces to be visible in the swollen eyelids, the settled look of gloom and melancholy which shows that there is but a lull in the storm of passion or sorrow, that slight provocation only is necessary to open the flood-gates which self-control has closed, and the torrent will burst forth with renewed vehemence. And how various are the causes of tears! Joy, sorrow, sympathy will each in its turn draw them up from the well of feeling. When the soul experiences the intensity of some great gladness, when the last drop is added to the cup of bitterness, and the senses are benumbed by the weight of woe which is pressing upon them, do we not find infinite relief in removing the stone from the well, and permitting the bright, beautiful drops to flow unchecked and unheeded? Yet it must be admitted that there are tears often shed which are the essence of folly, and the result of weakness and want of due self-control. Can we wonder at the dread which most men have of beholding a woman in tears when we see many foolishly sensitive persons give way to a fit of weeping at being unable to obtain the gratification of some absurd whim, or when they meet with trivial disappointments and vexations of daily life, which, more or less, all must encounter? Such tears as these possess no calm and sanctifying influence; they are but bitter drops of petulance and wounded vanity, and therefore generally fail to excite the desired sympathy with their cause. None, however, can deny that there is a healing balm in tears when they are the outpourings of true and deep feelings, whether the cause be joy, or sorrow, or sympathy, or, better still, of sincere repentance. How beautiful is Moore's description of the tear of the penitent as the Peri's passport to Paradise—

"Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know."

* * * * *
"Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek.

"To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash, or meteor beam;
But well the enraptur'd Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the angel threw
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near."

SPEAKING WELL OF OTHERS.

If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora box which, when opened, fills every house and every neighborhood with pain and sorrow. How many enmities and heart burnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy, and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission like foul fiends, to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections; and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults which might seem to justify animadversion. It is a good rule, however, when there is occasion for fault-finding, to do it privately to the erring one. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will generally be taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failings of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian, and shows a despicable heart.

SMILES.

BY L. V. LIGHT.

OfT we wander seeking roses
In this garden called the earth;
Beauty in each nook reposes,
Smiles will give that beauty birth.
Many little flowers would perish,
Breathe their life out in the night,
Should the smiles no longer cherish,
Which have brought them life and light.
Though on earth these flowers will wither,
They will bloom anew in heaven,
And our souls will beckon thither,
Blessing us for smiles we've given.

ADVENTURES OF A BACHELOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS EMMENS," "THE RASHER FAMILY," ETC.

(Continued from page 74.)



THE next day Mr. Griggs did not leave his room, nor, in fact, his bed. The sudden revulsion of feeling had made him ill. He struggled to get up, for his pride forbade him to show how badly he felt; but he had taken cold in his head from walking to the hotel without his hat, and it ached dreadfully; besides there was a faint "gone" feeling in the region of the heart, which made it almost impossible for him to sit up. Stanley, in complete ignorance of what had occurred, was oppressively attentive. He did not get back from the boat-ride until twelve o'clock, so, of course, could not see Emily at that hour; and this morning the fact of his beloved and usually healthy uncle being ill was enough to keep him from betraying the longing he had to find himself again with Emily, to complete the important conference which had been so abruptly broken off. Stanley was so happy himself that he sympathized all the more keenly in the afflictions of another. His tender attentions were almost unbearable to Mr. Griggs, who groaned in irritation and disgust as he looked in the bright though sympathizing face. *This* was what had come of being father to that boy! Stanley would have trembled in his shoes could he have known the cruel resolution which was hardening in his uncle's heart. That uncle, upon whom all his prospects of future prosperity depended, who was the only relative in the world whom he loved, was deliberately resolving upon casting him off to battle alone with the stern realities of life. The very sunlight was hate-

ful to poor Uncle Oliver. The rich, creamy "milk of human kindness" had turned suddenly sour. Stanley wondered at the change, thinking it strange that a slight sickness should so totally transform the best of dispositions into the most peevish. Still more was he surprised and dismayed when he was peremptorily ordered to pack up and prepare for instant departure—that is, the hour that Mr. Griggs should be able to dress himself. Then, indeed, the young gentleman's countenance fell, and while he dolefully packed his fishing-rod, and wrapped up his shot-gun, he busied himself with surmises as to what had brought about the change. "Can it be that he knows I have spoken to Emily, and that he is displeased about it? though even that wouldn't make him sick. Maybe the bank is broke in which he deposits. But if so, he would tell me." Finally he spoke—

"But, uncle, it will be impossible for us to leave to-day. There's the general to be disposed of; and it wouldn't look right to leave our many friends without a word of farewell."

"Don't undertake to dictate to me, sir. I will give the landlord orders to sell the general. And as for our friends—*your* friends, you'd better say—ha! ha!"

What a bitter, satirical laugh! Mr. Griggs' laugh was usually like the gurgle of olive oil out of a salad bottle—but then it was as if he were emptying the vinegar-cruet by mistake. Stanley looked at him in deep concern; he began to fear that something serious was the matter with his head, and that a physician had better be sent for; so, without hinting at his purpose, he slipped out of the room, and dispatched the errand-boy of the hotel after Dr. Brier.

That personage soon arrived, causing considerable stir and bustle through the house, by his pompous manner of making it well known that he was called in to so popular and important a patient as Mr. Oliver Griggs.

"For the Lord's sake, what have you done, Stanley? That boy'll be the death of me yet," groaned Uncle Oliver, reproachfully, when the physician entered the room. "I do

not need any doctor, any more than a toad needs two tails."

"He's worse than he thinks for," murmured the nephew, aside to the physician.

"Ah, yes, of course, of course! very apt to be the case. Don't allow the patient to decide, fortunately. Head very hot," he continued, placing his hand on the bald spot on Mr. Griggs' head, "face flushed, pulse high. Threatened with inflammation of the brain. Must be bled, the first step—then mustard-plasters to the soles of the feet and ice applications to the head; also take the prescription which I will cause to be put up. It would be *better*," he added, reflectively, "if his hair was shaved off close to his head before the application of the ice-pillow. There's a barber in the building, I believe," turning to Stanley, who felt more than ever alarmed at the vigorous treatment considered necessary.

"If there is, he won't have the privilege of making me look like a convict," shouted Mr. Griggs, springing out of bed, and doubling his fist. "There's nothing the matter with me but a headache, and I'm not going to be interfered with. You needn't trouble yourself, doctor; I give you warning that I shall pay no bill for services that I don't require."

"Poor gentleman!" said the doctor, soothingly, "it's bad for him to excite himself so. See how crimson his face is. There, there, Mr. Griggs, get back into bed, and I give you my word your hair shall not be touched. Fortunately," he added to the anxious nephew, "it's not very thick, and the bare spot on the top will do very well. We must keep him cool—that's the main thing—keep him cool."

"The best way to do that is to let me alone," growled Uncle Oliver, lying down again, and shutting his eyes, for his head did ache badly.

"They all say so," continued Dr. Brier; "if you'll hold that bowl for me, I'll just bleed him a little. After that you can order the ice and mustard, while I see to having the prescription sent round. I'll send my boy with it, as I'm going home to dinner before long."

In spite of remonstrances Mr. Griggs was obliged to submit to the loss of half a pint of blood; but as he knew that he had a tendency of blood to the head, and that he was of rather full habit, he consoled himself by

reflecting that he should be all the more comfortable for it through the hot weather. The iced cloths to his head did not feel badly either; and if it had not been for the irritating poultices smarting the hollow of his feet, he would have felt decidedly better, and, in spite of his crushed hopes, have fallen into a gentle slumber.

But the repose which he so much needed was not to be allowed him. Instead of the doctor's boy with the soothing drops, came his daughter, Miss Brier, the maiden of forty before referred to. She immediately established herself by the invalid's bed, and declared her determination not to forsake it until he was convalescent.

"It would be a burning disgrace to a Christian community, if a stranger in their midst, sick and helpless, should be left to the cold care of hirelings; it must not—should not be."

In vain Stanley thanked her and declared his own ability to take charge of his uncle for the present; she insisted on dropping the medicine and administering it, changing the iced cloths, looking at the mustard applications, feeling the patient's pulse, and then sitting down on the side of the bed, and fanning him with such steady, tender assiduity, looking at him all the time with such heavenly compassion from out the dark cloud of her artificial curls, that poor Mr. Griggs began indeed to grow feverish and restless. He was fast being driven into the illness which his friends were determined to fasten upon him.

The news of Mr. Griggs' dangerous situation flew through the village on the wings of the wind, gathering substance as it flew, until it was soon generally understood that he was at the point of death with inflammation of the brain, that his hair had been shaved, his reason had fled, he knew nobody, not even his best friends, and his nephew felt dreadfully, although, in case of his uncle's death, he would be the sole heir of eighty thousand dollars.

Knowing how uneasy Emily would feel, Stanley had dispatched a note to her, explaining the reason of his absence, and saying that his uncle was quite though not dangerously ill. The note had not been gone over an hour when Emily and her father appeared at the door of Mr. Griggs' chamber. Fortunately, Miss Brier had descended to the kitchen to see about making some toast-water

for quenching her patient's thirst, while Mr. Perkins called Stanley into the hall to consult about having the sick man removed to his own residence—so that for a few moments Emily was alone in the room with her rejected lover.

He turned his eyes away from her when he saw who it was. But when she saw him lying there, evidently so desperately ill, and thought of what had brought him to this critical condition, she could not restrain her feelings of sorrow and remorse. Bursting into tears, she flung herself on the edge of the bed, lifted and kissed the hand of the sufferer, as fat and plump as a small roly-poly. "Don't turn away your face, Uncle Oliver," she sobbed, "please don't. I'm so sorry—oh, so very sorry—you can't guess how bad I feel. If it will make you well, I'll promise never to speak to Stanley again. He never dreamed, any more than I—and oh, Mr. Griggs, I do assure you I shall never, never breathe to any one what you said to me last night; nobody shall ever know it, not even mother. They all thought you meant to have Stanley and I fall in love with each other. There—don't groan—oh, please don't, you make me so miserable! I liked you so much—so very much, Uncle Oliver—only not in that way. My heart's most broken, it is, indeed, and here's your ring; please take it. Only say you forgive me. If you'll forgive me and get well, I'll do anything you ask!"

"But marry me!" sighed Mr. Griggs.

"Yes, but marry you, dear Uncle Oliver. But I won't marry Stanley either, if it makes you feel so bad. I'll give him up entirely."

She said this in such a despairing tone—as if making such a mighty effort—that Mr. Griggs could not but turn to see how she looked. The sight of that pretty, girlish face, pale, with the red eyelids, and wet cheeks—the mingled air of misery and determination which it wore—so anxious for him, so remorseful—moved him so much, that the severity of his anger melted like the ice on his hot head. Besides, he was comforted, even more than he knew, by her assurance that no one but herself should laugh at his mistake, his heart relented of its cruel resolutions, he passed the ring back into her hand, and bade her wear it for Stanley's sake; he should take no steps to make them unhappy if they really loved each other.

Emily's face was so lovely in its new look

of mingled joy and contriteness that he felt again, with renewed pangs, what he had lost. She saw the look of pain, and kissed his hand again.

"Don't do that," he said; "go away, and let me get control of myself, enough to make up my mind to things as they are. I'm not so sick as I look, so you needn't cry about that. Only that terrible Miss Brier will make me so, if she stays here much longer. All I want now is a good sleep. If they'd darken the room and leave me alone awhile, I've no doubt my headache would clear off, and I'd be better. But oh, Emily, my heart will never get any better, I'm afraid. And please don't call me Uncle Oliver; I can't stand that; not yet!"

Miss Brier entered with the toast-water at the same moment with Judge Perkins, who approached Mr. Griggs, shook his hand, looked at his tongue, and into his eyes, and felt his pulse.

"You're not so very sick, my friend, as they'd make believe. A little feverish, that's all. Mrs. Perkins warned me not to come home without you, if you could be moved without danger; so I guess I'll just order up an easy carriage, and have you slip on your stockings, and go home with me. My wife is a wonderful nurse, and she does not like the idea of your being sick at a hotel."

"Oh, doesn't she?" said Miss Brier, snappishly. "Well, I guess there's Christian charity enough left in the community to take care of him, if he should be. My papa says Mr. Griggs is dangerously ill, and I suppose his opinion is worth as much as that of those who do not know a pill from a powder. It won't do to move him at all; I assure you, Mr. Griggs, it will be at the risk of your life; and as for nursing, some people know as much about it as others. You won't be left neglected as long as the strength of Araminta Brier holds out."

"You are *too* kind," groaned poor Mr. Griggs, trying to look grateful, as Miss Brier held the toast-water to his lips. "All in the world I want is a chance to sleep off my headache and fever. Stanley got alarmed about nothing, judge, and sent for the doctor without my knowledge. They'll worry me into a spell of sickness before they consent to let me alone, I suspect."

"I believe you're two-thirds right," said

the judge, who saw nothing like the glitter of dangerous fever in the eyes of his friend. "Come, Stanley, come, Miss Brier, I propose that we leave his drink where he can get it if he wants it, darken the room, and leave him to take a good nap."

"His best friends may desert him, if they can agree with their conscience to do so," said Miss Brier, "but *I* sha'n't. What if he should get up and get a knife or a razor, and commit suicide in our absence?"

"Good Lord! I never thought of such a thing," cried the patient, indignantly.

"Of course you hav'n't thought of it *yet*," she said, soothingly; "but if you should become delirious, you don't know what you might do."

Poor little Emily shrank to her father's side, and opened her eyes at the fearful suggestion of Miss Brier.

"But I ain't a going to become delirious," was the obstinate reply.

"Poor man! it's awful to see him so unconscious of his own situation. I must put some more ice to your head, dear Mr. Griggs. There! how does that feel? Alas, when we were at that lovely picnic, enjoying the glowing beauties of nature, and you placed those wild-flowers in my hair, I never dreamed, Mr. Griggs, of seeing you *thus*! and that *I*, perhaps, should be the one, by unwearied assiduity, to save that valuable life to those who cling to it as the child clings to its mother's hand."

"And who are they?" asked Mr. Griggs, with a cynical expression.

"Who?" echoed Miss Brier. "Ah!"—under the pretence of changing the wet cloth on his forehead, she leaned over him with a melting look—"it is sad, indeed, in times like this, to be without one—one who is more than friend. You need a *wife*, Mr. Griggs. Had you had one, I had not been here."

Mr. Griggs could not refrain from casting a forlorn look at Emily, who was blushing and studying the figure of the carpet. The judge, who saw through the disinterested attentions of Miss Brier, and despaired of shaking her off now she was once attached to his unfortunate friend, said, laughingly—

"Well, well, wait till he gets well, Miss Araminta, and then you can talk to him about the need of a wife. Perhaps you can persuade him to take one."

"La, judge, what a man you are!" cried

the spinster, with an attempt to blush. "Don't mind him a bit, Mr. Griggs. He's always passing his jokes on us girls. Don't think of what he said, at all; it might conduce to the inflammation which we are striving to reduce. Don't think of anything agitating—don't, I beg of you, or I shall regret my coming here. Mr. Stanley, if you feel fatigued with attendance, you can lie down in your own room for an hour or two. I will watch with your uncle while he sleeps."

Now, Stanley wanted to steal a few words and looks with Emily so much, that, seeing his uncle was as comfortable as possible, he pretended to accept Miss Brier's invitation to repose, but in reality walked home with the maiden, her father having business in another direction. During that walk, Emily showed him the ring, and told him that his uncle had consented to their engagement, which made him so very happy that he forgot that poor uncle's illness, lingering and lingering in the presence so dear to him, until nearly tea-time. When he realized how late it was, he flew back to the hotel to relieve Miss Brier, who avowed herself not a bit fatigued; but, as she wished to make some change in her dress, she would go home and get her tea, after which she would return and sit up until twelve o'clock.

"If you have any affection for me, order a carriage and take me to our friend's, before that woman returns," uttered the patient the moment the door closed on her, with a weak but desperate voice, which betrayed how much he had suffered. "Hurry, Stanley; don't give her time to get back, unless you wish me to become really ill. Yes, I am amply able to dress myself. Don't fret about me; order the carriage!"

By the time the carriage was at the door, Uncle Oliver had the drafts on his feet replaced by shoes and stockings, and his pantaloons and dressing-gown donned; and with the assistance of his nephew's stout arm, got down the stairs and into the vehicle without much trouble. Soon after, he got into a snowy bed in Mrs. Perkins' airiest and pleasantest chamber, where, after a cup of choice black tea and a bit of perfect toast, he sank into a sweet slumber, with no over-officious kindness to disturb him, about the same time that Miss Brier rushed away from his vacant room at the hotel, in wrath and disappointment which threatened fermentation to the

glass of currant jelly, and utter confusion to the other dainties, with which she was laden.

That night the crisis of Mr. Griggs' illness was reached and passed safely; he awoke the next morning, feeling much better; and no one except himself and another knew that it was a violent attack of "first disappointment"—that cruel disease from which young people must suffer as surely as from measles or whooping-cough. In his case it came late in life, and was taken proportionately hard. But he survived.

We have not hitherto mentioned that Emily Perkins, like all young ladies of her age, had a "dear friend," Selina Serles, to whom she confided everything. Selina lived only three doors removed from her bosom-friend, and of course had become nearly as well acquainted with the two visitors from New York as Emily herself. In fact, when Emily had gone with Mr. Griggs on those many rides and to those picnics and other excursions, in order to conciliate the good uncle of the handsome nephew, that nephew had generally been left to escort Selina. He had not found this at all stupid; it may even be that, if he had met Miss Serles first, he should have given her the preference. She was as merry a witch of a creature as ever tantalized mortal man, with black eyes and hair, cherry lips, and a round, dimpled form.

Now on the morning after the arrival of the invalid at her house a thought struck Emily; she immediately tied on her straw-hat and flew over to Mrs. Serles, up the stairs, and into the chamber, where she knew she should find Selina at that hour putting her room in order.

"Mercy! what is it?" cried the latter, as her visitor threw herself into a chair by the window, pushed back her hat until it fell off, breathing fast, and looking straight forward at the wall as intently as if it were a black-board with a severe problem in geometry inscribed thereon.

"Oh, Sell!" was all Emily said.

"Come, now, you've promised on your sacred word and honor to never keep a secret from me. If you begin to play false already," said Selina, in an injured tone, "I shall know what it means. But you needn't try to hide anything from me; I saw, in your eyes, yesterday, that Stanley Griggs had proposed! Ha! did you suppose I wouldn't see it?"

"Well, Sell, you needn't be in such a

hurry! I was going to tell you as soon as I had a chance"—here Emily paused, and looked reflectively at the wall again. There was a struggle going on in her mind. She wanted, dreadfully, to tell her confidante all about Uncle Oliver—she felt as if she should burst if she didn't; but she had given him her promise never to repeat what had passed between them. She realized, now, that she had made the promise without due reflection, for, as Selina said, she had solemnly vowed to have no secrets from *her*; and she not only wanted to let her friend into the joke, but she hoped thereby to bring about the ultimate good of Mr. Griggs himself. This latter motive finally induced her, after extracting the most positive and binding pledges of profound secrecy from the curious and impatient Selina, to confess to her that she had received two offers in one evening, and to relate in full, amid plentiful gigglings and half-smothered bursts of mutual merriment, the awkward and ridiculous mistake of her eldest admirer, with its sad consequences.

Mr. Griggs, at that time sitting up in bed, making a hearty though late breakfast, wondered what made his ears burn so uncomfortably—he thought it must be the remains of the fever; but if they had been long enough to overhear the conversation in that little chamber, three houses over the way, the burning would have been accounted for. Also, the fact that both ears suffered from this warm infliction, for if the merry creatures—who couldn't help being full of fun and keenly alive to a sense of the ridiculous—did giggle outrageously at his expense, they were also very, very sorry for him, so sorry that in the same breath, after nearly dying with laughter, Emily, with the tears of mirth running down her crimson cheeks, began to set forth her plan for the relief and permanent comfort of the sufferer.

"Since I can't marry him, Selina," said she, "why can't you?"

The red lip of the brunette curled in scorn.

"Ha," she cried, "you'll be very generous with me! Now that you've got the nephew, I may have the old uncle. Really!"

"He isn't old!" said Emily, indignantly. "He's in the prime of life. And you must acknowledge, Sell, that he's better suited to *you* than me; you're fully eighteen, and I sha'n't be seventeen until September. I can tell you one thing, he'll make the best and

most indulgent husband that ever was; and then, you see, Sell, you'll be *my aunt*, and we'll all live in one house, and you and I will hold the reins—and, O dear! won't it be famous? Do, Sell, do say you'll have him!"

"It *would* be nice to be your aunt," said the gypsy, growing brilliant again. "What fun we'd have! But supposing I do say I'll have him, that won't be getting him. We women don't do the popping. And, O dear! don't you know, Em, that my ideal has always been tall, with large melancholy eyes, and a black moustache?"

She looked out of the window pensively. As that fascinating ideal rose before her mental view she felt that it would be impossible to resign it for a bald crown, a round face, and eyes that wore spectacles when reading, even with the assurance of forty thousand dollars, her own way, and the city of New York to go shopping in. The struggle in her mind was great; she drooped her chin into her hand, half shut her eyes, and thought the matter over.

"Come, Sell, say yes, for I'm in a hurry. If you agree to it, it will be all right. I'll bring Mr. Griggs over this afternoon, if he's able to walk out, and I'll contrive to put the idea into his head."

"Thank you," was the stately response, "very kind of you."

"Now you needn't put on airs, dear. You know, as well as I do, that if he'd happened to know your mother, instead of mine, you'd have had the first chance, and been the chosen one."

"In that case I suppose I should have had the nephew, with the privilege of turning the uncle over to you," was the malicious reply.

"O no!" cried Emily, quickly, "*that's* entirely different. Stanley never would have loved anybody but me, under any circumstances."

Selina laughed so provokingly and incredulously that her friend's face grew still more rosy; she picked up her hat, saying, hastily—

"It's nothing to me, I'm sure. I suppose it would be better for Stanley and me if Uncle Oliver never married. Future possibilities, you know, might decrease our expected position very much."

"Fie!" cried the brunette, in embarrassment.

"But we're not selfish. I thought it would be nice to have you for an aunt, and I'd lay

the plan before you ere it was too late. I expect Mr. Griggs will make up his mind to leave, if something doesn't occur to detain him"—and she moved towards the door.

"Stay, Em, a minute. I can't make up my mind at an hour's warning. But suppose you bring him over this afternoon, anyhow. There'll be no harm in that. I'll look at him seriously, and if I can overcome the sensation of the spectacles, and imagine his eyes to be melancholy, and all that, I may—but I won't say."

The girls looked at each other a moment and burst out laughing again. Clearly the serious troubles of this life had not as yet affected them.

"Well, Sell, wear your Magenta dress, and look your prettiest;" and Emily was off, down the stairs and across the way, in time to greet Mr. Griggs as he came down and established himself on a sofa in the parlor.

"How do you feel to-day, Mr. Griggs?" she asked, softly.

"I'm much better, thank you, Miss Emily. But I think that a change of air and scene will be necessary to restore me to my usual spirits. Not that I ever expect to be myself again; *that* can never be."

"Don't talk so, dear Mr. Griggs. You don't know how happy you'll be before long. I'll bet you the wedding-cake, now, that you'll be married before I am. There's somebody thinks a great deal of you."

"Who is it?" inquired the convalescent, with an air of interest, half rising from the sofa. "Oh," he added, sinking back with sudden annoyance, "if it's Miss Brier you mean, you needn't trouble yourself. I'm not going to marry my grandmother."

"Why, Mr. Griggs, she's three years younger than you; though to be sure she looks older—for she's thin and yellow, and you're fat and fair. However, it's not she at all. It's the very prettiest girl you can think of. I'm going to take you to see her this afternoon. I *think* she likes you, but I'm not certain, and you musn't tell her I said so; but I don't believe she'd refuse you. She isn't a flighty thing like me; she likes dignified manners; she never could abide boys."

"She's a sensible girl," said Mr. Griggs, emphatically. "What colored hair has she?"

"Black—black as coal and bright as diamonds. Now can't you guess?"

"Let me see!" mused the patient, sitting straight up.

"It's my very dearest friend, Mr. Griggs; she's smarter and prettier than I, and as good as she can be. She's had half a dozen offers already, and she's only eighteen; but she won't have any of these Roseville young men. Mind, I don't say she will have you; but I advise you to try."

"Do you suppose that I could thus soon raise new hopes on the ruins of that glorious castle in the air which I fondly built only to see it dashed to the ground? Never, Miss Emily, never—at least, not immediately. Is she good-tempered—as you, Emily?"

"Oh, a thousand times better. A little quick—brunettes always are; but she gets over it, and is so sorry and so loving; it makes her ten times sweeter than ever. Think, Mr. Griggs, how delightful it would be to have her coaxing you to forgive, with that arch face looking up into yours!"

"Miss Perkins, I believe you think me perfectly heartless. I can never be persuaded to offer the wealth of my affection again, after it has once been spurned. Did you say she was a brunette?"

"Yes, a real brunette—with the scarlet lips, the glowing cheeks, and the eyes like stars."

"Really, you are eloquent in your friend's praise. I always preferred brunettes until I met—you know whom, Emily."

"Try and get back your old fancy, then, dear Mr. Griggs. I should be a great deal happier if I saw you interested in a worthy young lady."

"You hav'n't told me who it is. Ha! is it that roguish Miss Series? I see that it is, Emily. I wonder I didn't think of her before. What a musical laugh she has! I remember it now."

"Yes, and she sings and plays splendidly. How delightful to have your lonely evenings cheered by such music! Think of it, Uncle Oliver, and try and get strong enough to make a call with me this afternoon." So saying, the cunning girl, after hanging up this picture for the contemplation of the lonely bachelor, slipped out into the garden where Stanley was waiting for her in the summer-house.

"I don't believe he'll go away to-morrow," she said, with a naughty little laugh, as she came within sight of that anxious individual.

"I've set a trap for him, and baited it with the daintiest morsel I could find. I promise you a fortnight yet, Stanley, and something to surprise you at the end."

"You're a pretty diplomatist," said the lover. But we shall not trouble ourselves with what else he said, for it is not pertinent to the subject of Mr. Oliver Griggs' fortunes, who, being left to himself, immediately fell into a reverie, during the continuance of which his countenance gradually brightened until it wore its usual sunny, shining look, and the dinner-bell found him murmuring—

"I'm almost sorry I gave that chit the ring, for I shall need another right away. I don't suppose there are any as expensive to be found in Roseville."

At dinner, Mr. Griggs had quite recovered his health and animation. Alas, it was destined to be of short duration! But we must not anticipate. As fate would have it, just as Emily was escorting him across the street to make the promised call, Miss Brier was driving past in her father's buggy. She stopped when she saw who they were, and called out—

"Is it possible you're able to be up, Mr. Griggs? I never saw so sudden a recovery. I must attribute it to my father's skill and my own attentions. But it's imprudent—exceedingly imprudent—for you to be walking so soon. You may bring on a relapse. A little fresh air, however, will be beneficial. I was coming to drive you out, if you should be able to go. Get in, and let me show you the beauty of the adjacent vicinity."

In vain Mr. Griggs explained that he was only crossing the street, that he was on his way to make a call which couldn't very well be put off, etc. etc. Miss Brier, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, insisted upon the privilege of making him miserable, and in spite of the evident anger of Miss Emily and reluctance of her victim, she actually got him into the carriage and drove him off, with triumph *painted* on her countenance.

What transpired during that ride was not immediately known. She returned him at the gate about half an hour after tea-time, with all the glory of his face departed, or, rather, entered into her own.

"I shall be at home to-morrow, *in the morning*, Oliver," she called out aloud, as he hurried towards the house.

He answered with a stifled groan.

"Bless us, are you sick again?" asked

Judge Perkins, as he came out to meet his friend. "And what's that Brier-bush, without any roses, calling you Oliver for?"

"Don't ask me," said his visitor, in evident distress. "Yes, I believe I feel worse than I did yesterday. Let me go right to my room. No, I don't want a mouthful of supper. Tell Miss Emily, please, that I can't go to Miss Serles' to-night, if she'll excuse me."

Stanley had to beg very hard before his uncle would admit him to his room, and when he did he could, for a long time, get no explanation of the sullen and hopeless mood into which he was plunged. Sitting on the edge of the bed, looking the image of despair, his nephew could get nothing from him until, almost in tears, he said—

"Uncle, there's something serious the matter. I thought so yesterday. Don't refuse to confide in your affectionate nephew. If the bank's broke, and the railroad shares gone down to nothing, don't be discouraged. I'll work for you. These young hands shall earn a comfortable living for one who has long supplied my every want."

His uncle looked up with admiration at the glowing face.

"You reward me for all I have done," he said; but the next moment, as the memory of his misfortune rushed upon him, he fairly burst into tears and uttered a few half-choked words—"Tisn't *that*," he said; "I could bear the loss of fortune; but, Stanley, I'm engaged—to Miss Brier."

Stanley came pretty near saying a loud word—"thunder"—but he restrained himself, muttering in astonishment—

"What an aunt the old girl will make!"—and he whistled.

"Don't whistle, Stanley; it sounds so unfeeling."

"I suppose I ought to congratulate you, uncle."

"If you do, I'll never forgive you. Do you suppose I've waited forty-three years for the sake of having Miss Brier reach a marriageable age?"

"What are you engaged to her for, then?"

"That's what puzzles me as much as it does you, Stanley. Upon my word, I don't understand it. If she hadn't wheedled me into that crazy old carriage, it never would have happened!"

"Couldn't you resist so near an influence of her charms, uncle?"

"I'll tell you all about it, as nearly as I can," said Uncle Oliver, bracing himself against the head-board, and wringing and twisting his handkerchief until it was split into strips. "You see, I didn't want to go; I felt a presentiment of evil the moment she caught sight of me, but she persuaded me into the ride some way, and by the time we were fairly out of town, where she could talk at full liberty, she set to work at her fell purpose. She talked sentiment and quoted my favorite poet, Thomas Moore, until my ears rang worse than ever they did when I was in the hardware business. I felt afraid of her intentions, and tried to be very reserved; but you know I'm naturally gallant to the other sex, Stanley, and so soft-hearted that they can pull the wool over my eyes as deep as they choose. I didn't want to hurt her feelings, and so I wasn't so cold to her as I should have been; but I pledge you my word as an honorable gentleman that I didn't make one quotation nor one tender reflection in return; I didn't do anything, in fact, but sing one little song. I believe my singing is my one weak point, Stanley—I've got a good voice, and I knew it, and she knew I knew it—so she recalled all the songs I've sung in company since I came to Roseville, and asked me if I wouldn't favor her with one of 'Tom Moore's Melodies,' it would blend so appropriately with the sunset hour, or the lambs in the meadows, or something, I don't remember what. Well, I sang the first one that came into my head, and it happened to be this—

'If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,
Thou think'st I speak too coldly;
If I mention love's devoted flame,
Thou sayest I speak too boldly.
Between these two unequal fires
Why doom me thus to hover?
I'm a friend, if such thy heart requires;
If now thou seek'st, a lover,
Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
Fair one, choose between the two.'

My voice was yet lingering on the repetition of the last line when I heard a shrill whisper between Miss Brier's false teeth—"How could you doubt, dearest Oliver," said she, "which I would choose? Love is more appropriate than friendship to hearts like ours. Let us be lovers." I gazed at her thunderstruck, for a moment I was dumb; then I began to explain that I was only singing, that I meant no personal application, that she had mis-

understood me, and to apologize generally, in my good-natured way, you know, Stanley. But she wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. She said that she had loved me since the first day I went to church in Roseville, that she had sedulously concealed her feelings until I had basely drawn them from her, for the purpose of turning them to ridicule. Of all things she despised a *male coquette*! Think of that applied to your modest and blushing uncle, Stanley! She appealed to my sense of honor in a way that made me blow my nose in agitation. I was in a fix, and I hadn't the hardihood to get out of it! It's just that soft-heartedness of mine that's always getting me into scrapes. As I said before, I haven't much more idea than you how it came about; but she bullied me and worried me, and wouldn't bring me home, and it was getting late, and finally she tormented me into saying 'yes,' though I'd have given my right hand not to have said it, and she's stuck to that like a—like a—"

"Brier!" suggested his sympathetic nephew.

"Yes, a sharp, hateful old brown brier," cried the usually gentle Mr. Griggs, in accents of acutest distress. "Oh, Stanley, do you think I'll really have to marry her? I believe I'll run away to-night. If you could stay behind a day or two, to wind up our affairs, I might elope in the midnight train. I could step off at the Mountain House, and wait for you to follow me there. But I didn't want to leave Roseville yet."

Peer Mr. Griggs, indeed! He had come to Roseville for the express purpose of getting a wife, and now he was on the point of hurrying out of it for the express purpose of getting rid of one. It seemed as if destined to be a sad day when the contented bachelor gave up his snug rooms and peace of mind, at Mrs. Boardman's, for a search which threatened to involve him in continual worry of body and mind. Thinking of the days of his peace and prosperity, when he was only a hardware merchant in Courtland Street, he fell asleep at last, and dreamed that he was a huge gold padlock, about a foot across, and that an angelic being, with bright, black eyes, came up and began to unlock him, when suddenly, a terrible old thing, with Miss Brier's bonnet on, sprung at the lovely creature and scratched her eyes out. Then he thought he was suffocating for breath, because he couldn't get unlocked, and finally, with a great effort, the

padlock rolled over, and Mr. Griggs was unlocked from the arms of Morpheus. But only to fall asleep again.

LOVE.

BY A. J. C.

Love sits above on the arch of the skies,
Looking down on the earth with his beautiful eyes,
Looking down on this beautiful earth:
And his angel smile
Attests all the while
The place of his heavenly birth.

Love flies abroad from the bliss where he dwells
With Faith and Hope as his sentinels,
The sentinels of Love;
And his pinions bright
Shine like plumes of light
In the azure vault above.

He comes, he comes, our earth to cheer!
Ah, who would not triumph when Love is near,
With Faith and Hope at his side?
Ye blessed three,
O forever be
Our cynosure and guide.

When the tempter advances his magical cup,
When Sorrow has drunk our pleasures all up,
And our heaven is shrouded in gloom,
O then may your light,
With a splendor all bright,
Pierce the darkness that covers the tomb!

O then may you bear us on eagles' wings
To the Eden of God where Love's melody rings
From hearts that are holy and true;
And with music like this
We'll think of the bliss
Of dwelling forever with you.

GRIEVINGS.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

THERE'S a lonesome sound in the wind to-day,
And a weary sigh in my heart;
The wind sobs out for the faded flowers—
And my heart is grieved for the pleasant hours,
That were, and are gone for aye.

To-morrow the wind will have ceased its sigh;
But oh, will my heart be gay?
The breezes will whisper to other flowers;
Shall I find in the shade of their fragrant bowers
The joys that have said "Good-by?"

I shall smile to-morrow on scenes the same
As these that I weep o'er now;
O strange indeed that these human hearts,
When the beautiful sunshine the shadow parts,
Forget whence their grievings came?

O thus, when the light of the "Shining Shore"
On the spirit free shall break,
In the glorious splendor of endless day
The shadows of earth will be swept away,
And forgotten forevermore!

GENERALSHIP.

BY ALLIE ALLYN.

I HAVE been very much annoyed, on more than one occasion, by the fuss and parade there have been in all the papers and periodicals about the generalship of Meade, Hooker, Burnside, Grant, and others, as if there was nobody in the world had any generalship to display but the head of an army. I am sure, if it was put to the test, the daughters of Eve would prove, at least, as great generals as ever the sons of Adam were; for I am sure there is no woman who is married to any man—I care not who he is—who manages to lead a quiet and peaceable life, and have everything her own way (which I lay down as a fundamental principle that it's every woman's right to have); I say there's no woman who manages this, that has not, during her lifetime, to display as much generalship as ever was required of all the generals of our army put together. I am sure I have often thought, long before I had any idea of authorship, that it would make a droll book, if I were to publish an account of the generalship I've had to exert with our John. Now, I'm sure our John is just as good a man as ever was married to a wife, and yet, for all that, our John has a way of his own; it's a queer John that has *not* a way of his own, and my own opinion is that it is about the chief end of woman to find out her John's way, and humor him accordingly.

It did not take me long to find out our John's way. Our John was very economical, a great admirer of Benjamin Franklin. He often said that, if he had not started in life with a saving principal, he could never have had so firm a grip on this world's goods at the end. When we went to housekeeping, it was in a very humble way, two rooms and a kitchen; and if only John's taste had been consulted, it would have been *one* room and a kitchen. But, like the rest of mankind at such a time, he was more pliable than usual, so he agreed to the extra room. But, although the house was compact and comfortable, I did not altogether like it, for, from the time I was a little girl, I had fairly set my heart on living in a house with a splendid dining-room. Now, how was I to manage this? I knew well that

if I were to propose to John to take such a house, he would only have flown into a passion, for our John was very anxious to keep down what he called our "annual expenditures," so I had just to watch my time and opportunity.

The first plan I tried was this: I bought several books on the hydropathic subject, and read them to our John, to see if I could get him interested in taking a house with a bathroom in it; knowing very well that he was not likely to get a house with that accommodation without getting the dining-room into the bargain! This, however, had no effect; John only laughed at me. He said that among his acquaintances who had baths, not one was ever in them from year to year, but used the room for a lumber room. John said that he was sorry to observe that, notwithstanding the progress of temperance principles, the great majority of the people had a far better relish for a warm dream in the morning than a cold bath.

However, by patience and perseverance, I gained my point. John had a cousin in another city, a minister—a famous preacher—with whom he corresponded occasionally; and in one of his letters the minister signified his intention of visiting our town during the winter months. So John read me the letter he had written in answer, and asked me how I liked it? At that moment a happy thought struck me; so I said I thought it was a very formal letter to be written to a friend and relative, and that I thought the least he could do was to invite his cousin to make our house his home during his visit. When John heard this, he put the letter he had written into the fire, and wrote another, in which he gave the invitation I had suggested in the most cordial terms. Away went the letter, and in a few days back came the answer, in which the minister said that, notwithstanding many such offers made to him by his friends in our town, nothing should prevent his accepting the hospitality of his earliest and best friend.

I thought I already saw my way to a better house; but, anxious to test it, put my machinery to work that very day; so, about four o'clock, when I expected John home to

his dinner, I began. There was in the entry of the house a very convenient closet for holding pots, pans, and buckets; so, just before the hour when John would come, I turned out all the contents of this closet into the entry, and by the time he came in I was hard at work cleaning the closet out. So when John came he put his head in at the door, and cried—

"What's the matter with the closet?"

"I'm cleaning it," said I, demurely.

"What for?"

"I was thinking," said I, "that if your cousin the minister was coming, it's the only place in the house where I could make him up a comfortable bed."

"Bed!" screamed John. "You would surely never ask the man to sleep there."

"Why not?"

"In the first place, it is not long enough, if it had no other fault."

"Long enough," said I; "could he not double himself up?"

"Double up the mischief," said John; "the man can never sleep there."

"Where is he to sleep, then?" I inquired.

"You should have thought of that before you invited him."

"Invite him!" I said. "John, you forget; it was you who invited him. But, John, I am perfectly willing to give up our room to your guest, and you and I can sleep in the closet."

"To the mischief with the closet," said John. "Come to dinner!"

He sat silent for a good while; then he grunted out—

"What did you say was the rent of the house with the bath in it, that you've been talking about so long?"

So I told him, and in a very laconic way John said—

"Take it!"

"John," said I, "I'm your wife, and if it is your order, of course I shall be obliged to take it; but mind you, John, although it is to accommodate *your* friend, and though it will add to our annual expenditure, I do not grudge it!"

I did not allow John an opportunity to change his mind. I took the house that night; and when John saw it, he was entirely satisfied with the change, and opened both his heart and purse.

We got a new carpet, a new set of chairs, and a new sofa, indeed everything that John,

in the simplicity of his heart, thought the room required. But I was not altogether satisfied yet, for to me a dining-room is not much more than half furnished unless it has a handsome sideboard. So the question now was, how was I to get a sideboard? I dared not propose to John to purchase such a piece of furniture, for I knew the price of it would fairly startle him; so I had to scheme for it after my own fashion. It was about a fortnight after we were settled in our new house when I chanced to be in a cabinet warehouse that was in our immediate neighborhood. I was buying various little articles when the proprietor showed me a splendid sideboard that he had on hand. Said I, in a joking way—

"I wish you wanted to make me a present of that. I have a corner where it would fit in, nicely."

"Just you say the word," said he, "and up it goes, this very minute."

"And what would our John say?" said I.

"Oh," said he, "I leave you to settle that part."

"You don't know him as well as I do," I replied, "or you would know he is not so easy to manage, if you take him in that way. But," I added, "I'll tell you a thought that strikes me. If you were to ask me as a very great favor—as your store is so crowded with furniture—to let the sideboard stand for a time in our dining-room, I would willingly grant the request. And then, if I can contrive any way to prevent our John from letting it go out again, I will do so."

No sooner said than done; the sideboard was sent.

When John came home to his tea, I told him what the man had asked, and as he was very obliging when we moved, I could not well refuse him. So I made John examine the sideboard. He said it was a very handsome piece of furniture, and if it were not for the expense he thought it would be a great ornament to the room. I replied that the expense kept me from even thinking of such a thing!

We were still standing admiring the sideboard when in came Mrs. McKinlay, one of my girlhood's acquaintances. She was a smart, clever girl, but rather saucy in her young days, and verging on to old maidishness, when she married a stupid noodle of a man at last. Not prospering in the world, she

has got a sharp tongue and a sour temper, and apt to be envious when another gets an article that is out of her own reach. So, as soon as she spied the sideboard, she fairly changed color, turning a kind of green; after the first glance, she never looked at it, sitting down with her back to it, till, after a hurried call, she went away. The first place she went to, after leaving us, she said that certain parties, whom she would not name, were fairly going to the mischief with extravagance. With their new sideboards, and what not, she could not see how things would end.

Well, Mrs. McKinlay was no sooner gone than in came Mrs. McIntyre, a gay little butterfly of a body, wonderfully taken up with finery, whether it belongs to herself or some one else. No sooner did she come in than she held up both hands.

"Oh, Mrs. Young," she cried, "what a beautiful sideboard!" And added, turning to our John, "It would be a long day before my husband would find it in his heart to buy me such a lovely present." Then turning to me she asked, "What was the price of it?"

So I told her twenty-five dollars; and our John winked at me, well pleased that I had not told her the whole story of how the sideboard came there, for he knew that, if we had told, the whole town would have heard that we were so fond of finery we had to borrow it.

When Mrs. McIntyre took her departure, I proposed to John to have a house warming to celebrate our moving. John agreed in a moment. I never saw him so ready for a merry-making. What the new sideboard had to do with this change, I cannot say, but John, as I said, agreed in a moment. So we sent out our invitation cards, which were all accepted, and when our friends called, everybody expressed their admiration of the new sideboard.

So the night of the party came, and I placed all my refreshments on top of the new piece of furniture. John had come home early to help me; so, when everything was arranged to his taste, there came a ring at the door, and a very neat note was handed in, sealed, and addressed to our John. He took the note, opened it, read it, looked very queer, and then handed it to me. So I took it, and, as if I had no idea of its contents, I read it aloud. It was a letter from the cabinet-maker to the effect that he had that day received what he thought a reasonable order for the sideboard, which offer he intended to accept, and asking

if it would be convenient to let him have the article immediately.

"What are we to do?" asked John.

"Indeed, I don't know," I said, "but if that sideboard goes out of this house to-night, we shall be the talk of the town. But, John," I added, "it is my opinion that you are just as well able to pay for the sideboard as this other man; perhaps better able, so if I were you I would send for the cabinet-maker, and see if you cannot make some arrangement."

John was quite agreeable, so down went the servant, and up came the cabinet-maker. I did all the talking, as if I had never spoken to the man on the subject before. When I told him all the circumstances, he said it was a very peculiar situation, a very peculiar situation indeed; and as the case stood he was willing to let our John keep the sideboard at prime cost, nineteen dollars. When John heard this—being fond of a bargain—he took out his pocket-book, paid the man the nineteen dollars, thanking him heartily. Now, you see, instead of realizing the fact that I had wheedled him out of nineteen dollars, our John is of opinion that his clever wife, by her eloquence, saved him six dollars in the purchase of his sideboard. We had a very pleasant party. One thing leads to another, especially one party to another.

It was about a fortnight after our party that we received an invitation from Mrs. M. Arthur, a very stylish person, who had been at our party, to attend a gathering at her house. I well knew that she intended to far outshine me, and conduct her party on a much grander scale. However, we accepted the invitation. I went to the store where we deal for drygoods, and was buying several little bits of finery to honor the occasion, when one of the salesmen showed me a magnificent dress pattern, of the richest silk I ever saw, a lovely shade of blue, with a golden vine brocaded through it. On the spur of the moment I said I would take one of them; so he cut it off for me, and I turned to come away, when the thought flashed over me: "What will our John say to such a piece of extravagance?" So back I went and asked to look at silk velvet for waistcoats—and a splendid assortment they showed me; so I selected the finest and handsomest piece in the whole store to make our John a waistcoat.

When I got home, I put my gown away in a drawer locked up, and laid John's waistcoat

on the table; so when John came home I showed him what I had bought for him. He said it was nonsense spending so much money on a waistcoat for him, he could just as well have worn his old one; but John was, like the rest of his sex, very easily consoled about the cost of finery to go on his own back! So when the night of the party came, John's waistcoat was ready; but not a whisper was spoken about my gown.

Just at the moment when John was all ready, a domestic trifle occurred sufficient to keep me at home a little longer; but John, being the very spirit of punctuality, I sent him off to pay his respects at the proper time, promising to follow as soon as possible. So away went John, feeling very comfortable in his new waistcoat.

Well, the party was just what I thought it would be—a wonderful display of vulgar finery—everybody trying to outshine her neighbor. There was nothing but satin and brocade, velvet and lace, with rings, chains, and bracelets in abundance. As our John looked on the surrounding splendor, he began to think that when his wife arrived in her antediluvian gown, she would look but shabby among these finely feathered birds. He looked at his new waistcoat with an uneasy conscience, wishing I had kept the price of it for a gown for myself. John was very uneasy, for he knew there was not a man present who could better afford to dress his wife well, if he wished it.

So at last I came, and John's heart leaped to his mouth; he had kept a seat in the corner for me, so that I might not be noticed. Now I had taken good care that my dress should not shame my ornaments, and every trimming, head-dress, gloves, and all corresponded with my new brocade; so when I walked in, in such handsome style, for I was, by all odds, the most superbly dressed woman in the room, and John saw me—he was not so stupid but he understood matters in a moment—his whole face beamed with delight.

"Hey, come here, wife," he said, softly; "you are not so young or so handsome as you have been, but you'll do yet; here's a seat for you;" so he slid into the corner himself, and gave me the most conspicuous seat in the room. I took the first opportunity to whisper to him:—

"I knew your taste, John, and didn't want to shame the new waistcoat."

John was delighted with my brocade, admired it hugely, said it was the handsomest gown he ever saw, and never once mentioned the price of it.

Well, the day after the party, John and I were discussing matters and things, and John was making me laugh with his quaint remarks about the party, for, with all his grave looks, John has a real droll tongue, and sees everything. John being in a good humor, I thought it a good time to broach a subject that I had been thinking of for some time. Our daughter, Mary Ann, was twelve years old, and had a decided taste for music; so I thought it was time we should be sending her to get a few lessons on the piano. I had never dared mention the matter to her father, for John was very much opposed to educating girls above their station.

So I thought now was my time; but as soon as I mentioned Mary Ann's name in connection with a piano, John turned his back on me, and said:—

"You are fairly going to the mischief with your extravagance between one thing and another," and then he began to grumble to himself about its being wiser for her to learn to wash a gown to her back, or scrub a floor, and so on; so I let him grumble his breath out.

About a fortnight later—thinking it was nonsense to be overruled in what was right by a foolish, headstrong man—I made arrangements for Mary Ann to take music lessons, telling her to keep the matter a secret from her father. She made great progress, for, as I said before, she had a decided talent and love for music.

About six months later, when our John was taking a walk with Mary Ann, they met a very stylish acquaintance of ours, Mr. Mouro, and to our own surprise we received an invitation to attend a party at his house—you see the Mouros move in a circle, or may be half a circle, above us; and John was particularly requested to bring Mary Ann, for a number of young persons were invited, and Miss Young's company would be very acceptable. Well, of course we went to the party—and a quiet, cozy one it was—no great display of finery, just a pleasant company of people, who conversed gravely, the principal entertainment being that the young ladies played on the piano, and the old folks listened and admired.

One young lady after another was called

upon to play, and I saw that it would soon be Mary Ann's turn. I glanced to see how her father was looking. He was very uncomfortable, evidently, getting red in the face, and unwilling to let me meet his eye. I knew he was thinking to himself: "If I had taken my wife's advice, my daughter would have been able to acquit herself like her neighbors."

At last Mrs. Mouro came to Mary Ann.

"Now, Miss Young," she said, "will you favor us?"

"I am afraid I cannot," said Mary Ann.

"Come," said I, "you monkey. I am sure, if you cannot, it is not your father's fault; he has spared no pains to have you taught. Go! Let us hear what you can do."

Our John looked as if he would have liked to swallow me at one mouthful. I never saw him so angry in his life. He looked as if he would have said:—

"Oh, my wife, have you fairly forgotten yourself to so affront me in such company?"

"Go, Mary Ann," said I, "and do your best."

As Mary Ann yielded obedience to me, her father tried to stop her. You see he thought she was going to make a fool of herself; thought she would be like the man who did not know whether he could write or not till he tried.

But Mary Ann rather astonished her father, for, before he knew where he was, she was seated at the piano, touching it in a style far surpassing the others, for she played beautifully. When she had played one or two tunes, she began to sing Sandy Rodger's favorite—

"My mither wad ha'e me well merrit,
My mither wad ha'e me well merrit!"

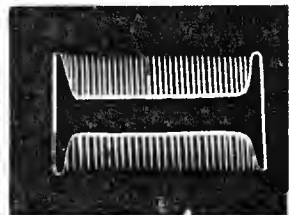
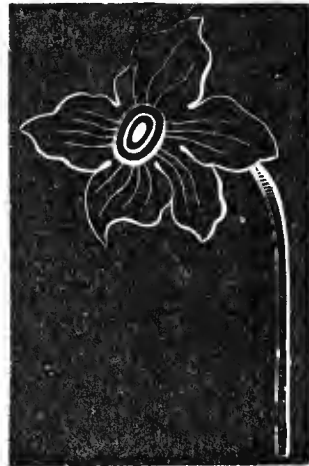
and our John looked at me as if he did not know whether he was asleep or awake.

He was so well pleased with his daughter's accomplishment that the very next day he not only called at the teacher's to pay the half year's bill, but he stopped at a warehouse and sent home one of the finest pianos I ever saw. What he paid I do not know, and it is my opinion that he is ashamed to tell.

Now you see these are small specimens of my generalship, and the beauty of my victories consists in the fact that they were won without any fighting, just by pure, ingenious, womanly strategy. I never saw a man yet who could not be managed, if it was done in the right way, that is, a sober man. Preserve

us all, you, me, or any other reader from having anything to do with man or woman that is not sober; for, when folks begin to like whiskey, it's my opinion that the devil himself undertakes the management of them, and it's rather difficult work to take a job out of his hands.

SLATE-PENCIL DRAWINGS.



THESE Slate-pencil drawings are from Fisher & Brother's very pretty Drawing-Books. Price 12½ cents a number.

NOVELTIES FOR FEBRUARY.

CAPS, NIGHT-DRESS, APRON, ETC. ETC.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 1. — Fancy breakfast-cap, to be made of muslin, and trimmed with embroidered ruffles and violet ribbons.

Fig. 2. — Fancy cap, made of muslin, with a high coronet front, formed of muslin ruffles. It is trimmed with white flowers and cherry ribbons.

This is one of the most effective and fashionable of the simple coiffures.

Fig. 3. — Dress for a little boy. The material is walnut-colored poplin, trimmed with imperial blue velvet. The back of the corsage is made the same as the front.

Fig. 4. — Fancy black silk apron, trimmed with bugle passementerie, and a Spanish pocket on the right side.

Fig. 5. — Short night-dress, made with a yoke both back and front, formed of tucks and rows of insertion. Three tucks and a row of insertion are carried down each side of the front. The collar is formed of insertion and a worked ruffle. The sleeves are gathered into a band sufficiently wide to pass the hand through, and finished with a worked ruffle.

THE MIRANDA COIFFURE.



COMPOSED of scarlet velvet twined with gold cord, and the ends fringed with gold fringe. A network formed of bands of velvet forms a *cache-peigne* for the chignon.

GEOMETRICAL OR HONEYCOMB NETTING.

(See engraving, page 123.)

Materials.—No. 2 cotton; a flat mesh a quarter of an inch wide.

This is adapted for sofa pillows, tidies, or for straining over the top of a bedstead.

1st row.—An even number of stitches, and net a plain row.

2d.—Net the 2d stitch first, and the 1st second, throughout the row.

3d.—Plain row.

4th.—Net 1st stitch, then 2d first, and 1st second, net a plain stitch at the end.

5th.—Plain row.

6th.—Same as 2d.

FANCY WORK-BAG.

(See engraving, page 123.)

THIS tasteful little affair is both novel, pretty, and convenient. The shoe is of bronze kid, neatly finished. The sole is detached, and forms a needle-book; the heel is a pincushion. The bag can be made of almost any bright-colored silk, such as scarlet, cerise, or blue. The acorns decorating the shoe are the wax and emory bag. The length of the shoe is about five inches, and patterns can be furnished if desired.

BABY'S KNITTED BIB.

Materials.—Two ounces of knitting cotton, No. 16; pins, No. 12.

CAST on 30 stitches; knit 6 plain rows.

1st row.—Bring the cotton forward; knit two together to the end of the row.

2d.—Plain knitting.

3d.—Purled.

4th.—Plain knitting.

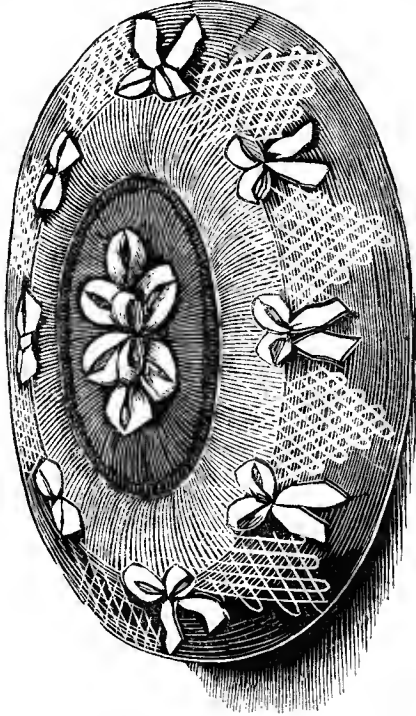
Repeat these four rows, increasing at the beginning and ending of every plain row, and you have 80 stitches.

Thread 30 stitches off from each end of the pin, on a coarse cotton, and cast off the 20 centre stitches. Take up the 30 stitches, and knit the same four rows, decreasing the centre side of every plain row; repeat this until you have but 8 stitches left; then knit 50 plain rows, cast off, and join it to the side of the bib; this forms the shoulder-strap. Take up the 30 stitches on the opposite side, and repeat this. Knit a piece of simple lace, and

sew all round the edge. Finish it with one and a half yard of ribbon, to tie it round the waist.

NETTED PINCUSHION.

THIS pincushion can be netted in various ways, so that, when intended for contributions



to fancy fairs, or even as presents to different friends, each can be arranged to produce a different appearance. In netting silk or Berlin wool of two shades, or in white and pink

cottons, or in white alone, laid over a cushion of pink, the effect is very pretty. To commence the netting for the top of the pincushion take a mesh three-quarters of an inch wide and net 40 loops; the mesh being large, it will not be necessary to use any foundation. Then take a mesh one-quarter of an inch wide and net 3 rows; resume the large mesh and net 3 loops on 1, and 1 on 1 alternately all round; this doubles the number of the loops; return to the small mesh and net 4 rows, then divide the number of loops into eight, and net eight points, leaving one loop between each point, and netting each row backwards and forwards, leaving one loop not netted at the end of each row until the point is no more than one loop. The commencement of each of these points is made by netting nine loops, leaving, as we have said, one loop between each of the divisions. If the netting silk or the Berlin wool is chosen, the under cover of the cushion may be a crimson silk under two shades of French blue, or the colors may be reversed. If the netted cover should be of cotton, No. 12 crochet will be the right size, the points being either in the white also, or in pink; but in this case the under cover may be in pink glazed calico. When the netted top has been completed, two rounds slightly larger than its centre, without the points, must be cut and made up with a mattress border two inches wide, being filled either with bran or wool, the last being, of course, much the best. This cushion is then to be covered with the silk or the glazed calico, whichever has been preferred; the netted cover laid on and fastened down with a strong thread passed through the centre of the cushion, drawn down and tied underneath, a rosette of colored ribbon being placed on the top over the stitches, and eight small bows of the same attached between each point all round the cushion.

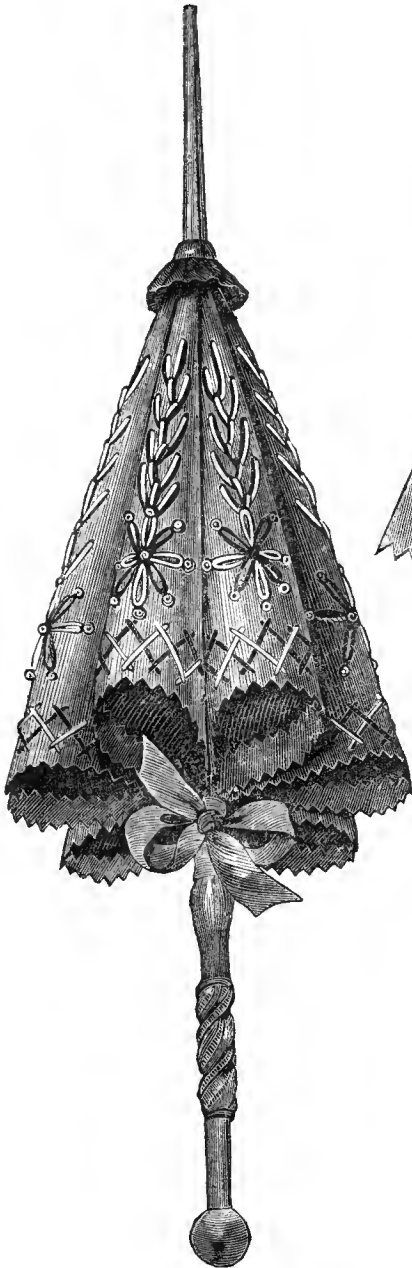
INITIALS FOR A PILLOW-CASE.



FANCY PEN-WIPER.

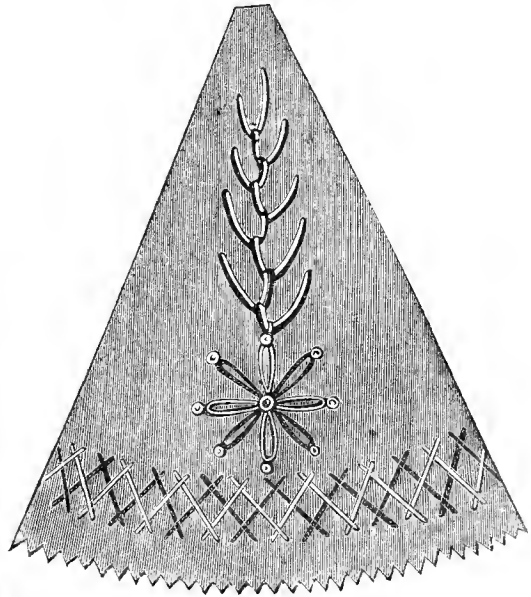
Six pieces of scarlet cloth, the size and

colored silk. The edges are pinked out. Duplicate pieces of black cloth, rather shorter, are laid inside the red cloth, and arranged



shape of pattern, and taken and embroidered in herring-bone stitch with black and gold-

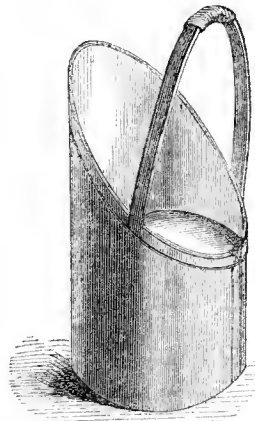
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round a fancy stick to imitate a parasol. This is a novel and pretty design, very easily made.

COAL-SCUTTLE EMERY BAG.

THIS pretty little novelty is made of black morocco; lined with cherry silk. The handle



is of black silk, with a piece of black morocco in the centre. The emery cushion is of cherry silk, and fills half of the coal-scuttle.

NETTED COVER FOR HORSES' EARS.

Materials.—If made in cotton use No. 2; or if silk be preferred, fine, flat braid is the most suitable. A large steel Netting Needle, and a Mesh which measures No. 10 Bell gauge.

THE HEAD-PIECE.

FILL the netting needle with the cotton or hraid, and commencing on a foundation of 30 stitches, net 20 rows backwards and forwards quite plain; then, to form an opening for the ear, net 15 of the stitches, that is, half a row; turn back, leaving the other half, and on these 15 stitches net 18 rows quite plain as before; then cut off the cotton. To form the other side, commence at the 30th row, so as to work on the 15 stitches left, and net 18 rows on it to correspond with the other side. Then

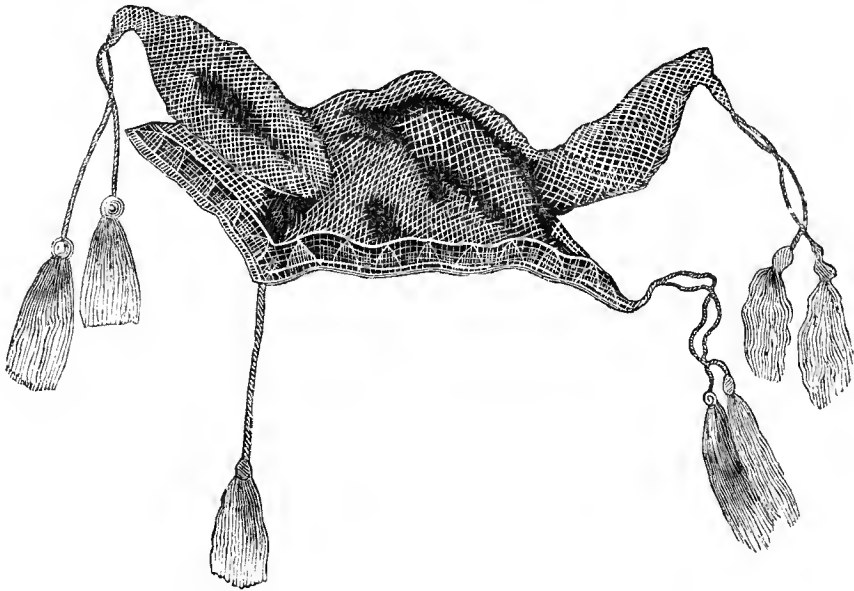
attach these two pieces together and net 3 rows plain; then 30 rows, decreasing a stitch at the end each time, to correspond with the other side.

To make the selvedge firm the cotton should be folded three times, and using a large steel crochet needle, work a row of single crochet round the head-piece, putting the needle into the threads which form the selvedge.

If preferred, the edge may be made strong by working it round in overcast or button-hole stitch.

THE EARS.—Commence by netting 33 stitches, and make it round by netting a stitch in the 1st stitch; then work 22 rounds plain, and decrease as follows:—

23d round.—(Net 2 stitches together as one



join these two pieces together by netting a row along the 15 stitches of each side, and on these 30 stitches net 3 rows plain. Then net 30 rows plain, but decreasing a stitch at the end of each row, by taking the last two stitches together and netting them as one stitch; this will reduce the whole of the stitches; cut off the cotton, as one side is now finished. Turn this piece of netting so as to work on the 1st row, running a foundation thread in the middle of the 30 rows. To form the opening for the other ear, net 15 stitches on the 30 stitches of the 1st row, turn back and net 18 rows plain; then net 18 rows on the other side;

stitch, and then net 9 plain alternately three times.)

24th.—(Net 2 together and then 8 plain 3 times.)

25th.—(Net 2 together and then 7 plain 3 times,) and continue working one stitch less between the decreases each row until all the stitches are reduced.

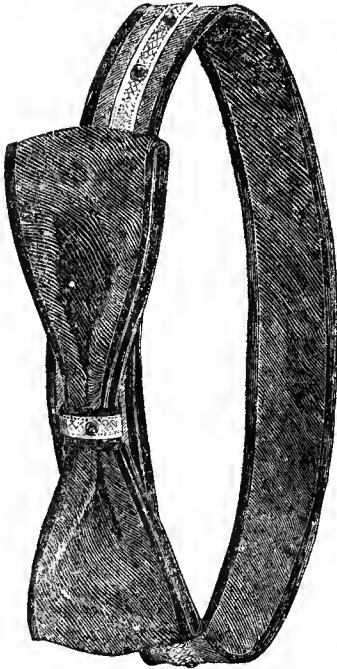
Work another ear the same, and sew them to the openings of the head-piece. Work a row of crochet, or overcast, round the joinings the same as the outside.

THE TASSELS.—Wind the cotton about 15 times round a card two inches wide; sew the

folds of cotton together to form the head of the tassel. For the Cord, double the cotton and make a chain, or plait it, for about 12 inches; attach a tassel at each end, and make four pair of tassels the same; then loop the centre of the cord into the point of each ear, and also at the narrowed points of the head-piece.

LADIES' GIRDLE.

It is made of black silk, and bound on each edge with scarlet velvet. Through the centre is a leather band, studded with steel knobs.



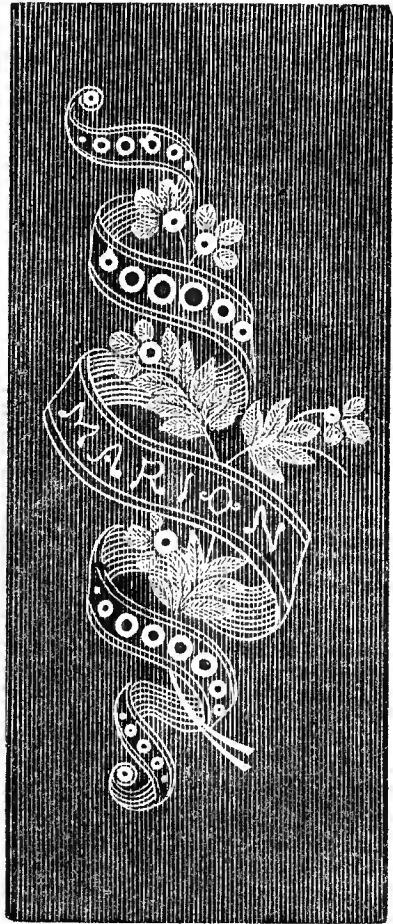
The bow is of black silk, bound with scarlet velvet.

CORNER FOR A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.

Materials.—No. 30 cotton.

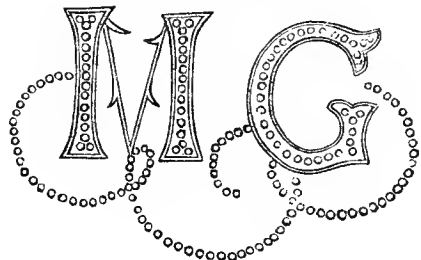
The outline of the scroll must be run very neatly with the cotton, then sewed over thickly. The lined marks must be runned and sewed over in the same way. The eyelet holes worked very finely and thickly. The flowers and leaves are in satin stitch, veining

the leaves by working half the leaf first. The name, or any other, may be written in marking ink, or may be finely stitched.

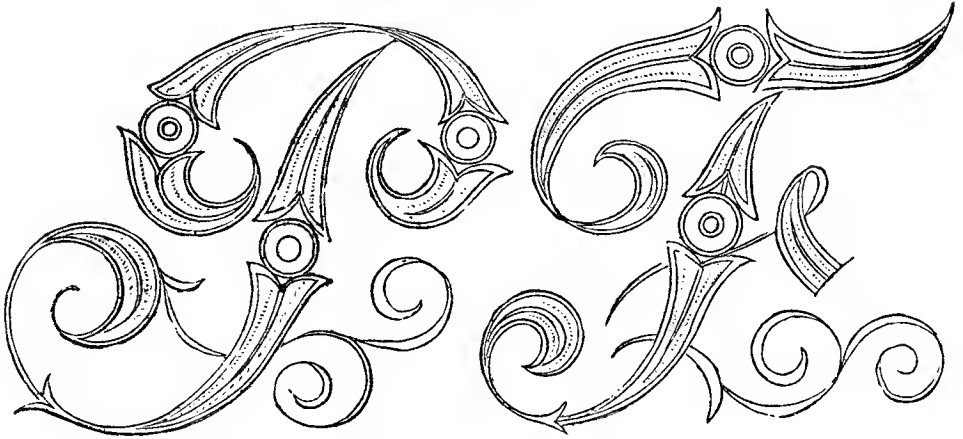


The flowers may be omitted, if considered too much work.

LETTERS FOR MARKING.



INITIAL LETTERS FOR MARKING PILLOW-CASES.



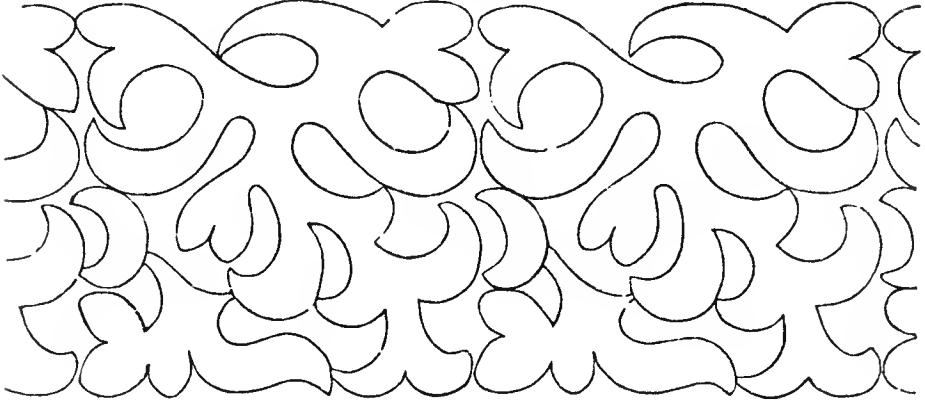
THE LADIES' FRIEND.



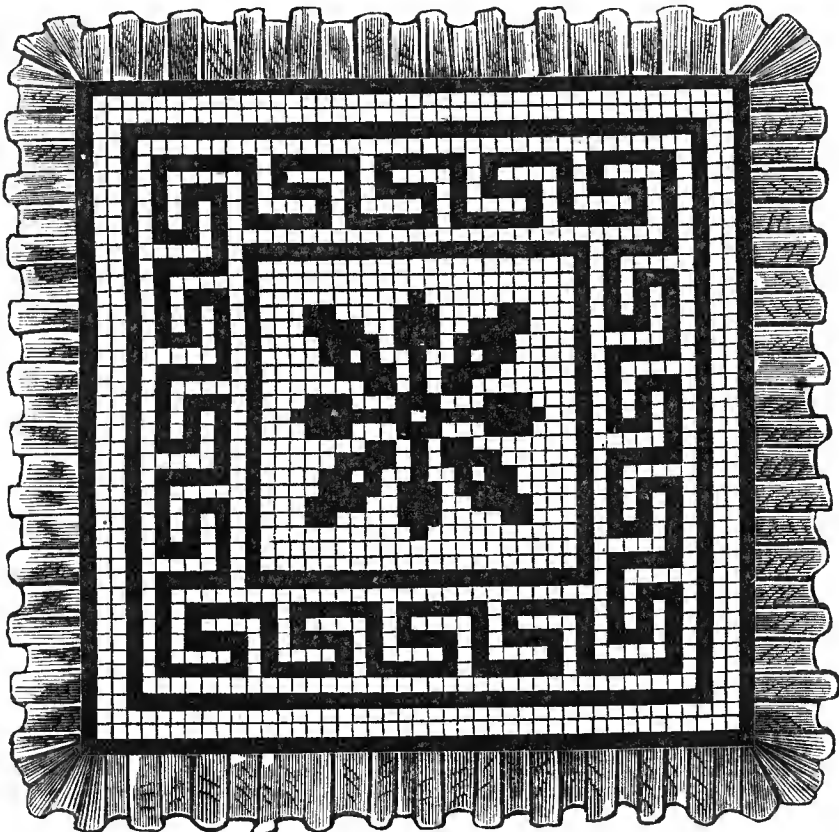
THE skirt of the dress is stuffed firm to answer the purpose of a pincushion. In the ends of the sash are pockets for thimbles,

bodkin, scissors, etc. A roll or spool of cotton is fastened to her back, and the basket on her head is for buttons, etc.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



DESIGN FOR A NETTED TIDY, CAKE D'OYLEY, OR MAT.



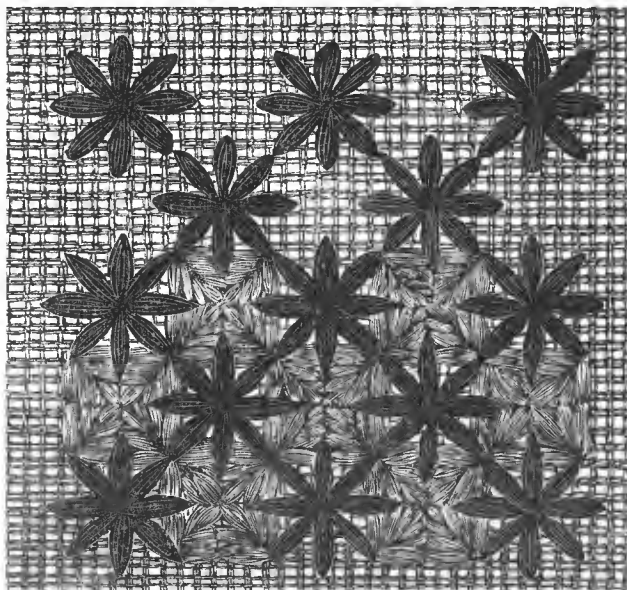
THE size is varied by using fine or coarser cotton, and a large or small mesh. The figures are to be darned in, and it can be trimmed

with a fluted ruffle. A fringe of cotton tied in would, however, be much more serviceable.

A NEW STITCH IN BERLIN WORK, FOR MATS, CUSHIONS, ETC.

Our engraving represents the canvas in its original size. It is worked over in a sort of

lighter shade; each of the sections of these lighter stars consists of four slanting stitches for each side—in all, eight stitches for the whole section, the intervals being filled up with dark green wool. Worked on very fine



satin stitch in filoselle or wool. The darker stars consist of four stitches taken on the cross, in green wool of a middle shade; the lighter stars, placed between the sections of the others, are worked with green wool of a

canvas, this pattern can be used for slippers, travelling-bags, etc. On middle-sized canvas, it will serve for footstools, cushions, etc. Lastly, thick canvas should be chosen if a mat or rug is to be worked.

NAME FOR MARKING.

Louise

EMBROIDERY.



Receipts, &c.

HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES.

The first rule of marketing is to purchase from respectable tradespeople, who have to support the character of their business. The second rule is, not to purchase inferior articles under the idea of being economical. A bargain is seldom a prize; and this is especially the case with regard to butchers' meat. The best meat, and the prime parts, are unquestionably the cheapest in the end, although the first cost may be the greatest. In coarse and inferior joints there is always too great a proportion of gristle, bone, and hard meat, to render them truly economic. Trust only to yourself in marketing.

House-cleaning.—When you wash paint, do not use soft soap and warm water, for that will take off the paint as well as the dirt. Always put down some fine clean straw under the carpet, and lay it smooth and level. Carpets may be cleaned by pounding them in soapsuds, and washing the soap well out of them. The suds must be very strong and cold. This is done by cutting down the hard soap and dissolving it in warm water. Bedsteads should receive a complete scrubbing with soap and water, and should not be put up until perfectly dry. Always commence cleaning at the top of the house, and descend by steady and regular stages. Some people clean their houses with quietness; others make a great noise but do no more work. The grand rule for facilitating work is system. Arrange all the work to be done, and how it is to be done, before commencing. Bedsteads may be freed from vermin by brushing them over in the cracks with a mixture formed of one ounce of corrosive sublimate, dissolved in half a pint of oil of turpentine, and the same quantity of any spirit, such as strong gin or whisky; this effectually prevents their harboring. When first applied, it possesses a disagreeable odor from the turpentine. Great care must be taken of it, as it is excessively poisonous, although, from its disagreeable smell, it is not likely to be swallowed accidentally. Constant and unremitting cleanliness is the best means of getting rid of these pests.

Pickling.—Do not keep pickles in common earthenware, as the glazing contains lead, and combines with the vinegar. Vinegar for pickling should be sharp, though not the sharpest kind, as it injures the pickles. If you use copper, bell-metal, or brass vessels for pickling, never allow the vinegar to cool in them, as it is then poisonous. Add a teaspoonful of alum, and a tencup of salt to each three gallons of vinegar, and tie up a bag with pepper, ginger-root, spices of all the different sorts in it, and you have vinegar prepared for any kind of pickling. Keep pickles only in wood or stoneware. Anything that has held grease will spoil them. Stir them occasionally, and if there are soft ones, take them out and scald the vinegar, and pour it hot over the pickles. Keep enough vinegar to cover them well; if it is weak, take fresh vinegar and pour on hot. Do not boil vinegar or spice above five minutes.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

LAMB DRESSED WITH RICE.—Half roast a small fore-quarter, cut it into steaks; season them with a little salt and pepper, lay them into a dish, and pour in a little water. Boil a pound of rice with a blade or two of mace; strain it, and stir in a good piece of fresh butter and a little salt, add also the greater part of the yolk of four eggs

beaten; cover the lamb with the rice, and with a feather put over it the remainder of the beaten eggs. Bake it in an oven till it has acquired a light brown color.

LEG OF LAMB.—A leg of lamb of four pounds' weight will take about an hour and a quarter; if five pounds, nearly one hour and a half; a shoulder of four pounds will be roasted in an hour, or a very few minutes over.

TO ROAST A SHOULDER OF MUTTON.—Flour it well, and baste it constantly with its own dripping; do not place it close enough to the fire for the fat to be in the slightest degree burned, or even too deeply browned. An hour and a half will roast it, if it be of moderate size. Stewed onions are often sent to table with it. A shoulder of mutton is sometimes boiled, and smothered with onion sauce.

VEAL FORCEMEAT.—Mix a pound of scraped veal with half the quantity of fat bacon, in a mortar, adding the crumbs of a stale roll, half a teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg and mace, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and pepper and salt. Mix this well together with two well beaten eggs.

CALF'S KIDNEY.—Chop the kidney and some of the fat, season it with pepper and salt, and make it, with egg and bread crumbs, into balls, which fry in lard or butter; drain upon a sieve, and serve with fried parsley. Or, the lean of cold veal may be substituted for the kidney.

FRESH BEEF TONGUE.—Take a green tongue, stick it with cloves, and boil it gently for three hours; then brush it over with the yolk of an egg, dredge it well with bread crumbs, and roast it, basting it well with butter. When dished, serve it with a little brown gravy flavored with a glass of wine, and lay slices of currant jelly round it. A pickled tongue, well washed, may be dressed in the same way.

BEEFSTEAK AND OYSTER PIE.—Prepare the steaks by beating them gently with a rolling-pin; season with pepper, salt, and a little shallot minced very fine, and put them in the pie in alternate layers with oysters. Stew the liquor and beards of the oysters with a blade of mace and a teaspoonful of walnut catsup. Strain it and pour it in the pie, when it is baked. A small pie may be baked in two hours.

Veal may be used instead of beef.

TO BOIL PARSNEPS.—Parsneps are cooked as carrots, but they do not require so much boiling, and are sometimes served differently, being mashed with some butter, a little cream or milk, and seasoned with pepper and salt.

Parsneps are also excellent fried.

EGGS AND SPINACH.—Boil and mince the spinach, and serve upon it the eggs, poached; or, stew spinach, or sorrel, and place the poached eggs round the dish, with pieces of fresh bread between them.

MEAT PIE WITH POTATO CRUST.—Cut beef or mutton into large pieces, and season them with pepper, salt, and a finely shred onion; boil and mash potatoes with milk, so as to form the crust, with which line a buttered dish; then put in the meat with a tencupful of water, lay the crust thickly over the meat, and bake about an hour and a half.

COLD BEEFSTEAK PIE.—Cover a shallow dish with paste, and spread on it the steak in one layer, well seasoned; cover with paste, glaze, and bake. This pie is mostly eaten cold, for luncheon, or supper, the steak and the crust being cut together, sandwich fashion.

FISH CAKE.—Cut the meat from the bones, put them, the head and fins, over the fire to stew for gravy, with a pint of water, and onion, herbs, pepper, and salt. Mince

the meat, put to it one-third part of crumbs of bread, a little minced onion, parsley, pepper, salt, and a very small bit of mace; mix well, and make it into a cake with white of egg and a little melted butter; cover it with raspings, and fry it a pale brown, keeping a plate on the top while doing. Then lay it in a stewpan, with the fish gravy, and stew it gently fifteen minutes; turn it twice, but with great care not to break it; cover it closely while stewing.

Cake of dressed meat, done in the same way, is remarkably good.

To BROIL SHAD.—This delicate and delicious dish is excellent broiled. Clean, wash, and split the shad, wipe it dry and sprinkle it with pepper and salt; broil it like mackerel.

To FRY SHAD.—Clean the fish, cut off the head, and split it down the back; save the roe and eggs when taking out the entrails. Cut the fish in pieces about three inches wide, rinse each in cold water, and dry on a cloth; use wheat flour to rub each piece. Have ready hot salted lard and lay in the fish, inside down, and fry till of a fine brown, then turn and fry the other side. Fry the roe and egg with the fish.

CUPPED EGGS.—Put a spoonful of very nice high-seasoned brown gravy into each cup; set the cups in a saucepan of boiling water, and, when the gravy heats, drop a fresh egg into each cup; take off the saucepan, and cover it close till the eggs are nicely and tenderly cooked; dredge them with very fine mace, or nutmeg and salt. Serve them in a hot-water plate covered with a napkin.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

CROQUETTES OF RICE.—Put seven ounces of rice in a clean saucepan with a quart of milk; let it swell gently by the side of the fire, and stir it often to prevent it from burning. When it is half cooked, stir in five ounces of pounded sugar, a few pounded almonds, and a flavoring of orange-flower water. Simmer all these ingredients until the rice is soft and dry; put it on a flat dish to cool, then roll it into small balls, and with your thumb make a hole in the centre of each ball and fill it with any kind of preserve; close it up, and dip it in egg and bread-crumbs; fry them in butter a light brown color; drain them before the fire on a reversed hair-sieve, covered with a soft, clean cloth. Pile them on a dish in pyramidal form.

GINGERBREAD FOR DELICATE PEOPLE.—One pound of oatmeal, one-half of a pound of flour, one-half of a pound of butter, one-half a pound of sugar (moist), one-half pound treacle. The three last-named ingredients must be put in a pan and left to boil a few minutes, taking care they do not burn; pour the mixture over the flour and meal, and mix very well together, adding a good quantity of ginger. It is the best plan not to bake it until the following day, as it gives the meal time to swell. Roll it out the thickness of your finger, and cut in lengths, and bake in a slow oven. It must be kept in a tin box. The unbleached ginger is best and the most economical.

SNOWDON PUDDING.—One-half pound beefsuet shred very fine and small, one-half of a pound of brown sugar, one-half of a pound of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade, three eggs, raisins round the mould. To be boiled three hours; wine sauce.

CORN GRIDDLE CAKES.—Almost every one is interested now in knowing how to make corn cakes most palatable, since so much more of it will be used in these straitened times. The following is said to be an excellent receipt:

Scald at night half the quantity of meal you are going to use, mix the other with cold water, having it the consistency of thick batter; add a little salt and set it to rise; it will need no yeast. In the morning the cakes will be light and crisp.

SHORTBREAD.—One pound of common flour, one pound of fresh butter, one-half of a pound of rice flour; one-half of a pound of loaf sugar; beat the butter slightly, then add the sugar, and beat that well, rice and flour last; make it into one or two round cakes nearly an inch thick, pinch the edges, and if you like, ornament with comfits or slices of citron. Bake in a very slow oven, and then dust a little finely sifted sugar over. Instead of the entire pound of flour, a good part of oatmeal, sifted through a fine sieve or piece of muslin, is sometimes put in instead, as it is considered more wholesome for delicate people.

LEMON PRESERVE.—Cut the rind of the lemons as thick as you can without cutting the pulp; put the fruit in cold water, and boil it in three different waters until quite soft. Make a syrup of refined sugar, and put three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each lemon. Boil the syrup, and then put the lemons into it, and boil them sometime. Put them all into a basin, and turn them every day for four or five days. Then boil the syrup again, and put the lemons into separate pots, with enough syrup to cover them.

APPLE MARMALADE.—Take any kind of sour apples, pare and core them, cut them in small pieces, and to every pound of apples put three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Put them in a preserving pan and boil them over a slow fire until they are reduced to a fine pulp. Then put them in jelly jars and keep them in a cool place.

ROCK CREAM.—This will be found a very ornamental as well as a delicious dish for a supper-table. Boil a teacupful of the best rice till quite soft in new milk, sweeten it with powdered loaf sugar, and pile it up on a dish. Lay on it in different places square lumps of either currant jelly or preserved fruit of any kind; heat up the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, with a little powdered sugar, and flavor with either orange-flower water or vanilla. Add to this, when beaten very stiff, about a tablespoonful of rich cream, and drop it over the rice, giving it the form of a rock of snow.

ORGEAT.—Pound three-quarters of a pound of common almonds, and thirty bitter almonds blanched; mix them with five pints of skimmed milk; boil one pint of water with half a pound of sugar and a large piece of cinnamon; let it remain until it be cold, and then mix it with the milk. Strain the whole through a sieve, add a spoonful of brandy and one of rose-water.

BREAD JELLY.—Cut off the top of a twopenny loaf, then cut the remaining part into thin slices, and toast them a pale brown very hard; put the bread thus toasted into nearly three pints of water, and let it boil very gently until you find it congeal, which you will know by putting a little of the water in a spoon, then strain it very carefully without breaking the toast, or the jelly will be thick; sweeten it to your taste. This jelly is of so innocent a nature that it never disagrees, and is at the same time so great a strengthener that one spoonful will more than answer triple the quantity of any other sort.

LEMON TEA CAKES.—Rub half a pound of butter into a pound of flour; add half a pound of finely-sifted sugar, grate the rind of two lemons and squeeze in the juice of one, and two eggs. Mix all well together, roll out the paste, cut into shapes and bake in a slow oven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF MAHOGANY.—Spirits of salts, six parts, salt of lemon, one part. Mix them, and drop a little on the stains till they disappear.

FURNITURE VARNISH.—White wax, fifteen ounces, yellow resin, one ounce powdered, spirits of turpentine, one quart. Digest until dissolved. Lay it on with a brush or clean cloth, and well polish with a clean piece of woollen.

TO PRESERVE FURS.—Wrap some cloves or peppercorns with them, and keep in a dry place.

GREASE-STAINS IN SILK.—A sure and safe way to remove grease-stains from silks is to rub the spot quickly with brown paper; the friction will soon draw out the grease.

Another way.—Lay the silk upon a table with an ironing-blanket under it, the right side of the silk downwards; put a piece of brown paper on the top, and apply a flat iron just hot enough to scorch the paper. I have found this receipt more efficacious than any scouring drops ever compounded.

CREAP INVALUABLE DENTIFRICE.—Dissolve half a small teaspoonful of fine powdered borax in half a pint of tepid water, add to it six or eight drops of tincture of myrrh. This will always preserve the gums and teeth in a clean and healthy state.

FOR CLEANING MAHOGANY.—Take one pint of the under-mentioned furniture oil, mix with it one-half pint of spirit of turpentine, and one-half pint of vinegar; wet a woollen rag with the liquid, and rub the wood the way of the grain, then polish with a piece of flannel and soft cloth.

FURNITURE OIL.—Take a pint of linseed oil, one-half ounce of gum Arabic in lumps, two drachms of alkanet root, and one ounce of shell-lac varnish. Put all these into a bottle, stand by the fire for a week, and strain. Add a sufficient quantity of elbow grease.

HARD SOAP OR SOFT.—Take good soft soap, any quantity you choose, bring it to a boiling heat, then add salt gradually, stirring it constantly till you observe it separate, something like curds and whey; then let it cool, and you can cut into bars and take out, leaving the lye in the kettle. To purify it further, put the soap again into the kettle, and add an equal quantity of water, and for every five pounds of soap one-fourth pound of rosin; make it boil, and again add salt as before. When cold, cut it into bars and lay it up to dry.

TOILET SOAP.—One and one-fourth gallon clear water, five pounds of opodeldoc soap, one-quarter of a pound of sal soda, two tablespoonfuls alcohol, two tablespoonfuls of ammonia, one tablespoonful of turpentine, one tablespoonful of camphene, do powdered borax. Shave the soap fine, then boil all together until dissolved. If, after it is cold, you find it is not hard enough, melt again. Make it any form you please. Color with Chinese vermilion. The mode of scenting depends upon your own judgment, as in cooking. I like sassafras.

PREMIUM CORN BREAD.—Scald a pint of Indian meal, add to it a pint of sponge, half a teacup molasses, small teaspoon saleratus, stir in flour with a spoon until quite stiff, put in pan, let it rise, and bake it one hour.

CAUTIONS AGAINST THE SKIN OF RAISINS.—It has been noticed that several children have died from convulsions produced by eating the skins of raisins. Dr. Dewees, of Boston, mentions the deaths of three children from this cause, and remarks that there is no stomach, unless it be that of the ostrich, that can master the skin of the raisin.

HINTS ON MAKING GUM.—Procure two ounces of the best gum Arabic at the chemist's. Take one moderately-sized lump of white sugar, and crush them both together until reduced to a fine powder. Dilute it in eight tablespoonfuls of cold water for four-and-twenty hours, one ounce to four tablespoonfuls. When strained it is fit for use.

HOW TO MAKE GLUE SO AS TO BE WEATHER-PROOF.—After soaking the glue for twenty-four hours in water until reduced to a stiff jelly, pour on a dessert-spoonful of dry linseed oil, and mix well with the jelly before boiling. It will then be impervious to damp; and woodwork, if previously mended with the above, will remain sound throughout the winter.

TO PREVENT THE EDGES OF NAILS FROM GROWING INTO THE QUICK.—On the first indication of the nail penetrating the quick, it may be prevented, if early attended to, by bathing the feet in warm water, and gradually raising up that part which seems disposed to enter the quick, and introducing a piece of lint under it. The nail will then take a different direction, and the evil will be remedied. In the adult nails, which take this disposition, the centre of the nail is to be scraped longitudinally, nearly down to the quick. The foot is then to be placed in warm water, and the penetrating parts raised out, which will now be the more easily effected in consequence of being scraped. This being done, pieces of lint are to be introduced and retained there until the edge of the nail is diverted into its proper course.

TREATMENT OF SPRAINS.—Give the part rest; apply warm fomentations. If inflammation set in, or a large joint be affected, put on leeches and cooling applications, which may be removed at intervals if necessary. When the inflammation subsides, use friction and stimulating liniments; bandage with flannel. If very severe, apply blisters, or poultices made of bread and vinegar and water.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

DEAR SIR: I inclose a few receipts which I have long tested, but have never found in any cook-book which I have seen; if agreeable, you are welcome to them. Some of your many lady friends may fancy them.

TO DRESS CELERY.—Beat up well one yolk of egg; add two tablespoonfuls of cream, one of white sugar, three of vinegar, a teaspoonful of olive oil, one of made mustard, and a pinch of salt. Cut the celery into bits, and add the rest.

SPONGE CAKE.—Nine eggs, their weight in sugar, the weight of five in flour, and the juice and peel of a lemon.

LADY CAKE.—A pound of sugar, one of flour, a half pound of butter, the whites of sixteen eggs. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream, add a little of each of the eggs and flour alternately.

GREEN APPLE PIES.—Grate raw six good apples, add a cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, four eggs, a little lemon-juice, two tablespoonfuls of brandy, a few dried currants, and a little spice. Line plates with a paste, fill and bake without an upper crust.

ANOTHER subscriber sends us the following:—

TO CLEAN A BLACK SILK DRESS.—Take one quart of soft water and put into it an old kid glove, and boil it down to one pint; then take a sponge, or soft piece of flannel, and sponge it over; then iron it on the wrong side while it is damp. It will look bright and new, and will be quite stiff. For light-colored silk take a white glove.

Editors' Table.

HOW TO MAKE HAPPY HOMES.

Moderate praise, used with opportunity, and not vulgar, is that which doeth good.—**LORD BACON.**

THE countless favors and warm expressions of approval, coming daily from our friends, remind us of this apothegm of the wisest of English philosophers. In all, save the first clause—"moderate praise"—the parallel is complete. Not an "opportunity" is allowed to pass; even short business letters bring us such delicate compliments, such hearty encouragements that our hearts must be harder than granite and colder than ice if we were not incited to the wish and effort of doing good, more and higher good, to our readers, while receiving such good reports of the estimation in which our magazine is held. As we have not room at present to give selections from these letters, we will, briefly, reply to a few suggestions which comprise the most important topics of inquiry or commendation.

In preparing the Lady's Book, we aim to do good by promoting innocent enjoyment and cheerful improvement. Both of these objects, we think, belong to the economy of God's providence in this world, therefore should be studied and practised in our daily life. Our heavenly Father made the earth to blossom with beauty and fruitfulness; the air to be pure with life and sweet with fragrance; the birds in bright plumage to sing their songs of joy; the streams to murmur their soft cadences of delight in motion; while the great deep sounds the solemn, yet cheering anthem of perpetual strength in duty, as it ebbs and flows in constant obedience to the laws of God. And all God's laws for our world were intended to promote human happiness in accordance with goodness.

This, then, is our aim: to diffuse and make popular the simple but efficient lessons of home happiness and goodness. Much is in the power of the mothers and wives of our land to make happy families, and thus insure a happy nation.

We also furnish literature for thought and reflection, leading the mind to inquire into the highest truths, to develop its powers of reasoning, and strengthen its faith in the good. There are, however, but few minds that can sustain, unweariedly, the instruction given in essays purely ethical or spiritual. The heart craves flowers of fancy; the affections require sympathy.

In leading our young readers to the consideration of important lessons, through the medium of well-written fiction and beautiful illustrations, we find that we are effecting much good. In our widely extended country many families, living far from city advantages, must, and indeed should cultivate their own energies to the utmost in order to obtain the everyday requirements that divide savage life from Christian civilization. Our ingenious illustrations, useful receipts, and clear descriptions will greatly aid all these struggles for improvement.

Young ladies, in the most remote localities of the great West, may, by the aid of the Lady's Book, cut and make their own dresses, and those for children, with that taste and economy which are desirable and beautiful. They may embellish their homes by the little fancy works and

cheap modes we teach; and recruit and delight hard-working fathers and brothers by wholesome and savory dishes from our receipts. These are not "unconsidered trifles;" but *arts* that, elevating human feelings above animal instincts, make men and women better and families happier.

The human being is a compound of body and spirit; the former must be wisely nurtured as the preliminary for improving the latter. A family who live in a house kept neatly in order, and sit down to a pleasant table, surrounded by objects of taste and beauty (even wild flowers and the work of woman's ingenuity will beautify a home), with a shelf of books where the BIBLE holds pre-eminence—such a family may dwell in a wilderness; still their thoughts and feelings will be trained to associate with the highest in the land, and they will be ready, when opportunity offers, to follow paths that lead to noble aims, and show worthy examples of success.

AN EXAMPLE OF FEMININE HANDIWORK.

THE interests of feminine handiwork carry us to every portion of the world; for where is it not the medium of providing those home comforts which are, in reality, home blessings? If we travel into regions of Arctic gloom, passing over bleak and barren ocean tracts, and pause for a little season on that dreary land of ice, truth-christened Iceland, we shall find this fact established.

Let us think for a moment of that majestic desert of 33,000 square miles of frozen mountains, and hope-deserted valleys filled with volcanic ashes, where the desolateness of nature is so adverse to human existence as to suffer but a scanty population to break the stillness of its dreary solitudes. Here, in dwellings composed of wood and lava, divinely mortal beings fulfil their destiny: they are born and die, spending the intermediate term in that labor which is appointed as life's best blessing, whether in a balmy or a barren land. Industry makes its own home, and in a population of 60,000 persons, inhabiting about one-eighth of the island—all, in fact, that is found sufferable for human occupation—the presence of woman, active in those duties which are hers by the appointment of nature, brings peace as the fulfilment of her mission.

Under the frown of those sterile mountains the wife and mother can still smile, and her smile can sweeten life. She can labor, and her handiwork provides comforts where else the interior of those dwellings would be as dreary as the mountains which overhang them, whose gloomy shadows might well darken the spirits of those whose daily course of life is spent under their influence. Carding and spinning wool, and thus preparing it for the production of those useful articles so necessary for the security of comfort and even of vitality, fill up the hours that might indeed otherwise be long and weary. After this is done, the materials thus prepared are knitted by the women into gloves and stockings, and woven into the rough frieze and flannel out of which those garments are made which best defend their families from the severities of their native climate.

But this is not all. When the industrious hands have thus done their part towards the clothing of the Icelandic community, untiring energy demands that it should do something more towards providing them with foreign comforts. It furnishes goods for exportation; and among them we are proud to find that it is at present annually supplying 500,000 pairs of stockings and mittens for the European market. These bring their returns of soap, and sugar, and coffee, and various other articles, coming like the overflows of blessings from more favored lands, where sunshine spreads fertility, and the earth yields up her produce under the smile of Heaven. Such is the influence of woman's industry. In fact, the more we are led to inquire into the spread of its usefulness, the more we are entitled to rejoice with wonder at its power as a means of disseminating benefits and blessings.

YASSAR COLLEGE.*

THE NEW PLAN OF ORGANIZATION EXAMINED; ONLY "ONE DEFECT;" AND THIS MAY BE EASILY AMENDED.

THE general plan proposed with regard to the studies in Vassar College, though, in some respects, novel in this country, appears to be highly judicious. It may be styled the "university system," as distinguished from the ordinary American college system. Instead of a prescribed course of studies, extending over four years, which every pupil must go through in some manner, ill or well, with the certainty of receiving a degree at the end of it, the university system divides the various branches of learning, which are brought into a certain number of apartments or "schools," and on obtaining from the instructors the proper testimonials of proficiency in a prescribed number of these schools, the degree is secured, even if only one year is occupied in acquiring this proficiency.

It is proposed that in Vassar College there shall be nine of these schools, which are thus classed: 1. Of Christian Ethics; 2. Mental Philosophy, Æsthetics, and Normal Instruction; 3. Languages; 4. Mathematics and the Physical Sciences; 5. Chemistry and Mineralogy; 6. Natural History; 7. The English Language and Literature, Rhetoric, and History; 8. Music, Vocal and Instrumental; and 9. Drawing and Painting.

When a young lady has obtained "testimonials" of having passed with success all the examinations in four of these schools, together with a certain number of certificates of proficiency (that is, of successful examination) in three of the other schools, she will be entitled to a degree, and to a diploma under the college seal. To extend the usefulness of the institution as widely as possible, it is further proposed that "when circumstances forbid the thought of full graduation, the young lady may enter any one school, or more, that she prefers, and may leave at the end of her first year (none should be admitted for less than one scholastic year), carrying with her the certificates of proficiency and the testimonials which prove that she has mastered the studies in which she was engaged."

One may enter the School of Music or of Painting, and no other, if she desires; or she may engage in the study of some one or more of the languages, and do nothing else, if it is her wish. Or a young lady who is already very well educated may desire to avail herself of the learned lectures, the splendid apparatus and museums of the College, and so she enters the Schools of Natural History and of the Physical Sciences alone. Another may be a graduate of a Ladies' Seminary, but she aspires to the honor of a diploma from Vassar College. So she presents herself for examination, and, passing successfully through the several schools, receives her degree after one year's residence.

All these arrangements seem to be admirably devised to render the institution generally beneficial. The proposed "university system" is evidently on many accounts preferable, for a young ladies' college, to the ordinary plan of a four years' course. The latter may be useful in the case of young men, who usually have to fill up a definite time between the age of leaving school and that of entering upon their professional studies; but as no such necessity exists for young women, a different system can be adopted in their case with great advantage.

We are glad to see that, while the most useful modern languages are to be taught, the classical tongues are not omitted. Not to speak of the unrivalled literature, both sacred and secular, which they open to the student, it must be borne in mind that the teaching of language is made by nature the especial province of woman; and so large a proportion of our own tongue is derived from those of Greece and Rome, that no one who is ignorant of these can be thoroughly qualified to be an instructor in English.

In the whole scheme of organization we remark only one defect; but that is of such a serious nature, that we hope to see it amended before the plan is finally adopted. It would seem that not only the President, but all the Professors are to be men. The only women for whom offices are proposed are some "assistant teachers," who are "to give instruction in the junior classes, under the supervision of the Professors," and a Nurse, a Housekeeper, and Maroon. It is impossible to understand the ground of

this disparaging exclusion. It will hardly be affirmed that women cannot be found possessing the capacity for government, or the intellectual acquirements needed for the highest position in such an institution.

To satisfy ourselves on this point, there is no necessity for going back to Biblical or classical examples. We need not refer to Deborah, the prophetess and "mother in Israel," whom the twelve tribes raised to their Judge, and under whose wise and vigorous rule "the land had rest forty years;" nor to Hypatia, illustrious both by her talents and her virtues, who succeeded her father in the government of the famous Alexandrian school of Philosophy, and filled the office with the greatest success and with the universal esteem of the learned men of her day. Neither can it be necessary to dwell upon the fact that in more modern times—as President Jewett himself remarks in the Report of his Tour in Europe—"Italy could once boast of some of the chairs of her universities ably filled by accomplished women;" that in the last century, for instance, the senate of Bologna selected Laura Bassi, eminent for her attainments in Natural Philosophy, to give public lectures in their celebrated university; and that, about the same time, Maria Agnesi (who died so recently as in 1799) succeeded her father as professor of mathematics in the same university.

We have no desire that women should occupy political offices, or should be professors in colleges for young men. But it is peculiarly proper that woman should be the teacher and guardian of her own sex. The different qualities of mind and character in the two sexes render this imperative. Nature enforces this law in giving the mother the training and tuition of her daughter; and when she surrenders this trust, it should be only to a woman fitted to continue the same important and delicate office. The most sagacious men have discerned this truth, and acted upon it. When Napoleon, who was unrivalled in his selection of the proper individuals to carry his purposes into effect, designed to establish a school for the daughters and sisters of the members of his Legion of Honor, he sought, not for an able and learned man, but for a judicious and experienced woman. He selected Madame Campan, who had for several years conducted a boarding-school for young ladies with success; and under her management the Imperial Seminary of Ecenon became in a few years celebrated throughout Europe.

In our country, with but few exceptions (among which must certainly be ranked the two Seminaries over which Professor Jewett has presided), the most successful institutions for the education of young women have been under the management and instruction of ladies, some of whom, from the numbers of pupils whom they have trained to usefulness and excellence, may be justly ranked with Madame Campan among the benefactresses of their sex.

That the President of the new college should be a gentleman, like Professor Jewett, of ability, experience, and high character, capable at once of managing the business and directing the studies of the institution, is certainly desirable; but there should also be a *Lady* Superintendent, who should have the more immediate control of the pupils; and all the instructors should be ladies, except when properly qualified teachers of that sex cannot be found.

We are satisfied that the more the question is considered, the more the propriety of this arrangement will be evident. Not only are women the best instructors of their own sex, but if they are excluded from the Professorship, the college in after years will lose the inestimable advantage which all our older colleges enjoy, of having their staff of instructors constantly recruited from among their own graduates, who bring to their office not only genius and learning, but an ardent love for the home of their studious youth such as no stranger can feel. Moreover, it is but right that, as the professorships in young men's colleges are held as the acknowledged incentives and rewards of men of talent, who devote themselves to the laborious and ill-paid pursuits of science and literature, so the same positions in a college for young women should be regarded as the prizes due to ladies who, by their talents and success in the same pursuits, shed honor upon their country and their sex.

We lay the more stress upon this consideration at present, as we trust that Vassar College will become the parent and model of many similar institutions throughout our country. Surely, the President and Trustees of this College, which is designed by the generous Founder for the elevation of woman, will not commence by degrading her. They will not announce to the world that, owing to some peculiar defect in the character or intellect of woman (a defect now for the first time discovered), they have not been able to find a lady in the United States qualified to instruct her own sex in the higher branches of science and learning, or to take the charge of a department in a

* This article, contributed by a gentleman whose opportunities of understanding the subject he discusses have been of no common order, will, we hope, be carefully read. The remarks respecting the "one defect" seem to us so just that we feel sure those who have the organization of this important college in their keeping will thank this true "friend of education," who has thus fully and frankly expressed his ideas on the subject.—EDITRESS OF THE LADY'S BOOK.

College for Young Women. The world of Europe will certainly retort that, if such a defect exists, it is confined to the boasted Republic of America, and does not exist among the countrywomen of Laura Bassi and Maria Agnesi, of Madame Dacier and Madame Campan, of Caroline Herschel and Mrs. Somerville.

This amendment of the proposed plan is offered in the spirit of that "generous criticism" which the trustees have invited, and with the most anxious desire for the success of this noble undertaking. We sincerely trust that its history is destined to confer hereafter the highest distinction upon the names alike of the generous FOUNDER, and of the first President and organizer, and to fulfil all their generous aspirations for the benefit of their countrywomen. And, though persuaded that the prosperity and usefulness of the institution will depend in a large measure upon the adoption of the friendly suggestion now proposed, yet in any case we feel sure that the design and object of Vassar College will secure for it the best wishes of all who desire to promote the education and elevation of woman.

THE SEAFORTH PAPERS: LETTERS FROM 1796 TO 1843.

SUCH is the unpretending title of a volume which seems to be making quite a sensation in the London world of high life. It is a selection from private letters addressed chiefly to the eldest daughter of the last Lord Seaforth, who died January, 1815, when this daughter, then a young widowed lady, became "Chieftainess of Kintail," and heiress of the estate of the "line of Fitzgerald." The letters are mostly written by ladies of noble families, but who evidently enjoyed gossip and amusing criticism on the life and literature of that eventful period: therefore, it seems just the book to become popular in these telegraph times.

We will give one specimen of the personal criticism on a remarkable poet, then becoming "famous:"—

"Lord Byron, whose very beautiful poem 'Childe Harold' will of course be sent to you, is just now the rage. He is a little, sickly, wan, cross, lame youth, who is reckoned (and not without reason) handsome; by some, indeed, quite killing. He hears on his face all the expression of every bad quality belonging to 'Childe Harold.' They say he is very agreeable, very lively, very wicked—in short, he is *coquetlike des dames*; and (as Mr. Rogers, the poet, told mamma he knew from experience to be too true) has that distinction of being their favorite, a most transient gratification."

BOOKS FOR HOME READING AND FAMILY LIBRARIES.

THE kinds of literature most in demand are now the serious or the imaginative. During 1862 the greatest number of books sold in England were of a religious character; next in amount were novels. We think a similar result would be found in our own country's catalogue of books sold during the past year. Works of fiction, if pure in morality, and tending to uphold right principles of conduct and character, may be read with some advantage; still, in our books to be treasured in the family, the greater proportion should be of the kind that will not become useless after the first reading.

Such are the works published by *Robert Carter & Brothers*; a list of some of the latest is given in another place (see page 203), which we can commend for Family Reading.

GEOGRAPHICAL STUDIES* is one of the most remarkable books of the age. It is Science Christianized, the God of Nature and of Revelation shown to be the *One True God*! The book will do much to counteract the poison of unbelief in the Bible infused by many late scientific writers into their philosophy. Therefore, we hope this volume of Carl Ritter will find a place in every Family Library in our land. The books issued by these publishers are of the first importance in families.

* By the late Professor CARL RITTER, of Berlin.—Gould & Lincoln, Boston, Mass., through Smith & English, Philadelphia.

SHAKESPEARE.*—It seems like advising people to admit sunshine into their houses when we advise them to buy Shakspeare. But, as we may, without indiscretion, suggest the beauty and convenience of certain doors and windows for the admission of Phoebus, so we feel that we are in the line of friendly usefulness when we recommend this edition of Shakspeare. The convenient size of the volumes, the beauty of the type and paper, and, above all, the instructive *notes* and interesting *preface*, render this work particularly desirable for Family Libraries. Each book is small enough to be held up to the eyes without fatigue, and yet large enough to permit a fair sized print that any eyes can read without difficulty. It is not overloaded with notes, like some spoken of by Washington Irving, which he aptly compared to a "shrine smoked into darkness by its votaries," yet the dark or knotty points are clearly disentangled and explained, and no illustration or criticism of value is omitted.

"OUR SISTERS IN CHINA."

UNDER this title a series of letters have appeared from time to time in a popular English magazine, written by an English lady to her own countrywomen. In one letter she gives an interesting account of a visit paid to a Chinese lady of rank and her companions, in which she was able by answering their own questions to speak freely of "Jesus and the Gospel." She was saddened to find that, though living in a city "where many missionaries had been for nearly fourteen years daily employed in preaching, distributing books and tracts, these Chinese women had never before heard of the religion of Jesus." In closing her account of Chinese women the writer earnestly pleads that teachers may be sent to them. She says:—

"They are truly as ignorant of God as the cattle upon the hills, and they die as the sheep die. They are beyond the reach of the missionary's voice; no woman's countenance relieves the crowd which gathers to hear him, except it be of the poorest who are found in the streets. Shall they be neglected? They have been hitherto. Some ladies have gone out, but they have devoted themselves to the education of girls, few attempting to gain access to the homes and mothers of China. *That they can be reached* is beyond a doubt. They court our friendship. Will you neglect your sisters in China and India, and allow them to perish in utter ignorance of that Gospel which has been committed to your charge? *Women alone can reach them.*"

Our "Woman's Union Mission Society" will take charge of any donation sent for the Missions to China and India for the support of "Bible Women." All donations sent to Mrs. Hale will be acknowledged in the *Lady's Book*.

HINTS ABOUT HEALTH. RULES FOR SKATING.

(From *Hall's Journal of Health*.)

1. Avoid skates which are strapped on the feet, as they prevent the circulation, and the foot becomes frozen before the skater is aware of it, because the tight strapping numbs the foot and deprives it of feeling. A young lady at Boston lost a foot in this way; another in New York her life, by endeavoring to thaw her feet in warm water after taking off her skates. The safest kind are those which receive the forepart of the foot in a kind of toe, and stout leather around the heel, buckling in front of the ankle only, thus keeping the heel in place without spikes or screws, and aiding greatly in supporting the ankle.

2. It is not the object so much to skate fast, as to skate gracefully; and this is sooner and more easily learned by skating with deliberation; while it prevents overheating, and diminishes the chances of taking cold by cooling off too soon afterward.

3. If the wind is blowing, a veil should be worn over the face, at least of ladies and children; otherwise fatal inflammation of the lungs, "pneumonia," may take place.

4. Do not sit down to rest a single half minute; nor

* THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE.—The text carefully restored according to the first editions; with introductions, notes, original and selected, and a Life of the Poet. By the Rev. H. N. Hudson, A. M. In eleven volumes. Boston: Crosby & Nichols, 117 Washington Street. 1863.

stand still, if there is any wind; nor stop a moment after the skates are taken off; but walk about, so as to restore the circulation about the feet and toes, and to prevent being chilled.

5. It is safer to walk home than to ride; the latter is almost certain to give a cold.

6. It would be a safe rule for no child or lady to be on skates longer than an hour at a time.

7. The grace, exercise, and healthfulness of skating on the ice can be had, without any of its dangers, by the use of skates with rollers attached, on common floors; better, if covered with oil-cloth.

[Those who have read the very interesting sketch of "Alice B. Haven" in our last number, will remember her visit to a "milder climate" in 1861. The following beautiful poem was then written; it depicts so truthfully her own death scene, as described in the Memoir, that it seems like a whispering from the angels of her own "transition to the land of rest."]

IN THE VALLEY.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

Gently sloped the rugged pathway
To her fainting, falling tread,
Downward to the dreary valley—
By her Saviour gently led.
Day by day she neared the darkness,
Leaning on that steadfast arm;
As a child who fears no danger,
Shrinks not from approaching harm,
Till she walked within the shadow,
Little dreaming where she trod—
Knowing not—the "staff" sustaining—
That she passed beneath the "rod;"
Knowing not how short the distance
To the home she longed to see;
Thinking, in the far-off future,
There were terrors yet to be.
For the love in which she trusted,
Upward drew her waiting eyes;
Till we saw them change and brighten
With a smile of glad surprise.
She had guessed not of the darkness,
Till she saw the breaking day,
Caught no glimpse of death's dark shadows,
Till they changed and fled away.
Gentle life, with gentlest closing,
Could we wish for aught more blest!
Could we ask more sweet transition
To the promised land of rest?

Nassau, N. P., 1862.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We have accepted the following: "Grace Howard"—"Lines"—"Dew-drops"—and "The Little Pet."

These articles are not needed. Some are worth publishing, but the greater portion are not suited to our "Book." "First productions" are rarely found fit for general reading. Young writers must be willing "to work and wait."—"Remembrance"—"The Undying One" (too long)—"A Sermon at St. Mark's"—"Alice Morton's Elopement"—"The Dying Penitent" (the subject not well chosen)—"How Jenny Hurd got a Husband"—"Maud's Fan" (and the other poems)—"Winter"—"The Halls of Fancy" (with the other poem)—"Lost"—"Amy's Release"—"Harry Desmond's Choice"—"I'll never Forget Thee"—"A True Heart History"—"A Page from my Life"—"About the Fine Arts" (well-written, but we have no room for it, nor for the other articles)—"Song"—"To Angie" (pleasant fancies, but not finished poetry)—"The Last Offer"—"A Wonder"—and "The Way-worn Lover."

We return a number of articles as requested. Those who desire this service from us must send stamps in advance, or a stamped envelope directed, that we may let them know we do not need the MS. We have articles on hand to be reported next month.

We do not undertake to return MSS. even if stamps are sent. Authors must keep a copy. This may appear sin-

gular to many; but if they consider the vast amount of MSS. we receive it will not be in any way peculiar. We allude to this particularly in one case. A manuscript sent us was declined in the March number, 1863. The author sends for it in December, 1863. It may be a matter of some moment to the author, but it is not to us. We cannot keep a record of the writers. Every three months we make an *auto da fé*.

Literary Notices.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE FATAL MARRIAGE. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Missing Bride," "Love's Labor Won," etc. A highly interesting and exciting romance, written with Mrs. Southworth's characteristic power in depicting passion. Her stories have ever been favorites with American readers, and this, her latest work, will meet with a kind reception.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH, AND THE DEAN OF DENHAM. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "The Castle's Heir," "The Lost Bank Note," etc. This book contains a third story not included in the title: "William Allair; or, Running away to Sea." These three novelettes are all interesting, with excellent morals, as Mrs. Wood's tales always have.

THE DAYS OF SHODDY. A Novel of the Great Rebellion in 1861. By Henry Morford, author of "Shoulder Straps." This is an American novel, of course, and treats of a certain class of characters which recent events have rendered conspicuous, dealing with them in no flattering manner. The author displays perfect familiarity with current politics, literature, and art. His book is lively and sarcastic, and bids fair to create something of a sensation.

From FREDERICK LEYPOLDT, Philadelphia:—

HEINE'S BOOK OF SONGS. Translated by Charles G. Leland, author of "Meister Karl's Sketch-Book," and "Sunshine in Thought." This is a spirited and excellent translation of the poetical works of one of Germany's sweetest singers. Full of beauty and pathos, with occasional playfulness, his songs will find full appreciation in the hands of all true lovers of poetry.

MODERN ESSAYS. No. 1. *Heinrich Heine*. By Matthew Arnold. This book is a fitting companion to the work just noticed. It contains a sketch of the life, career, and character of Heine, combined with a brief yet comprehensive criticism of his works.

IMMEN-SEE. From the German of "Th. Storm," by H. Clark.

GRANDMOTHER AND GRANDDAUGHTER. From the German of "Louise Esche," by Mme. C. R. Corson. These two stories, included in one volume, are excellent ones in their way, and deserve the favor of the public.

THE ICE-MAIDEN, and other Tales. By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated from the German by Fanny Fuller. Possessed of a brilliant and poetic imagination, and a whimsical fancy, Andersen can throw a charm around the simplest story. This little collection of tales is not unworthy of him.

From the PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BOOK SOCIETY, Philadelphia:—

THE OILED FEATHER. By Rev. P. B. Power, M. A. This little book is intended to illustrate to children, in an attractive manner, the great power of kind words and gentle ways.

From J. W. DOUGHADAY, Philadelphia:—

DARING AND SUFFERING. *A History of the Great Railroad Adventure.* By Lieut. William Pittinger, one of the adventurers. With an introduction by Rev. Alexander Clark. This is a spirited history of one of the most remarkable and daring adventures of the present rebellion. This was a bold and perilous expedition by railroad into the very heart of the enemy's country, by a little more than twenty men, eight of whom were executed at its disastrous end, eight succeeded in escaping, and six were finally exchanged after languishing through the winter in southern prisons.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

ROUNDABOUT PAPERS. By W. M. Thackeray, author of "Vanity Fair," "Adventures of Philip," etc. With illustrations. These papers appeared originally in the "Cornhill Magazine." They are witty, philosophical, common place, or cynical, according to the author's mood, while the subjects which give them their titles are the only ones he does not write about.

A PRACTICAL GRAMMAR OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE. By William J. Knapp, A. M., Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Madison University, New York, and author of "A French Reading Book." This is a carefully and judiciously prepared work, containing in addition to the grammar, reading lessons and a complete vocabulary. It will meet the wants and receive the approval of the student.

RACHEL RAY. *A Novel.* By Anthony Trollope, author of "Orley Farm," "Framley Parsonage," etc.

MARY LYNDSEY. *A Novel.* By the Lady Emily Ponsonby, author of "The Discipline of Life," etc. We find these two novels among the unusual number of publications which the month has brought, but have had no time to examine further than their title pages. The name of Anthony Trollope as the author of the former, is a guarantee of more than usual excellence in the book; while the fact that they both belong to Harper's select library of novels is sufficient commendation of itself.

From SHELDON & Co., New York:—

HUSKS. COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS. By Marion Harland. These two stories are included in one book. The first of the two has already had a wide circulation in the pages of the *Lady's Book*, and our readers need no assurance of its superior merits. The second is in no wise inferior, and will be read with equal interest. Marion Harland is herself a noble woman, and her ideal of womanhood is a lofty one. She possesses true ideas of life, with a delicate and keen perception of its duties, and when she writes, it is not merely to amuse, but with the intention that her stories shall inculcate a moral as well. Such women as she have a limitless sphere for doing good.

From G. P. PUTNAM, New York:—

HANNAH THURSTON. *A story of American Life.* By Bayard Taylor. We feel slightly inclined to quarrel with this author over his title. If our neighbors abroad take this as a veritable "story of American Life," they will receive the idea that Americans are principally spirit rappers, Fourierites, "strong-minded women," and other so-called reformers. Nor is this the only point on which we are at issue with him. His book is well-written, his characters clearly defined, and his plot, though simple, yet ingenious. But while he has set out to expose the failings of a class of *soi-disant* reformers, and not without

most excellent grounds for so doing, he goes further, and condemns many most praiseworthy movements, such as foreign missions and the temperance reform. His hero, Maxwell Woodbury, is represented as a noble specimen of manhood, but he is emphatically a man of the world, better perhaps than the majority, but not so good but that he might be improved. Hannah Thurston, a strong-minded woman, is an admirable character, and tolerably well managed; though in reading of her, we are reminded of Gail Hamilton's saying, with which we fully concur, that the wisest and best of men, when they attempt to prescribe and describe a woman's place in the world, "always make a muddle of it."

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through ASHMEAD & EVANS, Philadelphia:—

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE. Vols. I and II. By Charles Merivale, B. D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. History will always read a lesson from the past to the present, but which is, alas, too often disregarded! The history of the Roman Republic and the Roman Empire has especially furnished themes, equally in the mouths of young students fresh from college, who consider it their duty and their privilege to give the world the benefit of their newly-acquired knowledge, and with men of deeper calibre, who know what they are talking of, and fully comprehend the subject in all its breadth and depth. The study of a nation's history, profitable at all times, is especially to be commended now, when the pages are being filled so fast in the records of our own country, and when there is no knowing what event of overwhelming importance the coming day or year may bring forth. This book differs materially from many others of its class, inasmuch as, while necessarily referring to the external history of the Empire, its main object is to furnish its readers information concerning the interior political and domestic history of the Romans as a people. The work will be embraced in seven volumes.

QUEEN MAB. By Julia Kavanagh, author of "Nathalie," "Adele," etc. Three volumes in one. Miss Kavanagh is an author whose merits entitle her to a far greater reputation than she seems to have. She is one of the most talented of English writers, interesting in her plots, original in her characters, and pure in her diction. "Queen Mab" possesses all her best characteristics. The scene is first laid in London, then changes to Ireland.

KEEP A GOOD HEART. *A Story for the Merry Christmas Time.* By Cousin Carrie. A pleasantly written, finely toned, and prettily illustrated story for young people.

ROUND THE BLOCK. *An American Novel.* With illustrations. This book, without being remarkable either for plot or characters, is one which will nevertheless recommend itself to the taste of the reading public. It is well written and shrewd, with occasional dashes of humor. The "boy Bog," a young bill-poster, plays a prominent part in the story, and is the subject of a very ingenious romance.

From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

PECULIAR. *A Tale of the Great Transition.* By Epes Sargent. Mr. Sargent has, in this romance, prepared a rare dish for the critics, if, with all the crowd of other literature on their hands they have leisure and inclination to discuss it. Judging from the various foot notes, it is literally a compilation of incidents and facts bearing upon the subject of slavery, united by a lively fancy to form a story. But for a book of its apparent pretensions the work

is bunglingly done, the patchwork too evident, and the style too raw. We say this much of it as a literary production. Of its merits morally and politically we do not feel warranted to express an opinion. The heroine is a young white girl who is sold into slavery, and after passing through various adventures and perils, she regains her freedom through the instrumentality of Peculiar Institution, a very wonderful and gentlemanly negro, from whom the book derives its title. The author displays all the facility of a vaudeville in moving his characters according to his own convenience, in bringing about surprising encounters, remarkable identities, and dramatic scenes; and we almost wonder that he did not, at the close of his book, bring forward Clara, supported on either hand by Peek and Mr. Vance, to make a closing speech and bow back as he drops the curtain.

THE LIFE OF JESUS. By Ernest Renan, Membre de L'Institut. Translated from the original French, by Charles Edwin Wilbour, Translator of "Les Misérables." This is the first of a contemplated series of books whose general name shall be the "Origins of Christianity." This book treats of the life of the great Founder of Christianity, compressing in one volume all the information that could be gleaned from every source. The author says: "Five great collections of writings, not to speak of a multitude of other scattered data, remain to us in regard to Jesus and the time in which he lived. First, the Gospels and the writings of the New Testament generally; second, the compositions called the 'Apocrypha' of the Old Testament; third, the works of Philo; fourth, those of Josephus; fifth, the Talmud."

LOUIE'S LAST TERM AT ST. MARY'S. By the author of "Rutledge," "Frank Warrington," etc. The demand for this book since its publication has called for a second edition, which is now issued in a very neat and attractive style.

THE RUSSIAN BALL; or, The Adventures of Miss Clementina Shoddy. A humorous description in verse. By a New York Editor. We do not know which is the most shocking, this ball with its various scandalous incidents, or the doggerel to which it has given rise.

LIGHT ON SHADOWED PATHS. By T. S. Arthur, author of "Steps towards Heaven," "Golden Grains," etc. A collection of beautiful and touching stories, with golden morals, such as Arthur alone knows how to write. We trust he will bear the lesson of his first story, "If he could know," in his own heart. Though in this world he will never know a tithe of the blessings with which his works have been crowned; we trust in the future their measure will be counted out, and he will receive his full reward.

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL? A Novel. By Richard B. Kimball, author of "St. Leger," "Under-currents," etc. A most successful literary effort of one whose name is not unknown to American readers. It is a series of skillfully contrasted pictures of city and country life, giving the various phases presented by society in each.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

LETTERS TO THE JONESES. By Timothy Titcomb, author of "Letters to Young People," "Gold Foil," etc. These letters, didactic in character, and full of sound common sense, are deserving a place in every one's library. There is a numerous family of Joneses, and we wish he had extended his correspondence still further. Those whom he addresses he deals with severely, yet in the spirit of kindness, and we trust they may profit thereby.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

SOUNDINGS FROM THE ATLANTIC. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. We know of no more genial companion for a leisure hour than the "Autocrat." This volume contains ten different sketches and essays. The first is "Bread and the Newspaper," which he declares to be the only absolute necessities of the times. His "Search after the Captain" takes us to real places, and acquaints us with living men and women. And the articles which follow are no less instructive and entertaining.

THE THOUGHTS OF THE EMPEROR M. AURELIUS ANTONINUS. Translated by George Long. We feel confident that this translation will receive the approval of all readers of the classics.

IN WAR TIME, and other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Filled to overflowing with the spirit of patriotism and the love of liberty, Whittier has embodied these sentiments in his verse.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With the name of America's poet Laureate gracing the title-page of this book, praise is a wasteful use of words. It opens with a description of the wayside inn, in the parlor of which are gathered the landlord, a student, a Spanish Jew, a Sicilian, a musician, a theologian, and a poet:—

"And though of different lands and speech,
Each had his tale to tell, and each
Was anxious to be pleased and please."

MY DAYS AND NIGHTS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD. A Book for Boys. By "Carleton." This book is designed to furnish to the youth of our country, a clear and concise account of the present rebellion; its causes, even to the most remote, and the more important points in its history. Descriptions of the battles of Bull's Run and Pittsburg Landing, and other engagements equally interesting, are given with the minuteness and fidelity of an eye-witness. He promises, if this book proves acceptable to his young readers, to tell the stories of the terrible battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg, in a future volume.

FLOWER, FRUIT AND THORN PIECES; or, the Married Life, Death, and Wedding of the Advocate of the Poor, Firmian Stanislaus Siebenkas. By Paul Friedrich Richter. Translated from the German by Edward Henry Noel. With a Memoir of the Author, by Thomas Carlyle. In two volumes. There is a growing taste among our reading public for German productions. Richter is one of the completest, and at the same time most difficult to be translated, of German writers. Obscure in his own language, it is doubly hard to render him intelligible in English. He is mystical, metaphysical, whimsical, and fanciful; with an elephantine playfulness, and with an elaborateness that reminds us of a Flemish painting.

From J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, through ASHMEAD & EVANS, Philadelphia:—

ADVENTURES OF DICK ONSLOW AMONG THE RED SKINS. A Book for Boys. With illustrations. Edited by William H. G. Kingston. A book whose wild and wonderful adventures cannot fail to rivet the attention of its youthful readers.

From LORING, Boston, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

JEAN BELIN; or, The Adventures of a little French Boy. By Alfred de Bréhat. Translated from the French. One of the exceptional books which, whilst intended especially for children, are capable of awakening the interest and engrossing the attention of older people.

THE NOSE OF A NOTARY. From the French of Edmund About. This is a humorous novel which in France has obtained wide popularity. We predict for it equal success in this country.

TWICE LOST. A Novel. One of the most ingeniously constructed stories we have had the pleasure of reading. If its readers are not misled as completely as we were in the early stages of the story, they will possess unusual amusement.

A BUDGET OF FUN FOR LITTLE FOLKS. By Aunt Maggie.

VERONICA; or, The Light-House Keeper. By the author of "Karl Keigler." Two juvenile books, neither of which will fail to give delight.

From **ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia** :—

HEAVEN OUR HOME. We have no Saviour but Jesus, and no Home but Heaven. By the author of "Meet for Heaven." More than seventy-five thousand copies of this work have been called for in England, proving with what favor its publication has been received. The author treats of heaven as a material habitation and a home, where there are joyful meetings between friends and kindred, and eternal and ever-growing love.

POEMS. By Jean Ingelow. This poetess is one who reads nature as an open book, and knows how to interpret her to the understanding of others. Whilst reading one hears the gush of the waterfall, sees the nodding of the harebell, the glisten of the dew-drops, and the flicker of light as it falls through trembling leaves upon the grass.

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From **A. WILLIAMS & Co., Boston** :—

EDITH PRESCOTT; or, Lessons of Love. Being Aunt Bertha's Visit to the Elms. By Emma Marshall, author of "The Happy Days at Fernbank," etc. A well-told story for children, both entertaining and instructive.

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From **CROSBY & NICHOLS, Boston** :—

LETTERS OF ADA R. PARKER. From a numerous correspondence furnished by many friends of the late Ada R. Parker, one hundred and thirty-four have been selected and arranged for publication. "They show the growth of her mind, and the steps by which she gained that superior intellectual cultivation, and that saintliness of character, for which her memory is precious."

—
From **T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia** :—

THE WATER BABIES. A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of "Two Years Ago," etc. With Illustrations by J. Noel Paton, R. S. A. A book that will be wonderfully taking with the little ones, while their parents will smile at the quaint conceits and satirical allusions with which its pages abound.

RUMOR. By the Author of "Charles Auchester," "Counterparts," etc.

DEEP WATERS. A Novel. By Anna H. Drury, author of "Misrepresentation," "Friends and Fortune." These are both well-written and excellent stories, as the publications from this house always prove to be. This publisher displays rare judgment in his selection among foreign works for reprinting.

—
From **FRANK H. DODD, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia** :—

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST. In twelve Books. This is the initial number of a series of select works of standard

authors to be issued in uniform style. It is a pocket edition in green and gold, with neatly arranged and beautifully clear typography.

—
From **ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through WM. S. and ALFRED MARTIN, Philadelphia** :—

We have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of a number of excellent works from this popular establishment since we have given their books particular notice. The characteristics of the publications sent out by the Messrs. Carters are instructive, moral, religious, and of sound Christian philosophy, so strictly is this arrangement adhered to that we do not know of a single volume from their press which should be marked as unsuited to family reading, or put out of the reach of childhood. Where such moral purity is sustained by the highest intellectual gifts and the rare culture of scholarship in the authors, we may conscientiously commend the works we name to all our readers. Those who desire books for children can find all they would desire. The "Libraries" put up in this establishment are, in the selections of books and beauty of style, valuable presents for the young. Among their publications, the following are the latest—and all possess interest and excellence of a high order.

THE JEWISH TABERNACLE AND ITS FURNITURE, IN THEIR TYPICAL TEACHINGS. By Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia. A work of deep interest, and beautifully illustrated.

THE SAFE COMPASS, AND HOW IT POINTS. By Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., author of "Bliss from the Fountain of Life," "Giants, and how to Fight them," etc. A book for boys that can hardly be overrated.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. ERSKINE J. HAWES, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Plymouth, Conn. By his Mother. A beautiful tribute of maternal love to the memory of a Christian son.

AN ESSAY ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF TIME. By John Foster. Edited by J. E. Ryland, M. A. With a Preface by John Sheppard. This book has been long published, but the subject is new with every new reader, and the preface will be new and useful to all.

THE TWO BROTHERS AND THE TWO PATHS.

THE THREE CRIPPLES.

THE LAST SHILLING.

By the Rev. Philip Bennett Power, M. A. These three books, designed for the young, are sure to become popular with their readers and do good. All are interesting.

BERTIE LEE is a charming story for Sunday schools and children's libraries.

FAITHFUL AND TRUE; or, The Evans Family. By the author of "Win and Wear," "Tony Starr's Legacy," etc. A very instructive and pleasant story.

THE LIFE OF ARTHUR VANDELEER, Major Royal Artillery. By the author of "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vickers," etc. The writings of Miss Marsh, the authoress of this work, are worthy of the high praise and popular favor her books have won throughout the Christian world.

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From the **AUTHORESS, Chicago, Illinois** :—

MYRTLE BLOSSOMS. By Molly Myrtle. We do not know which most to commend, the contents of this book, or the generosity which has prompted its publication; for the entire net proceeds of its sale are designed for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers. Its author, Molly Myrtle (Miss Agnes Leonard), has already acquired a reputation as a contributor to some of the leading papers and periodicals of the day; and this book is a collection

of the best of her fugitive pieces. We have one word of advice to give her: that she give up writing prose, in which she is inferior, and turn her attention entirely to poetry. Her poetry is excellent, of the sentimental school; it is full of feeling, and so easy and flowing, it almost sets itself to music. Price \$2.00. Subscriptions may be forwarded to Dr. O. L. Leonard, Chicago, Illinois.

ALBUM FLOWERS. We have received from G. W. TOMLINSON, Boston, a set of these very pretty plates for Photograph Albums. There is a poetical description of each flower.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

FEBRUARY, 1864.

In pursuance of our design to make this a great year of the Lady's Book, we present this number as an illustration of the fact. The February number is one that publishers do not usually make any demonstration with, having depended upon the success of their extra numbers in December and January to secure subscribers for the year; but faithful to our promise to make one number as good as another—always excepting the title-pages that are in December and January—we have done our best to make the February number as good as that of December or January.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS NUMBER ARE AS FOLLOWS:—

St. Valentine's Day, engraved by Ilman and Brothers—that fraternal household. It contains fourteen figures, and is a splendid illustration of the Feast of St. Valentine. See the admirable story by Miss Annie Frost.

Our Colored Fashion-plate—the only one of the country—containing six figures. Fashions, real fashions for the month.

Bead Watch-Pocket—printed in colors. A very exquisite design.

Skating on the Schuylkill. An original design, engraved expressly for the Lady's Book.

The Hebe Dress. The Robe Psyche. Two original designs, from the celebrated establishment of Messrs. A. T. Stewart and Co., of New York, furnished only to the Lady's Book.

The Saracen. Furnished by the celebrated Brodie, 51 Canal Street, N. York, only for the Lady's Book.

Several other full page and full dress figures are in this number, and original designs made expressly for the lady subscribers to Godey.

"NOBODY TO BLAME" is continued in this number, and the interest in it increases as the story progresses, and that unfortunate gentleman, "Mr. Griggs," seems in a bad way yet. We hope his fortunes may improve in the next number. Many other admirable stories will be found in this number, real Lady's Book stories.

UNPRECEDENTED.—We are sending off as fast as we can, but our increase this year is about twofold any previous year; we ask the patience of our subscribers. We do all that human ingenuity can do to send to them in time, but what can we do with such an increase of subscription?

AN AGREEABLE VALENTINE.—Any lady receiving a present of the Lady's Book for one year would consider it a most agreeable Valentine.

"THE CHRISTY MINSTREL SLIPPER" IN OUR JANUARY NUMBER.—To show to our subscribers how much they gain in their subscriptions to the Lady's Book, we will simply state this fact that the slipper in the number they got, with all other matters, at the small subscription price, was *hired* out in New York at 50 cents a day, and our subscribers receive it for a mere nothing. Think of it, ladies—hired out at 50 cents. Lady's Book only 25 cents, with all the other attractions.

FREIGHT ON LETTERS OR PREMIUMS ON DRAFTS.—We want our subscribers distinctly to understand that, when they send their letters by express companies, they must pay the expense. We receive a letter containing \$10, upon which there is \$1 freight; of course we cannot suffer that discount. We undertake and promise to send six copies of Lady's Book for \$10; but \$9 is not \$10, and in all such cases we will not send the Lady's Book to the six subscribers unless we receive the balance we have to pay for freight, be that \$1, 75 cents, or 50 cents. And now about drafts. We advise our subscribers to procure drafts—they are the only safe way of remitting. The premium on a draft must be defrayed by the subscribers. It must not fall on us. For instance, we have received several drafts, lately, for \$9 75, purporting to represent \$10, this will not do; twenty-five cents distributed amongst six subscribers is a small amount each, but when we have to suffer the loss of twenty-five cents upon about a thousand \$10 drafts, the aggregate is a large amount. Instead of paying 20 cents for *registering* a letter, you had better pay 20 cents for a draft. It is infinitely more certain.

W. PRESCOTT SMITH, of Baltimore.—Every one who knows this gentleman knows that he even beats Philadelphia in punning, and as a story-teller—don't mistake the phrase—we mean what the French call a "Raconteur"—he has no equal. It will be seen by the following, that Smith—that indomitable Smith—a member of which family lives in London—has been at a christening. The only objection we had to the matter was that there should have been any additions to the Smiths; but we found on investigation that it was another affair, and we give it. A line of railroad has been established between New York and Washington, and *vice versa*, to run through without stopping, of which proceeding we heartily approve, and here is what we have been trying to come to. We had an invitation to participate, but the heavy pressure of business at this season of the year prevented the acceptance of the very kind and flattering invitation.

"Mr. Smith, of the Baltimore and Ohio Road, it will be seen, has christened this route as the *National Trunk Railway Line*. It is certainly a source of great satisfaction to our citizens, as well as those of the north and east, who have to take this route in their intercourse between Baltimore and New York, that it is being so rapidly relieved of the drawbacks to public comfort for which it has heretofore been remarkable, but which were mainly owing to its peculiar location, in traversing so many broad rivers, and so many populous cities."

WHEN will authors and others understand that an article for any particular number must be sent to us three months in advance. Our attention was called to this matter by having just received an article intended for the December number. It would be just in time for the April number.

TO POETS.—Having so much poetry at present on hand, we must be allowed this year to use some of it; therefore, during 1864, we cannot send the Lady's Book in payment for poetical contributions.

YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY FOR BOARDING AND DAY PUPILS.—Mrs. Gertrude J. Cary, Principal, South-east corner Sixteenth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. The nineteenth session of this school commenced September 14th, 1863.

The course of study pursued embraces the fundamental and higher branches of a thorough English education. Particular attention is given to the acquisition of the French language, and a resident French Teacher furnishes every facility for making it the medium of daily intercourse. Mrs. Cary gives personal attention to the instruction of her pupils, aided by experienced lady teachers, and the best professional talent in the city. It is her constant endeavor to secure an equal development of body, mind, and heart, and the formation of habits of neatness and industry.

Mrs. S. J. Hale, Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D., Rev. J. Jenkins, D. D., Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, D. D., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Rev. J. N. Candee, D. D., Galesburg, Ill.; Louis H. Jenkins, Jacksonville, Ill.; Rev. George Duffield, Jr., Adrian, Mich.

Circulars sent on application.

A SUBSCRIBER having a sewing-machine, has a number of spools on hand. She has heard that something ornamental can be made of them. Can any one give a suggestion for what useful or ornamental purpose they can be used?

GETTYSBURG.—Respectfully dedicated to Gen. Meade, by Robert Morris, Esq., Philadelphia. Published with appropriate music by Lee and Walker, Philadelphia. A splendid and patriotic ode, which we advise all to purchase. Mr. Morris as a poet and a gentleman is well known amongst us. He is the very able president of the Commonwealth Bank of this city.

"MARTHA WASHINGTON," by J. C. Buttre, of New York. —Here is an engraving that ought to command the attention of every one as a work of art. In this respect, we have no hesitation in saying that it has never been equalled in this country. It is a credit to the genius and mechanical execution of America. Mr. Buttre is an American, and we have no doubt if he would only cross the water, he could make a fortune by his burin. It is a full-length picture, engraved on steel in the best style of mezzotint, from a painting by Mr. Oliver Stone, after the original portrait by Woolaston, painted more than a 100 years ago. Terms, prints, \$3; India proofs, \$5. It is only published by subscription by J. C. Buttre, 43 Franklin Street, New York, and J. P. Skelly, 908 Arch Street, Philadelphia. It is a superb picture, and every household should have it. A neat biographical sketch of Mrs. Washington by Benson J. Lossing, Esq., accompanies each copy of the engraving.

POSTAGE on the Lady's Book, according to the late law passed last winter.

Section 36.—Postage on Godey's Lady's Book, 24 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly in advance, at the Post-office where the Book is received.

News dealers may receive their packages at the same rates, that is, 2 cents for each copy of the magazine, and may pay separately for each package as received.

SCHUYLER COLFAX, Esq., has been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington. A most admirable selection. The right man in the right place.

GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING-MACHINES.—There are none better, and we can recommend them personally.

We publish this month a number of complimentary letters that we have received from ladies forwarding us clubs. We have many thousands of the same kind.

I think my list, sixteen subscribers, is a good test of the popularity of the Lady's Book. I hope it may be accepted; with our compliments and kindest wishes for the success of your valuable Book. Miss A. B., Mo.

HERE is a very sensible letter:—

The time having come again for sending my annual club, I have got it together. And after your having so liberally reduced your prices to what they were three years ago, when everything now is run nearly treble in price, I felt called upon to try to make every effort to compensate you and increase your list, if that could be any aid to you. I am happy to say that I send about double the names I have any year before, and if every one who forms a club could do as much, I think Godey would be as it seemed to be before in every household. I send twenty-three names. Mrs. K., Ill.

MR. GODEY: I have been a reader of the Lady's Book for eight years, and during that period I have never been without it, but one year—the Lady's Book is with me an indispensable article. I think that every lady should have it, and not borrow it—that is doing the publisher and subscriber an injustice. I have quite a liking for the Lady's Book, and my children will highly appreciate it when grown. Mrs. F., Tenn.

Your book has afforded us so much pleasure for the last two years that I have found very little trouble in making up a club. I recommended it to all my friends for its moral purity and ennobling sentiments; they make it worthy of a place in every family. Mrs. K., Indiana.

CLUB OF \$10.

Your book is one of our fixed institutions, and we would almost as soon think of getting along without our husbands, as without the Lady's Book. Nothing is more welcome to our fireside than it is, or more warmly received. May you and the Book both live a thousand years, and we also to take it! M. M.

"THE COMMANDER OF OUR FORCES," too late by three months for a notice in this number. We have received from Mr. C. Eastman, of Concord, N. H., a copy of this very exquisite game, and we earnestly recommend it to parents for our young friends. Mr. Eastman is also the publisher of "Eastman's White Mountain Guide." A work which no person should be without who contemplates a visit to that magnificent spot. Send for it all who intend paying an early visit. We shall again refer to this useful work.

THE NEEDLE TRUE TO THE POLE.—Some kind little milliners have, out of their scant earnings, subscribed, we observe, in aid of the victims at Warsaw. This is, indeed, a pretty illustration of the needle being true to the Pole.

CLUB RATES WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.—Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine, one year, \$4 50. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Magazine, one year, \$3 50. Godey's Lady's Book, Harper's Magazine, and Arthur's Magazine, one year, \$6. No cheaper club than this can be offered. Godey's Lady's Book and Holioway's Musical Monthly, one year, \$5. For Canada terms, see cover.

OPENING BALL AT THE GREAT HOTEL, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Very much obliged for the kind invitation, but our duties will not permit us to leave home at this season of the year.

"A FAVORITE AIR FROM LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR" is the title of a piece of music received from W. A. Pond & Co., New York. It is for the guitar.

OUR PARIS LETTER.—Want of space obliges us to omit our very interesting Paris correspondent's letter in this number. We will try to make room for it in March.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Italian Opera at the Academy.—Though probably not the most profitable to the management, yet the late season of Italian opera at our Academy was one of the most brilliant we have had of late years. Since the days of Salvi and Steffanone, and the glorious Truffi, we have had no better artists than Mazzollihi, Mederi, and Bellini, and the whole company, swayed by the master baton of Max—he of the white cravat—left us but little to desire. If opera managers only *would* keep their promises! But they won't! So many new operas held up to the fancy of the faithful, and so few forthcoming. True, there was *A-ne*, by the Italians; and *Faust*, by the Germans; and after them, *etc.* Well, we are thankful for little, and perhaps by and by we shall have our reward. As will be seen below, we give our readers a taste of both these beautiful new operas in the February number of the Musical Monthly.

The Musical Monthly for 1864.—If every one of our musical readers could have a glimpse of the elegant double number of the Monthly with which we inaugurate the new year, or the equally attractive February number, which is also now ready, we believe that very few would hesitate an instant about sending in their subscriptions, and thus, for the trifling cost of three dollars, secure the regular monthly visits of a companion that should be found on every lady's piano in the land. We have already given the contents of the January double number (see our last month's "Column"), containing nearly two dollars' worth of *sheet music*, with all the title-pages that usually accompany sheet music, engraved expressly for this work. This is a valuable and costly feature, and one which no other musical periodical has ever dared to attempt. Our friends will remember that *every piece* of music in every number of the Monthly is prefaced by a handsomely engraved title-page. The February number contains Brinley Richards' last new beautiful melody, The Listening Mother, a perfect gem; The King of Thule, ballad, the gem of Gounod's opera of *Faust*, which has produced so remarkable a sensation in Paris, Philadelphia, etc., the present season; and a grand Allegro Marziale from Petrella's charming opera of *Ione*, introducing the Brindisi, *Canti chi vuole*, and *L'amo, l'amo*. Subscribers to the Monthly get all this exquisite music for 25 cents, as part of the yearly subscription. Single numbers 50 cents. The January and February numbers will be sent free of postage, on receipt of \$1 00. If, however, we may believe the concurrent testimony of our friends, the best way to secure the Musical Monthly is to send in \$3 00 for the year's subscription, and receive the work regularly. No one will regret it. Four copies one year for \$10 00. Address all orders to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box, Post-Office, Philadelphia.

New Sheet Music.—The Parrot Polka, by Rudolph, is a new and sparkling piece just issued by Mr. D. Lawton, of this city. Price, 30 cents. S. Brainard and Co., Cleveland publish four beautiful new pieces, Serenade des Anges (Angels' Serenade); Polymnia Polka, and Le Postillion d'Amour, Valse Brillante, by C. Kinkell, each 35 cents; and l'Étranger, Morceau de Salon, a very pretty piece by Stedman; 50 cents. Also, a lively humorous song, How Are You, Telegraph? which has become very popular; O I Wish the War were Over, the best reply we have seen to When this Cruel War is Over; and a new and pleasing Irish ballad, No Irish Need Apply, written and sung by Miss Kathleen O'Neill, each 25 cents.

Any of the above sent free, on receipt of price. Address
J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY FOR 1864.

We are glad to learn that this excellent periodical, edited and published by our well-known musical editor, has entered upon its second year with the most flattering prospects of success and usefulness. It is already a welcome visitor into the families of many of our own subscribers, and it richly deserves a place in every household where there is a piano, and a lady to sing or play. To those of our friends, no matter whether learners or proficient at the piano, who have not yet seen a copy, we would say that, if they will read Mr. Holloway's Musical Column, in either this or the January number of the "Book," and inclose him the price for the January or February number, or both, or three dollars for a year's subscription, we will assure them they will not regret it. So much music, of the same class, and published in the same beautiful form—the popular form for handling at the piano—was never before given for the money.

Mr. Holloway's enterprise is a costly and important one, and deserves the most abundant success. The attempt to popularize first-class music, so that for a merely nominal sum it may reach every household in the land, should be encouraged by every means the musical public can command. We have seen many letters, written in the warmest terms of approval of Mr. Holloway's undertaking, some of which ought to be given to the public, to show in what estimation musical people hold his work. A leading feature of the Monthly this year will be the gems of opera which it will contain, as Gounod's wonderful *Faust*, Peri's *Judith*, Petrella's *Ione*, Balfe's *Armorer of Nantes*, etc. Distant subscribers can thus familiarize themselves with the beauties of the opera, as certainly as though they lived in Philadelphia. In fact, the Musical Monthly will always be foremost in advancing a correct and refined musical taste among the masses. Let each of our musical friends, whether amateur or professor, see to it that Mr. Holloway has his or her individual aid. We will send the Lady's Book, and the Musical Monthly one year for \$5 00.

PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. ALICE B. HAYEN.—We have added to our extensive collection a photograph of this much lamented lady.

MESSRS. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have for sale all materials for the different styles of Painting and Drawing taught in their book, ART RECREATIONS. They will send a price list, if requested, and answer necessary questions, and will furnish, post paid, the book for \$2 00. It teaches Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Oil Painting of every kind, Wax-work, Leather-work, Water Color Painting, and hundreds of fancy kinds of drawing, painting, etc. etc.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—This very excellent and best of the 82 magazines is the only magazine that can be introduced in a club in place of a copy of the Lady's Book.

THE QUEEN has appointed his Highness Seramudi Rajahye, Hindostan Raj-Rajender Sree Maharajah Dheeraj Sewaee Ram Sing, Bahadoor of Jypore, and His Highness Furzund Dildand Rasekool Itahqad Dowlat-i-Englishtia Rajah Sureep Sing, Bahadoor of Jheend, Knights of the exalted Order of the Star of India.

We would like her Majesty to pronounce these names and titles rapidly. We have tried it and cannot do it.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

MOTHER GOOSE TABLEUX.

(Continued from January number.)

TABLEUX XI, XII.

"Sing a song o' sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish to set before a king?
The king was in the parlor, counting out his money."

In the centre of stage is a table, and upon it the wonderful pie in a large dish. The table is covered with a cloth that reaches to the floor. To the left of foreground is another smaller table, with money piled upon it. Behind this, facing audience, is a little boy, with the long robe and gilt paper crown of a king. One hand is over the money, the other raised as if to listen, and his face full of astonishment is turned to the pie. Behind the centre table, facing audience, is another little boy with the white apron and cap of a cook. In his hands, upraised with wonder, are a knife and fork. His face expresses astonishment and wonder. Rising from the centre of the pie are the heads of the blackbirds, their mouths open. Concealed under the table is a little boy with a bird whistle, which he blows until the curtain falls.

"The queen was in the kitchen, eating bread and honey,
The maid was out of doors, hanging up the clothes,
Along came a blackbird, and snapped off her nose."

The scene is a kitchen with half parted off to make a background scene. The clothes-horse stretched across, or a line with shawls hanging from it, divides a stage very nicely. Leave an open door. In the foreground is a table, upon which is placed a loaf of bread, plate, and knife, and a large jar marked honey. The queen, in a long train, high collar ruff, and gilt crown, is seated before the table, just raising a slice of bread and honey to her lips. Through the door in background, the maid, in a neat dress and cap, is seen holding up a white apron as if hanging it on a line; at her feet is a basket of clothes. In the air above her (suspended from the ceiling) is an artificial or stuffed blackbird, with outstretched wings and open bill, flying at her face. She is starting back as if to save her threatened and doomed feature.

TABLEAU XIII.

"Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
So 'twixt them both, they cleared the cloth,
And licked the platter clean."

In the centre of the stage is a table covered with a white cloth. Upon this is a large empty meat dish, two plates, one with an immense piece of fat upon it, the other a piece of lean meat. These plates stand at each end of the table. In front of them, at either end, profile to audience, are seated Jack Sprat and his wife, a little boy and girl. The little boy wears a country dress of old fashion, large lay-down collar, swallow-tailed coat, and broad-brimmed hat. The wife has a cap, kerchief and stuff gown. In front of Jack is the plate of lean meat, in front of his wife the fat. Each holds a knife and fork, and appears to be eating with voracity. A pitcher, cups, or tumblers, and bread may also stand upon the table.

TABLEAU XIV.

"See saw, Margery Daw
Sold her bed, and lay upon straw,
Sold her ease for a bed of dried grass,
To buy herself a looking-glass."

The stage is arranged as a meanly furnished room, in the centre of floor is thrown a large bundle of straw. Upon the rickety chair is a handsome dress, and upon a table bonnet and shawl. Margery Daw is lying on the bundle of straw, fast asleep, covered with a large shawl. In the centre of background is a handsome mirror hanging on the wall.

TABLEAU XV.

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London, to see the Queen.
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you do there?
I frightened a little mouse under a chair."

One of the little boys must play pussy. His pasteboard

mask, with large green eyes and long horse hair whiskers, and his long tail of gray worsted scarf, will make him a ferocious beast. Upon his hands and knees, he must remain centre of foreground motionless. In the centre of background sits the Queen upon her throne, surrounded by courtiers waiting for pussy to pay his respects. The Queen wears a gilt crown, holds a sceptre, and sits very erect. Her silk train sweeps the floor. Grouped around her are gayly dressed little boys and girls for courtiers. To the left of foreground stands a chair, and under this is the poor frightened little mouse at whom pussy is lifting one paw.

TABLEUX XVI, XVII, XVIII and XIX.

"When good King Arthur ruled this land
He was a goodly King;
He stole three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag pudding."

The scene is a dimly-lighted room, fitted up for a miller's store. Barrels and sacks of meal stand against the wall. A little boy with a long robe and gilt crown represents King Arthur. With a bag of meal in one hand and a dark lantern in the other, he is just stealing on tiptoe off the stage.

"A bag pudding the King did make,
And stuffed it well with plums,
And put in two great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs."

The scene is a kitchen. In the centre of stage is a table upon which stands the kneading trough. Plates of plums, flour, eggs, and the immortal lumps of fat are all on the table. Behind the trough, facing audience, is the King, his sleeves rolled up, and a large white apron before him. He is pouring plums, well floured, from a large bowl into the pudding.

"The King and Queen did eat thereof,
And all the court beside."

Scene same as before. Upon the table stands an immense dish, and upon it the large, round pudding. Seated around the table are the courtiers (the more extravagant the dresses the better), each with a plate before him. The King and Queen sit at each end of the table, facing each other, profile to audience. All the performers hold up a knife and fork, and look with hungry eyes at the pudding.

"And what they could not eat that night,
The Queen next morning fried."

Scene same as before. Upon the table stands half of the pudding, and a large frying-pan. The Queen with her crown on, and a large white apron before her, is cutting the pudding into slices; one hand holds a large knife, the other is just putting a slice of pudding in the pan.

TABLEAU XX.

"Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green,
Father's a nobleman, mother's a Queen,
Betty's a lady and wears a gold ring,
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the King."

The scene is a nursery. In the centre of stage is a cradle, with a green top and green quilt, and in the cradle is a baby (or big doll). Beside the cradle is seated Betty, in a handsome silk dress, playing with a gold ring on her finger. Coming in the door, centre of background, is the "nobleman," a little boy in a fancy court dress, leading in the Queen crowned and sceptred. In the foreground is a little boy, dressed in a velvet suit, with short trousers and short socks, who has a big drum strung round his neck. His fists hold the drum-sticks raised up to strike the drum.

HOW TO COLOR THE PHOTOGRAPH.—Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, have just published a little manual on the art of painting the photograph, which is for sale at the bookstores, or will be sent by them, post-paid, for 10 cents.

BLITZ AT THE ASSEMBLY BUILDING.—The best magician and the best man to be found. Every one should patronize him as a conjuror and a Christian. Here are extremes; but they can be reconciled, if any one will call upon us for an explanation, or upon the various charitable associations for whom he performs gratis.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.
All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.
Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, country, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. J. A. G.—Sent gloves November 21st.
Mrs. H. C. H.—Sent pattern 21st.
Mrs. S.—Sent pattern 21st.
Mrs. S. H.—Sent sewing-silk and braid 21st.
Mrs. E. J.—Sent pattern 23d.
Mrs. T. P. T.—Sent plumes and bracelets 23d.
Mrs. J. E. B.—Sent box of articles by express 23d.
Miss A. W.—Sent design for embroidery and chenille 30th.
Mrs. E. A. P.—Sent gloves 30th.
M. A. C.—Sent child's socks 30th.
Miss A. L. S.—Sent cap pattern 30th.
Mrs. H. A. C.—Sent braiding pattern for dress and neckties 30th.
Miss K. M. W.—Sent pattern Pompeian cloak 30th.
E. B.—Sent pattern boys' clothes 30th.
Mrs. C. S.—Sent pattern Pompeian cloak 30th.
Mrs. S. O.—Sent pattern December 2d.
Mrs. J. C. D.—Sent pattern 2d.
A. W.—Sent pattern 2d.
Mrs. A. B. B.—Sent box of curls, etc. by express 2d.
Mrs. L. A. B.—Sent bundle of goods by express 2d.
Lt. W. S. N.—Sent hair ring 5th.
Mrs. E. B. J.—Sent hair ring 5th.
C. R. J.—Sent hair ring 5th.
Mrs. E. C. P.—Sent wardrobe by express 5th.
W. N. D.—Sent trimmings for cloak 5th.
Mrs. G. C. E.—Sent box of flowers, etc. 8th.
Miss M. A. G.—Sent gold ring 8th.
Mrs. B. D. M.—Sent hair-work 10th.
Mrs. M. H. C.—Sent hair ring 10th.
M. J. D.—Sent pattern 12th.
Mrs. M. S. C.—Sent patterns silk, etc. by express 12th.
Mrs. J. A. L.—Sent hair chain 14th.
Miss M. J. V.—Sent pattern 14th.
Mrs. M. A. C.—Sent socks 16th.
L. E. H.—Sent articles for bonnet 16th.
Miss V. W.—Sent lace 16th.
O. P. B., M. D.—Sent box of articles by express 16th.
Miss F. L. B.—Sent lead comb 19th.
B. H.—Albums cost from \$6 to \$6 50; we do not send them.

Eureka.—Say just what your own sense will dictate, only do not wish the newly-wedded pair "many happy returns." In answer to the second question, they are home at all times.

M. E. H.—Purling—Slip the right hand needle through a loop in the front of the left hand one, so that its point is nearest to you. The thread passes between the two, and is brought round the right hand, one, which is drawn out to form a loop upon it. The thread is always brought to the front before purl stitches, unless particular directions to the contrary are given.

Miss D. R.—Your questions as to silk mittens and wool mats shall be attended to in a future number.

J. G. J.—We recommend "Chapman's Book of Drawings," published by Harper and Brothers, New York. The series we published only appeared in the Lady's Book, and none will appear elsewhere. Every compliment has been paid to us, but we will not publish them in book form.

"A Subscriber" is informed that we can furnish a copy of July number, 1860, for 25 cents.

Mr. H. W. C.—"Bijou" is pronounced Begew, or Be-Jew, not "By Jo," as many pronounce it.

Mr. S. H. W.—In a business as extensive as ours, it is impossible to attend to the return of MSS. whether stamps are sent or not. It would seem from the notice of the communications we receive, that every one supposed that theirs was the only MSS. sent us, and as such must be immediately attended to. If we were to state the number of articles sent to us, it would prevent any one from sending us any more; but we don't want to do this. We must endeavor to keep copies of such as they value. We endeavor to return those for which we can find no use, as well as we are able, but really cannot undertake to be answerable for the safe custody of documents which find their way into our possession unsought. Ladies should know that during the months of December, January, and February, we get about 500 letters a day, and have but little time to attend to any other than money matters.

Miss S. P. O.—We never answer letters containing poetry, or give our opinion about the merits of any article; we either accept or return without remark. See "Notices to Correspondents."

Mrs. W. E. L.—We have no diagram; any carpenter can make the form by looking at the plate. No stamp sent for reply.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editors of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.
No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; dry goods of any kind from Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., New York; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR FEBRUARY.

Fig. 1.—Dress for a dinner party. This dress is composed of a white breccade silk. The corsage is a long tunic, with a jacket front, trimmed with a ruffle of the silk, edged with lace. The cuffs, collar, and vest are of Marguerite-colored silk, which contrasts charmingly with the white. The skirt is made *en tablier*, with Marguerite

silk inserted and crossed with alternate rows of white and Marguerite ruffles. A Marguerite ruffle edges the entire skirt, and a white one placed above it extends up each side of the tablier front. The coiffure consists of a black lace barbe, Marguerite velvet, and roses.

Fig. 2.—Mauve poplin dress, with plain corsage and tight sleeves, which are trimmed down the outside seam with a gimp trimming. The girdle is of green velvet, made with a jockey back, and trimmed with jet and gimp. The skirt is trimmed with green velvet sewed on in triangles, also trimmed with gimp and jet beads.

Fig. 3.—Misses' dress of a light shade of oak poplin, braided with narrow black braid. A full white muslin waist is finished at the throat with a fluted ruff. The girdle is made with bretelles, and trimmed with a narrow ruffle and braiding.

Fig. 4.—Dress of green Armenienne, braided up the front of the skirt and corsage with very narrow black velvet, and trimmed with buttons. The sleeves are in the coat style, and very small. The collar and undersleeves are of embroidered linen. Fancy lace cap, trimmed with scarlet.

Fig. 5.—Little boy's dress of pearl-colored poplin. The skirt is edged with a fluting of scarlet velvet, and is richly ornamented with applications of scarlet velvet and embroidery. The Zouave jacket is embroidered to suit the skirt.

Fig. 6.—Dinner-dress of a very light touterelle silk. The corsage is square, and has two long sash-like ends, both back and front, trimmed with bands of lilac silk and edged with ruffles of the silk scalloped on the edge. The skirt is trimmed with alternate bunches of ruffles and bands of lilac silk. The coiffure is a Charlotte Corday cap, with a very full ruching, and trimmed with green ribbons.

BEAD WATCH-POCKET.

(See Plate printed in Colors, in front.)

Materials for one pair.—A quarter of a yard of canvas, No. 40; half a row of the large pearl beads; half an ounce of chalk beads; one ounce of crystal ditto; one ounce of large-sized crystal for the edge; one skein of azuline blue filosele; three-quarters of a bunch of steel beads, No. 7; a small piece of blue silk for lining; and cardboard.

These watch-pockets may be worked in two ways, either on canvas or velvet; the latter being by far the most elegant and effective mode of making them. A piece of canvas must be cut the size of our entire illustration, and a piece the size of the little pocket. These must be worked with the beads, the pocket lined with silk, and the back with cardboard and silk. The two pieces must be sewn together, and the whole of the pocket edged round with the larger-sized crystal beads. Sometimes a small piece of wire is put in the top of the pocket to keep it out nicely. We would suggest, too, that a fringe of beads sewn round the bottom, instead of the plain row, would be a decided improvement. Half of the leaves are in chalk and half in crystal beads, whilst the stems are all in chalk. Down the centre of each leaf there is a row of steel beads, put in after the other portions are worked. *Each bead is not threaded separately*, but a sufficient number is threaded to form one row of the leaf, and so on. A piece of white paper cut to the shape of the two large flowers, should be laid on the canvas before they are worked. The crystal beads are then threaded over in rows, and filled in with a star of large pearl beads. The pattern is formed in precisely the same manner, whether done on canvas or velvet—that is to say, the beads are not put on singly.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

It has been said that a woman may be an angel of goodness, a Minerva in wisdom, a Diana in morals, a Sappho in talent, yet if she wears a soiled dress, or an ill-arranged bonnet or headdress, her virtues and talents will be forgotten, and she will cease to be agreeable even to the eye of affection. We are no advocates for expensive dressing. That is not at all requisite. What we desire is a harmonious whole, which may be obtained at the expense of a little good taste.

Fashion, though born in Paris, happily for many, soon reaches this side of the water; it is never stagnant. In some respects, it resembles the political world: there is always some new discovery, which furnishes food for endless discussions.

The latest Paris creation we have heard of, is a bonnet with a fancy net attached, in place of a curtain, and so conveniently arranged that the hair can be immediately placed in it, or relieved at will. As the hair is still worn in the waterfall style, we should think this resille, or net bonnet, an admirable contrivance; we have not, however, seen any. We chronicle all the fashions as we get them from the Paris journals, frequently long before they appear in this country.

To amateur milliners we would say that the most fashionable bonnet cape is almost a complete horseshoe, measuring at the back five inches, and at the sides three and a half. This allows for a tiny frill at the top, and two very shallow plaits at the back. We can answer for the set and style of this cape—always the most difficult part of a bonnet to arrange.

Small nets are now made for waterfalls which are found exceedingly convenient. They are of a very fine silk, either black or the color of the hair. Indeed, nets of any kind are still in vogue, some very highly trimmed with flowers, lace, or ribbon, for dinner or small companies, some of bright colors, forming the Scottish plaids. While white nets of a strong cotton, or, what is still better, a flat linen bobbin, have now taken the place of the night-cap. They answer every purpose, indeed, a better purpose, for the head is kept much cooler, the hair is kept in place, and the pillow-cases are not soiled by the grease of the hair—the last a great item in the consideration of housekeepers. For invalids, nothing can be nicer than these white nets, which can be made quite tasteful by running a bright ribbon through them, and tying it either on top or at the side of the head. Merely a bow on top relieves them, and is very pretty. This certainly is an improvement on the nightcap, which seldom enhances the beauty of any one, but frequently detracts from their natural good looks. These nets are to be had of all sizes for children and ladies.

Outer garments, of which we gave so full a description in the November number, are every day more varied in material and style. It is truly a pleasure to walk through the show-rooms of Brodie, and examine the many samples of exquisite taste there displayed. Cloaks of every description are there to be seen, from the elegant velvets to the simple black cloths suitable for mourning. So much is there displayed, that the selection of a cloak is really a perplexing matter.

In cloth, there is the rich *velours côtelé*, chinchilla, and lamb's wool, in the richest shades of maroon, Humboldt purple, blue, and plum-color, besides every variety of gray and noir.

A novelty in the way of cloaks, is, for instance, a blue velours, with richly-lined hood, which is merely hooked

on. The cloak is then lined throughout with cuir-color, so that at pleasure a blue or cuir cloak can be worn, by simply turning the garment. The lamb's wool is double-faced, one side light, for instance, a white ground dashed with a delicate violet or blue spot, suitable for the opera, and the other side dark, suitable for the street. The hoods are generally pointed, lined with very heavy silk, and capped with velvet, in other words, the outside of the hood is velvet. The tassels are of silk and chenille, which combine very richly. The circles just meet in front, and underneath are sewed two strips of cloth from the neck to the wrist, pointed at the ends. The buttons and button-holes are on this strip, which has a vest-like appearance, and is both pretty and warm.

Many of the cloaks and *paletôts*, are trimmed with loops of galoon or velvet, arranged as a fringe, with good effect, particularly on the cuir and gray cloth.

Every style of scarlet and Magenta cloak is still worn for the opera, and we have seen them of orange and yellow; these, though looking well by gaslight, we do not admire.

The velvets are but little trimmed, the material being so exceedingly rich, and we may say expensive, that but little is required; but when trimming is used, it is chenille fringe, bead trimming, or gnipure lace.

The Tartan mania which now rages so furiously in Paris for every article of dress, is not so generally adopted here for cloaks, though we think it will be more generally introduced in the spring.

Both boys and girls are wearing long sacks of heavy soft cloth, frequently bound with a bright-colored velvet. Braiding is still used for children's cloaks.

The prettiest style of dress for children just walking, is made with a tiny yoke, from which it hangs full, not being confined at the waist at all. Of course, the dress should be of white muslin or piqué, with short sleeves and low neck; the yoke and sleeves are ornamented with fluted ruffles, embroidery, fine tucks, and insertion in braiding.

A style for which we have no word of praise, but is much worn, is a string or double string of large black beads round the neck, worn over the *paletôt* or wrap. They are graduated in size, the largest being the size of a very large marble, and they are of jet, glass, or imitation jet. They are particularly fancied in mourning.

Fancy leather cuffs stamped in lace-like designs, now come of various colors, to match the gloves. Small leather ornaments, such as insects, fruits, or flowers, are to be had for ornamenting neck-ties.

Skating is now so universally recognized as an institution among ladies, as well as gentlemen, that not a little taste and ingenuity are exercised in getting up costumes, which will be at the same time warm, comfortable, convenient, and picturesque. To be sure, many ladies content themselves with drawing up their soft woollen and merino dresses over gayly striped and ornamented underskirts; but not a few invent, or have invented for them, charming skating costumes, specially adapted to the requirements of this graceful and healthful exercise, and also pretty and graceful enough to suit the most exacting taste.

The most suitable and admired of these costumes are made in French flannel, and consist of a Garibaldi, Turkish pants and short skirt, which leaves the limbs free for exercise. The body part of the material should be dark gray, brown, or black, and the bordering in a bright color. Gay woollen plaids, the Stuart or 42d, makes a very pretty relief to any color. Solferino is a good contrast to gray and crimson, or Magenta to brown, either will do with black.

Very handsome costumes are made of Humboldt purple flannel, trimmed with bands of black velvet. The bands, whether colored or black, are much handsomer put on in sections, or in waves.

We have seen a costume of cuir-colored flannel, ornamented with bands of red leather, with steel ornaments. Another of black flannel, with bands of scarlet merino, elegantly braided. One of gray merino, with Solferino flannel bands, finished with narrow black velvet with a Solferino edge. All these were made by Madame Demorest, although with patterns and a little ingenuity, they could be readily made at home. The pants should be pretty wide, and drawn with an elastic band. Where it is not convenient to procure a costume, an ordinary walking dress, drawn up over the Balmoral skirt with one of Madame Demorest's excellent elevators, of which we gave our readers a description last month, answers just the same purpose. The only advantage of the regular costume is, that there is less weight to carry, and it is certainly more effective. A long skirt is, of course, worn over a skating dress in going to and from the place of rendezvous.

A novelty has just appeared in the way of combs. They are of tortoise-shell, highly ornamented with raised devices of various kinds, some having luxurious bunches of grapes and foliage, or sprays of ivy, with its berries. Another new comb is a kind of long gold clasp, ornamented in great variety of style, and exceedingly pretty, for the present styles of coiffure.

A new coiffure, becoming to but few, has the hair drawn off from the face, and gathered into a knot and ringlets at the back, while just in front are two small bunches of short curls, in which are flowers, or knots of ribbons.

Veils are much worn, drawn tightly into the face. For this purpose, the veil must be closely rolled round the elastic at the sides, or else the new shape of veil, which is almost round, should be worn. It is, however, too mask-like to be pretty.

So much is the *cavalier*, or looped-up style of dress in vogue, that the underskirt is now quite a consideration. As it is difficult to draw up a dress when heavily trimmed, the French modistes are now making both skirts of the same material, but the trimming, which was formerly on the outside skirt, is now applied to the short underskirt, and the outer skirt drawn up just above it, which makes a very elegant costume.

A great variety of Balmorals have appeared this season, many of them very handsome. Some are striped with brilliantly mixed silk stripes, while others are enriched with silk designs, woven through them. The mode skirts, however, we think the favorites. Various materials come expressly for the purpose, some of the bright Scotch stripes, others of black and white, of various sized stripes. These are made with a narrow box-plaited ruffle on the edge, bound with a black or colored braid, and above this can be laid a band of silk, velvet, or alpaca, ornamented with braiding or chain-stitching.

There are but few novelties to record. Indeed, the French journals admit that there is absolutely nothing but plaid, plaid, from head to foot. It is plaid silk, velvet, or poplin dresses, plaid bonnets, ribbons, cloaks, nets, parasols, umbrellas, and fans, while all the fringes are plaids. If this be the case in Paris now, dear readers, we may certainly expect very soon a similar frenzy on this side of the water; and we doubt not, that before the crocuses blow, we shall find on Broadway a representative from every Highland clan that figures in the pages of Walterley or Rob Roy.

FASHION.

FEBRUARY, 1864.

Embellishments, Etc.

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 NETTED COVER FOR HORSES' EARS.
 LADIES' GIRDLE.
 CORNER FOR A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF
 THE LADIES' FRIEND.
 BRAIDING PATTERN.
 DESIGN FOR A NETTED TIDY, CAKE D'OYLEY, OR MAT.
 A NEW STITCH IN BERLIN WORK, FOR MATS, CUSHIONS, ETC
 NAME FOR MARKING.
 EMBROIDERY PATTERNS. Five engravings.


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